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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL.D.

United States Senator from the State of New York

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

CAROLINE TICKNOR · THOMAS CHARLES QUINN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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BISHOP POTTER

HENRY CODMAN POTTER, D.D., LL.D., American bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, was born at Schenectady, N. Y., May 25, 1835. He received his early education at the Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia, was graduated at the Theological Seminary of Virginia in 1857, and made deacon the same year. On Oct. 15, 1858, he was ordained to the ministry, and was successively rector of Christ Church, Greensburgh, Pa., St. John's, Troy, N. Y., and assistant pastor at Trinity Church, Boston. In May, 1868, he became rector of Grace Church, New York, where he remained until 1883, when he was appointed assistant bishop to his uncle, Bishop Horatio Potter, of New York. He was consecrated to this office, October 20, in the presence of forty-three bishops and three hundred members of the clergy. The aged bishop's failing health left the responsibility of the diocese largely upon his assistant, who, at Bishop Horatio Potter's death (Jan. 2, 1887), was named his successor. Dr. Potter was secretary of the House of Bishops from 1866 to 1883, and for many years was a manager of the Board of Missions. In 1863, he was chosen president of Kenyon College, Ohio, and in 1875 bishop of Iowa, but both of these offices he declined. Bishop Potter is an active prelate of his church, zealous in all good work for his own diocese, and an able preacher and eloquent speaker. Among his published writings are "Sisterhoods and Deaconesses at Home and Abroad" (1872); "The Gates of the East" (1876); "Sermons of the City" (1877); "Waymarks" (1887); and "The Scholar of the State" (1897).

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE ON PHILLIPS BROOKS

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John vi, 63.

THE discourse from which I take these words finds both its occasion and its key in the miracle which preceded it. In a day when some people are fond of saying that the most powerful motives that attract people to the religion of Christ are what Bishop Butler called "secondary motives," it is interesting to note that of some, at any rate, this has been true from the beginning. Christ takes the five loaves and two fishes, blesses them, divides them, and dis-

tributes them; and lo, the hunger of a mighty throng is satisfied. His boundless compassion finds no limit to its expression, and the twelve baskets full of fragments tell of resources which no emergency could exhaust.

There must, indeed, have been some in that vast concourse who understood what the wonder meant. There must have been some aching hearts, as well as hungry mouths, that pierced through the shell of the sign to the innermost meaning of that for which it stood. But there were others, it would seem, who did not. There were others to whom, then as now, another's affluence of gifts was only one more reason for demands, and they the lowest, that could know no limit. These people were there, over against Jesus then, as there are people now who stand over any gifted nature just to reveal how sensuous are their hungers and how much they must have to satisfy them.

And so it is that Jesus follows the miracle with the sermon. It is, in one aspect of it, a counterpart of all his preaching. A large proportion of those to whom he spoke could see in his mighty works only their coarser side and be moved by his miracle of enlargement only to ask that it may be wrought again and again to satisfy a bodily hunger. And so he sets to work to lift it all,—the miracle, the bread with which he wrought it, the hunger which it satisfied—up into that higher realm where, bathed in the light of heaven, it shone a revelation of the aim of God to meet and feed the hungers of the soul.

This is the thought that echoes and re-echoes, like some great refrain, from first to last through all that he says: "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." And then, as if he would

bring out into clearer relief the great thought that he is seeking to communicate, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth in me shall never thirst." "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him."

One can readily enough understand the enormous shock of language such as this to a sensuous and sense-loving people. To say, indeed, that it had no meaning to them, would be as wide of the mark as to say that it had no other meaning than that which they put upon it. But it is, plainly, to show that other, inner meaning, which from the beginning to the end of the discourse they seem so incapable of discerning, that the whole discussion gathers itself up and opens itself out in the words with which I began: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

How the thunders of old disputes, like the rumbling of heavy artillery through distant and long-deserted valleys, come with these words, echoing down to us from all the past! It is a reflection of equal solemnity and sadness that no ordinarily well-instructed Christian disciple can hear the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel read as one of the Church's Lessons without having called up before his mind's eye one of the bitterest and most vehement controversies which for a thousand years has rent the Church of God.

On the one side stand the mystics, and on the other the literalists; and behind them both is that divinely-instituted

Sacrament which, as in turn the one or the other has contended, is here, or is not here, referred to. Happy are we if we have come to learn that here, as so often in the realm of theological controversy, both are right and both are wrong.

For on the one hand it is impossible to deal candidly with these words of Christ's and not discern that they are words of general rather than of specific import; that they were spoken to state a truth rather than to foreshadow a rite. On the other hand it is no less impossible to read them and not perceive that there is in them a distinct if not specific foreshadowing of that holy ordinance which we know as the Eucharistic Feast. It is indeed incredible that "just a year before the Eucharist was instituted the Founder of this, the most distinctive element of Christian worship, had no thought of it in his mind. Surely, for long beforehand, that institution was in his thoughts; and, if so, the coincidences are too exact to be fortuitous."[1] This is the other aspect of the discourse.

But, as the great Bishop Durham has said, "the discourse cannot refer primarily to the Holy Communion, nor, again, can it be simply prophetic of that Sacrament. The teaching has a full and consistent meaning in connection with the actual circumstances, and it treats essentially of spiritual realities with which no external act, as such, can be [co-] extensive."

Calm words and wise, which touch unerringly the core and substance of the whole matter and bring us face to face with that larger truth which most of all concerns us who are here to-day.

For, first of all, it belongs to you and me to remember why we are here and in what supreme relation. This is a Council

[1] Plummer, St. John's Gospel, p. 146.

of the Church; and, whatever conception some of us may have of that word in other and wider aspects of its meaning, there can be no question of its meaning here. The Church, with us and for the present occasion, at any rate, is this Church whose sons we are, whose Orders we bear, in whose Convention we sit, whose Bishop we mourn, and whose Bishop you are soon to elect.

In other words, that is an organized, visible, tangible, audible body, situate here in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of which now at any rate I am talking, and with which you are to be concerned. It is an institution having an earthly as well as a heavenly pedigree and history, and having earthly as well as heavenly means to employ and tasks to perform.

There can be, there ought to be, no indefiniteness, no uncertainty about this. Whatever of such indefiniteness there may have been in the life and work of the Church in other days, we have all, or almost all of us, come to the conclusion that the time for it is ended now. If the Church is to do her work in the world she must have an organized life, and a duly commissioned ministry, and duly administered sacraments, and a vast variety of means and agencies, instruments and mechanisms, with which to accomplish that work. And when we come to Convention we must talk about these things, and add up long rows of figures, and take account of the lists of priests and deacons, and the rest, and make mention of vestries, and guilds, and parish houses, and sisterhoods, and all the various arms and tools with which the Church is fighting the battle of the Lord.

Yes, we must; and he who despises these things, or the least of them, is just as foolish and unreasonable as he who despises his eye or his hand when either are set over against that motive-power of eye or hand which we call an idea. One

often hears, when ecclesiastical bodies such as this have adjourned, a wail of dissatisfaction that so much time and thought should have been expended in things that were, after all, only matters of secondary importance; and the fine scorn for such things which is at such times expressed is often itself as excessive and as disproportionate to greater and graver things as that of which it speaks.

But, having said this, is it not my plain duty to tell you, brethren of the diocese of Massachusetts, that he who stops over-long in the mere mechanism of religion is verily missing that for which religion stands? Here, indeed, it must be owned is, if not our greatest danger, one of the greatest. All life is full of that strange want of intellectual and moral perspective which fails to see how secondary, after all, are means to ends; and how he only has truly apprehended the office of religion who has learned, when undertaking in any wise to present it or represent it, to hold fast to that which is the one central thought and fact of all: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

And this brings me—in how real and vivid a way I am sure you must feel as keenly as I—face to face with him of whom I am set to speak to-day. In one aspect of it my task—from which at the first view any one might well shrink—is made comparatively easy by words which have been spoken already.

Never before in the history, not only of our own communion, but of any or all communions, has the departure of a religious teacher been more widely noted and deplored than in the case of him of whom this Commonwealth and this diocese have been bereaved. Never before, surely, in the case of any man whom we can recall, has the sense of loss and bereavement been more distinctly a personal one,—extending

to multitudes in two hemispheres who did not know him, who had never seen or heard him, and yet to whom he had revealed himself in such real and helpful ways.

It has followed, inevitably, from this, that that strong tide of profound feeling has found expression in many and most unusual forms, and it will be among the most interesting tasks of the future biographer of the late Bishop of Massachusetts to take note of these various memorials and to trace in them the secret of his unique power and influence.

But just because they have, so many of them, in such remarkable variety and from sources so diverse, been written or spoken, and no less because a Memoir of Phillips Brooks is already undertaken by hands pre-eminently designated for that purpose, I may wisely here confine myself to another and very different task. I shall not attempt, therefore, even the merest outline of a biographical review. I shall not undertake to analyze, nor, save incidentally, even to refer to, the influences and inheritances that wrought in the mind and upon the life of your late friend and teacher. I shall still less attempt to discover the open secret of his rare and unique charm and attractiveness as a man; and I shall least of all endeavor to forecast the place which history will give to him among the leaders and builders of our age. Brief as was his ministry in his higher office, and to our view all too soon ended, I shall be content to speak of him as a bishop,—of his divine right, as I profoundly believe, to a place in the Episcopate, and of the pre-eminent value of his distinctive and incomparable witness to the highest aim and purpose of that office.

And first of all let me say a word in regard to the way in which he came to it. When chosen to the Episcopate of this diocese, your late bishop had already at least once, as we

all know, declined that office. It was well known to those who knew him best that, as he had viewed it for a large part of his ministry, it was a work for which he had no especial sympathy either as to its tasks, or, as he had understood them, its opportunities.

But the time undoubtedly came when, as to this, he modified his earlier opinions; and the time came too, as I am most glad to think, when he was led to feel that if he were called to such an office he might find in it an opportunity for widening his own sympathies and for estimating more justly those with whom previously he had believed himself to have little in common.

It was the inevitable condition of his strong and deep convictions that he should not always or easily understand or make due allowance for men of different opinions. It was —God and you will bear me witness that this is true!—one of the noblest characteristics of his fifteen months' episcopate that, as a bishop, men's rightful liberty of opinion found in him not only a large and generous tolerance, but a most beautiful and gracious acceptance. He seized, instantly and easily, that which will be forever the highest conception of the episcopate in its relations whether to the clergy or the laity, its paternal and fraternal character; and his "sweet reasonableness," both as a father and as a brother, shone through all that he was and did.

For one I greatly love to remember this,—that when the time came that he himself, with the simple naturalness which marked all that he did, was brought to reconsider his earlier attitude toward the episcopal office, and to express with characteristic candor his readiness to take up its work if he should be chosen to it, he turned to his new, and to him most strange task with a supreme desire to do it in a loving and whole-

hearted way, and to make it helpful to every man, woman, and child with whom he came in contact. What could have been more like him than that, in that last address which he delivered to the choir-boys at Newton, he should have said to them, "When you meet me let me know that you know me." Another might easily have been misunderstood in asking those whom he might by chance encounter to salute him; but he knew, and the boys knew, what he had in mind,—how he and they were all striving to serve one Master, and how each—he most surely as much as they—was to gain strength and cheer from mutual recognition in the spirit of a common brotherhood.

And thus it was always; and this it was that allied itself so naturally to that which was his never-ceasing endeavor—to lift all men everywhere to that which was, with him, the highest conception of his office, whether as a preacher or as a bishop,—the conception of God as a Father, and of the brotherhood of all men as mutually related in him.

In an address which he delivered during the last General Convention in Baltimore to the students of Johns Hopkins University, he spoke substantially these words:

"In trying to win a man to a better life, show him not the evil but the nobleness of his nature. Lead him to enthusiastic contemplations of humanity in its perfection, and when he asks, Why, if this is so, do not I have this life?—then project on the background of his enthusiasm his own life; say to him, 'Because you are a liar, because you blind your soul with licentiousness, shame is born,—but not a shame of despair. It is soon changed to joy. Christianity becomes an opportunity, a high privilege, the means of attaining to the most exalted ideal—and the only means.'

"Herein must lie all real power; herein lay Christ's power, that he appreciated the beauty and richness of humanity, that it is very near the Infinite, very near to God. These two

facts—we are the children of God, and God is our Father—make us look very differently at ourselves, very differently at our neighbors, very differently at God. We should be surprised, not at our good deeds, but at our bad ones. We should expect good as more likely to occur than evil; we should believe that our best moments are our truest. I was once talking with an acquaintance about whose religious position I knew nothing, and he expressed a very hopeful opinion in regard to a matter about which I was myself very doubtful.

"'Why,' I said to him, 'You are an optimist.'

"'Of course I am an optimist,' he replied, 'because I am a Christian.'

"I felt that as a reproof. The Christian must be an optimist."

Men and brethren, I set these words over against those of his Master with which I began, and the two in essence are one. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." There is a life nobler and diviner than any that we have dreamed of. To the poorest and meanest of us, as to the best and most richly-dowered, it is alike open. To turn toward it, to reach up after it, to believe in its ever-recurring nearness, and to glorify God in attaining to it, this is the calling of a human soul.

Now then, what, I ask you, is all the rest of religion worth in comparison with this?—not what is it worth in itself, but what is its place relatively to this? This, I maintain, is the supreme question for the Episcopate, as it ought to be the supreme question with the Ministry of any and every order. And therefore it is, I affirm, that, in bringing into the episcopate with such unique vividness and power this conception of his office, your bishop rendered to his order and to the Church of God everywhere a service so transcendent. A most gifted and sympathetic observer of our departed brother's character and influence has said of him, contrasting him with the power

of institutions, "His life will always suggest the importance of the influence of the individual man as compared with institutional Christianity."

In one sense, undoubtedly, this is true; but I should prefer to say that his life-work will always show the large and helpful influence of a great soul upon institutional Christianity. It is a superficial and unphilosophical temperament that disparages institutions; for institutions are only another name for that organized force and life by which God rules the world. But it is undoubtedly and profoundly true that you no sooner have an institution, whether in society, in politics, or in religion, than you are threatened with the danger that the institution may first exaggerate itself and then harden and stiffen into a machine; and that in the realm of religion, pre-eminently, those whose office it should be to quicken and infuse it with new life should themselves come at last to "worship the net and the drag." And just here you find in the history of religion in all ages the place of the prophet and the seer. He is to pierce through the fabric of the visible structure to that soul of things for which it stands. When, in Isaiah, the Holy Ghost commands the prophet, "Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!" it is not alone, you see, his voice that he is to lift up. No, no! It is the vision of the unseen and divine. "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Over and over again that voice breaks in upon the slumbrous torpor of Israel and smites the dead souls of priests and people alike. Now it is a Balaam, now it is an Elijah, a David, an Isaiah, a John the Baptist, a Paul the Apostle, a Peter the Hermit, a Savonarola, a Huss, a Whitefield, a Wesley, a Frederick Maurice, a Frederick Robertson, a John

Keble (with his clear spiritual insight, and his fine spiritual sensibility), a Phillips Brooks.

Do not mistake me. I do not say that there were not many others. But these names are typical, and that for which they stand cannot easily be mistaken. I affirm without qualification that, in that gift of vision and of exaltation for which they stand, they stand for the highest and the best,—that one thing for which the Church of God most of all stands, and of which so long as it is the Church Militant it will most of all stand in need: to know that the end of all its mechanisms and ministries is to impart life, and that nothing which obscures or loses sight of the eternal source of life can regenerate or quicken;—to teach men to cry out, with St. Augustine, "*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te:* Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord, and our heart is unquiet until it rests in thee,"—this, however any one may be tempted to fence and juggle with the fact, is the truth on which all the rest depends.

Unfortunately it is a truth which there is much in the tasks and engagements of the Episcopate to obscure. A bishop is pre-eminently, at any rate in the popular conception of him, an administrator; and howsoever wide of the mark this popular conception may be from the essential idea of the office, it must be owned that there is much in a bishop's work in our day to limit his activities, and therefore his influence, within such a sphere.

To recognize his prophetic office as giving expression to that mission of the Holy Ghost of which he is pre-eminently the representative, to illustrate it upon a wider instead of a narrower field, to recognize and seize the greater opportunities for its exercise, to be indeed "a leader and commander" to the people, not by means of the petty mechanisms of official-

ism, but by the strong, strenuous, and unwearied proclamation of the truth; under all conditions to make the occasion somehow a stepping-stone to that mount of vision from which men may see God and righteousness and become sensible of the nearness of both to themselves,—this, I think you will agree with me, is no unworthy use of the loftiest calling and the loftiest gifts.

And such a use was his. A bishop-elect, walking with him one day in the country, was speaking, with not unnatural shrinking and hesitancy, of the new work toward which he was soon to turn his face, and said among other things, "I have a great dread, in the Episcopate, of perfunctoriness. In the administration, especially, of Confirmation, it seems almost impossible, in connection with its constant repetition, to avoid it."

He was silent a moment, and then said, "I do not think that it need be so. The office indeed is the same. But every class is different; and then—think what it is to them! It seems to me that that thought can never cease to move one."

What a clear insight the answer gave to his own ministry. One turns back to his first sermon,—that evening when, with his fellow-student in Virginia, he walked across the fields to the log-cabin where, not yet in Holy Orders, he preached it, and where afterward he ministered with such swiftly increasing power to a handful of negro servants. "It was an utter failure," he said afterward. Yes, perhaps; but all through the failure he struggled to give expression to that of which his soul was full; and I do not doubt that even then they who heard him somehow understood him.

We pass from those first words to the last,—those of which I spoke a moment ago,—the address to the choir-boys

at Newton,—was there ever such an address to choir-boys before? He knew little or nothing about the science of music, and with characteristic candor he at once said so. But he passed quickly from the music to those incomparable words of which the music was the mere vehicle and vesture. He bade the lads to whom he spoke think of those who, long ago and all the ages down, had sung that matchless Psalter,—of the boys and men of other times, and what it had meant to them. And then, as he looked into their fresh young faces and saw the long vista of life stretching out before them, he bade them think of that larger and fuller meaning which was to come into those Psalms of David, when he,—was there some prophetic sense of how soon with him the end would be?—when he and such as he had passed away,—what new doors were to open, what deeper meanings were to be discerned, what nobler opportunities were to dawn, as the years hastened swiftly on toward their august and glorious consummation! How it all lifts us up as we read it, and how like it was to that "one sermon" which he forever preached!

And in saying so I do not forget what that was which some men said was missing in it. His, they tell us who hold some dry and formalized statement of the truth so close to the eye that it obscures all larger vision of it,—his, they tell us, was an "invertebrate theology." Of what he was and spoke, such a criticism is as if one said of the wind, that divinely-appointed symbol of the Holy Ghost, "it has no spine or ribs."

A spine and ribs are very necessary things; but we bury them as so much chalk and lime when once the breath has gone out of them! In the beginning we read "And the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

And all along since then there have been messengers of

God into whom the same divine breath has been, as it were, without measure breathed, and who have been the quickeners and inspirers of their fellows. Nothing less than this can explain that wholly exceptional and yet consistent influence which he whom we mourn gave forth. It was not confined or limited by merely personal or physical conditions, but breathed with equal and quickening power through all that he taught and wrote. There were multitudes who never saw or heard him, but by whom nevertheless he was as intimately known and understood as if he had been their daily companion.

Never was there an instance which more truly fulfilled the saying, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." They reached down to the inmost need of empty and aching hearts and answered it. They spoke to that in the most sin-stained and wayward soul which is, after all, the image of the invisible God,—spoke to it, touched it, constrained it. "What has this fine-bred Boston scholar," plain men asked, when we bade him come to us and preach in our Trinity—"what has such an one to say to the business men of Wall Street?" But when he came, straightway every man found out that he had indeed something to say to him,—a word of power, a word of hope, a word of enduring joy and strength!

A kindred thinker of large vision and rare insight, New England born and nurtured like himself,[1] speaking of him not long after his death, said:

"There are three forms pertaining to the Christian truths: they are true as facts, they are true as doctrines intellectually apprehended, they are true as spiritual experiences to be realized. Bishop Brooks struck directly for the last. In the

[1] The Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D.

spirit he found the truth; and only as he could get it into a spiritual form did he conceive it to have power.

"It was because he assumed the facts as true in the main, refusing to insist on petty accuracy, and passed by doctrinal forms concerning which there might be great divergence of opinion, and carried his thought on into the world of spirit, that he won so great a hearing and such conviction of belief. For it is the spirit that gives common standing-ground; it says substantially the same thing in all men. Speak as a spirit to the spiritual nature of men, and they will respond, because in the spirit they draw near to their common source and to the world to which all belong.

"It was because he dealt with this common factor of the human and the divine nature that he was so positive and practical. In the spirit it is all yea and amen; there is no negative; in the New Jerusalem there is no night. We can describe this feature of his ministry by words from one of his own sermons: 'It has always been through men of belief, not unbelief, that power from God has poured into man. It is not the discriminating critic, but he whose beating, throbbing life offers itself a channel for the divine force,—he is the man through whom the world grows rich, and whom it remembers with perpetual thanksgiving.'"

And shall not you who are here to-day thank God that such a man was, though for so brief a space, your bishop? Some there were, you remember, who thought that those greater spiritual gifts of his would unfit him for the business of practical affairs. "A bishop's daily round," they said, "his endless correspondence, his hurried journeyings, his weight of anxious cares, the misadventures of other men, ever returning to plague him,—how can he bring himself to stoop and deal with these?"

But as in so much else that was transcendent in him, how little here, too, his critics understood him! No more pathetic proof of this has come to light than in that testimony of one among you who, as his private secretary, stood in

closest and most intimate relations to him. What a story that is which he has given to us of a great soul — faithful always in the greatest? Yes, but no less faithful in the least. There seems a strange, almost grotesque impossibility in the thought that such an one should ever have come to be regarded as "a stickler for the canons."

But we look a little deeper than the surface, and all that is incongruous straightway disappears. His was the realm of a Divine Order,—his was the office of his Lord's servant. God had called him. He had put him where he was. He had set his Church to be his witness in the world, and in it, all his children, the greatest with the least, to walk in ways of reverent appointment. Those ways might irk and cramp him sometimes. They did: he might speak of them with sharp impatience and seeming disesteem sometimes. He did that too, now and then,—for he was human like the rest of us! But mark you this, my brothers, for, in an age which, under one figment or another, whether of more ancient or more modern license, is an age of much self-will,—we shall do well to remember it,—his was a life of orderly and consistent obedience to rule. He kept to the Church's plain and stately ways: kept to them and prized them too.

But all the while he held his soul wide open to the vision of his Lord! Up out of a routine that seemed to others that did not know or could not understand him, and who vouchsafed to him much condescending compassion for a bondage which he never felt, and of which in vain they strove to persuade him to complain,—up out of the narrower round in which so faithfully he walked, from time to time he climbed, and came back bathed in a heavenly light, with lips aglow with heavenly fire. The Spirit had spoken to him, and so he spoke to us. "The flesh profiteth nothing: it is the Spirit

that quickeneth. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

And so we thank God, my brothers, not alone for his message, but that it was given to him to speak it as a bishop in the Church of God. We thank God that in a generation that so greatly needs to cry, as our "Te Deum" teaches us, "Govern us and lift us up!" he was given to the Church not alone to rule but to uplift.

What bishop is there who may not wisely seek to be like him by drawing forever on those fires of the Holy Ghost that set his lips aflame? Nay, what soul among us all is there that may not wisely seek to ascend up into that upper realm in which he walked, and by whose mighty airs his soul was filled? Unto the almighty and ever-living God we yield most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all his saints who have been the chosen vessels of his grace and the lights of the world in their several generations; but here and to-day especially for his servant, Phillips Brooks, sometime of this Commonwealth and this diocese, true prophet, true priest, true bishop, to the glory of God the Father.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D., a distinguished American clergyman, eloquent preacher, and bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, was born at Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1835, and died there Jan. 23, 1893. He was educated at Harvard University, and studied for the ministry at the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va. He was ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1859 and was advanced to the priesthood a year or two later. From 1859 to 1862, he was rector of the Church of the Advent, and from 1862 to 1869, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Philadelphia. In 1869, he was called to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, where he continued until 1891. In 1886, he declined the office of assistant-bishop of Pennsylvania, but accepted that of bishop of Massachusetts in 1891, and was consecrated in October of that year. He was a man of large and comprehensive views, perhaps the most widely popular preacher of his day in the United States, and had a large following of admirers in England. No American clergyman of his day exerted a greater or more spiritual influence than he, or was regarded with more sincere reverence by men of all ranks and creeds. For a number of years he was one of the preachers to Harvard University, and in 1899, the Phillips Brooks House there was erected as the University memorial of him. He was a man of commanding presence and wholly free from self-consciousness. His writings include his Yale "Lectures on Preaching" (1877); "Influence of Jesus" (1879); "The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons" (1881); "Sermons Preached in English Churches" (1885); "Twenty Sermons" (1886); "The Light of the World" (1890); "The Spiritual Man" (1891); "The Symmetry of Life" (1892); "Letters of Travel" (1893); "Essays and Addresses" (1894); "The Life Here, and the Life Hereafter" (1895). Bishop Brooks spoke always with ready ease, and even with fluency, and while his preaching was impressive, there was no straining at oratorical effect.

THE BEAUTY OF A LIFE OF SERVICE

I SHOULD like to read to you again the words of Jesus from the eighth chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be

made free? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever, but the Son abideth ever. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

I want to speak to you to-day about the purpose and the result of the freedom which Christ gives to his disciples, and the freedom into which man enters when he fulfils his life. The purpose and result of freedom is service.

It sounds to us at first like a contradiction, like a paradox. Great truths very often present themselves to us in the first place as paradoxes, and it is only when we come to combine the two different terms of which they are composed, and see how it is only by their meeting that the truth does reveal itself to us, that the truth does become known. It is by this same truth that God frees our souls, not from service, not from duty, but into service and into duty, and he who makes mistakes the purpose of his freedom mistakes the character of his freedom.

He who thinks that he is being released from the work, and not set free in order that he may accomplish that work, mistakes the Christ from whom the freedom comes, mistakes the condition into which his soul is invited to enter.

For if I was right in saying what I said the other day, that the freedom of a man simply consists in the larger opportunity to be and to do all that God makes him in His creation capable of being and doing, then certainly, if man has been capable of service, it is only by the entrance into service, by the acceptance of that life of service for which God has given man the capacity, that he enters into the fulness of his freedom and becomes the liberated child of God.

You remember what I said with regard to the manifesta-

tions of freedom and the figures and the illustrations, perhaps some of them which we used, of the way in which the bit of iron, taken out of its uselessness, its helplessness, and set in the midst of the great machine, thereby recognizes the purpose of its existence and does the work for which it was appointed, for it immediately becomes the servant of the machine into which it was placed. Every part of its impulse flows through all of its substance, and it does the thing which it was made to do.

When the ice has melted upon the plain, it is only when it finds its way into the river and flows forth freely to do the work which the live water has to do that it really attains to its freedom. Only then is it really liberated from the bondage in which it was held while it was fastened in the chains of winter. The same freed ice waits until it so finds its freedom, and when man is set free simply into the enjoyment of his own life, simply into the realization of his own existence, he has not attained the purposes of his freedom, he has not come to the purposes of his life.

It is one of the signs to me of how human words are constantly becoming perverted that it surprises us when we think of freedom as a condition in which a man is called upon to do, and is enabled to do, the duty that God has laid upon him. Duty has become to us such a hard word, service has become to us a word so full of the spirit of bondage, that it surprises us at the first moment when we are called upon to realize that it is in itself a word of freedom. And yet we constantly are lowering the whole thought of our being, we are bringing down the greatness and richness of that with which we have to deal, until we recognize that God does not call us to our fullest life simply for ourselves.

The spirit of selfishness is continually creeping in. I think

it may almost be said that there has been no selfishness in the history of man like that which has exhibited itself in man's religious life, showing itself in the way in which man has seized upon spiritual privileges and rejoiced in the good things that are to come to him in the hereafter, because he had made himself the servant of God. The whole subject of selfishness, and the way in which it loses itself and finds itself again, is a very interesting one, and I wish that we had time to dwell upon it.

It comes into a sort of general law which we are recognizing everywhere—the way in which a man very often, in his pursuit of the higher form of a condition in which he has been living, seems to lose that condition for a little while and only to reach it a little farther on. He seems to be abandoned by that power only that he may meet it by and by and enter more deeply into its heart and come more completely into its service. So it is, I think, with the self-devotion, consecration, and self-forgetfulness in which men realize their life. Very often in the lower stages of man's life he forgets himself, with a slightly emphasized individual existence, not thinking very much of the purpose of his life, till he easily forgets himself among the things that are around him and forgets himself simply because there is so little of himself for him to forget; but do not you know perfectly well how very often when a man's life becomes intensified and earnest, when he becomes completely possessed with some great passion and desire, it seems for the time to intensify his selfishness?

It does intensify his selfishness. He is thinking so much in regard to himself that the thought of other persons and their interests is shut out of his life. And so very often when a man has set before him the great passion of the divine life, when he is called by God to live the life of God,

and to enter into the rewards of God, very often there seems to close around his life a certain bondage of selfishness, and he who gave himself freely to his fellow men before now seems, by the very intensity, eagerness, and earnestness with which his mind is set upon the prize of the new life which is presented to him—it seems as if everything became concentrated upon himself, the saving of his soul, the winning of his salvation.

That seat in heaven seems to burn so before his eyes that he cannot be satisfied for a moment with any thought that draws him away from it, and he presses forward that he may be saved.

But by and by, as he enters more deeply into that life, the self-forgetfulness comes to him again and as a diviner thing. By and by, as the man walks up the mountain, he seems to pass out of the cloud which hangs about the lower slopes of the mountain, until at last he stands upon the pinnacle at the top, and there is in the perfect light.

Is it not exactly like the mountain at whose foot there seems to be the open sunshine where men see everything, and on whose summit there is the sunshine, but on whose sides and half-way up there seems to linger a long cloud in which man has to struggle until he comes to the full result of his life?

So it is with self-consecration, with service. You easily do it in some small ways in the lower life. Life becomes intensified and earnest with a serious purpose, and it seems as if it gathered itself together into selfishness. Only then it opens by and by into the largest and noblest works of men, in which they most manifest the richness of their human nature and appropriate the strength of God. Those are great and unselfish acts. We know it at once if we turn

to him who represents the fulness of the nature of our humanity.

When I turn to Jesus and think of him as the manifestation of his own Christianity—and if men would only look at the life of Jesus to see what Christianity is, and not at the life of the poor representatives of Jesus whom they see around them, there would be so much more clearness, they would be of rid so many difficulties and doubts, when I look at the life of Jesus I see that the purpose of consecration, of emancipation, is service of his fellow men.

I cannot think for a moment of Jesus as doing that which so many religious people think they are doing when they serve Christ, when they give their lives to him. I cannot think of him as simply saving his own soul, living his own life, and completing his own nature in the sight of God.

It is a life of service from beginning to end. He gives himself to man because he is absolutely the Child of God, and he sets up service, and nothing but service, to be the ultimate purpose, the one great desire, on which the souls of his followers should be set, as his own soul is set, upon it continually.

What is it that Christ has left to be his symbol in the world, that we put upon our churches, that we wear upon our hearts, that stands forth so perpetually as the symbol of Christ's life? Is it a throne from which a ruler utters his decrees? Is it a mountain-top upon which some rapt seer sits, communing with himself and with the voices around him, and gathering great truth into his soul and delighting in it? No, not the throne and not the mountain-top. It is the cross.

Oh, my brethren, that the cross should be the great symbol of our highest measure, that that which stands for consecra-

tion, that that which stands for the divine statement that a man does not live for himself, and that a man loses himself when he does live for himself,—that that should be the symbol of our religion and the great sign and token of our faith?

What sort of Christians are we that go about asking for the things of this life first, thinking that it shall make us prosperous to be Christians, and then a little higher asking for the things that pertain to the eternal prosperity, when the Great Master, who leaves us the great law, in whom our Christian life is spiritually set forth, has as his great symbol the cross,—the cross, the sign of consecration and obedience?

It is not simply suffering too. Christ does not stand primarily for suffering. Suffering is an accident. It does not matter whether you and I suffer. "Not enjoyment and not sorrow" is our life, not sorrow any more than enjoyment, but obedience and duty. If duty brings sorrow, let it bring sorrow.

It did bring sorrow to the Christ, because it was impossible for a man to serve the absolute righteousness in this world and not to sorrow. If it had brought joy, and glory, and triumph, if it had been greeted at its entrance and applauded on the way, he would have been as truly the consecrated soul that he was in the days when, over a road that was marked with the blood of his footprints, he found his way up at last to the torturing cross. It is not suffering; it is obedience.

It is not pain; it is consecration of life. It is the joy of service that makes the life of Christ, and for us to serve him, serving fellow man and God—as he served fellow man and God—whether it bring pain or joy, if we can only get out of our souls the thought that it matters not if we are

happy or sorrowful, if only we are dutiful and faithful, and brave and strong, then we should be in the atmosphere, we should be in the great company of the Christ.

It surprises me very often when I hear good Christian people talk about Christ's entrance into this world, Christ's coming to save this world. They say it was so marvellous that Jesus should be willing to come down from his throne in heaven and undertake all the strange sorrow and distress that belonged to him when he came to save the world from its sins.

Wonderful? There was no wonder in it; no wonder if we enter up into the region where Jesus lives and think of life as he must have thought of life.

It is the same wonder that people feel about the miracles of Jesus. Is it a wonder that, when a divine life is among men, nature should have a response to make to him, and he should do things that you and I, in our little humanity, find it impossible to do? No, indeed, there is no wonder that God loved the world. There is no wonder that Christ, the Son of God, at any sacrifice undertook to save the world. The wonder would have been if God, sitting in his heaven,—the wonder would have been if Jesus, ready to come here to the earth and seeing how it was possible to save man from sin by suffering,—had not suffered.

Do you wonder at the mother when she gives her life without a hesitation or a cry, when she gives her life with joy, with thankfulness, for her child, counting it her privilege? Do you wonder at the patriot, the hero, when he rushes into the battle to do the good deed which it is possible for him to do?

No; read your own nature deeper, and you will understand your Christ. It is no wonder that he should have died upon

the cross; the wonder would have been if, with the inestimable privilege of saving man, he had shrunk from that cross and turned away.

It sets before us that it is not the glories of suffering, it is not the necessity of suffering, it is simply the beauty of obedience and the fufillment of a man's life in doing his duty and rendering the service which it is possible for him to render to his fellow man.

I said that a man, when he did that, left behind him all the thought of the life which he was willing to live within himself, even all the highest thought. It is not your business and mine to study whether we shall get to heaven, even to study whether we shall be good men; it is our business to study how we shall come into the midst of the purposes of God and have the unspeakable privilege in these few years of doing something of his work.

And yet so is our life all one, so is the kingdom of God which surrounds us and enfolds us one bright and blessed unity, that when a man has devoted himself to the service of God and his fellow man, immediately he is thrown back upon his own nature, and he sees now—it is the right place for him to see—that he must be the brave, strong, faithful man, because it is impossible for him to do his duty and to render his service, except it is rendered out of a heart that is full of faithfulness, that is brave and true.

There is one word of Jesus that always comes back to me as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our earth, and the most comprehensive thing, that seems to sweep into itself all the common-place experience of mankind. Do you remember when he was sitting with his disciples at the last supper, how he lifted up his voice and prayed, and in the midst of his prayer there came these

wondrous words: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified"?

The whole of human life is there. Shall a man cultivate himself? No, not primarily. Shall a man serve the world, strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world? Yes, indeed, he shall. How shall he do it? By cultivating himself, and instantly he is thrown back upon his own life. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified."

I am my best, not simply for myself, but for the world. My brethren, is there anything in all the teachings that man has had from his fellow man, all that has come down to him from the lips of God, that is nobler, that is more far-reaching than that—to be my best not simply for my own sake, but for the sake of the world into which, setting my best, I shall make that world more complete, I shall do my little part to renew and to recreate it in the image of God?

That is the law of my existence. And the man that makes that the law of his existence neither neglects himself nor his fellow men, neither becomes the self-absorbed student and cultivator of his own life upon the one hand, nor does he become, abandoning himself, simply the wasting benefactor of his brethren upon the other. You can help your fellow men: you must help your fellow men; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.

I watch the workman build upon the building which by and by is to soar into the skies, to toss its pinnacles up to the heaven, and I see him looking up and wondering where those pinnacles are to be, thinking how high they are to be, measuring the feet, wondering how they are to be built, and all the time he is cramming a rotten stone into the

building just where he has set to work. Let him forget the pinnacles, if he will, or hold only the floating image of them in his imagination for his inspiration; but the thing that he must do is to put a brave, strong soul, an honest and substantial life into the building just where he is now at work.

It seems to me that that comes home to us all. Men are questioning now, as they never have questioned before, whether Christianity is indeed the true religion which is to be the salvation of the world. They are feeling how the world needs salvation, how it needs regeneration, how it is wrong and bad all through and through, mixed with the good that is in it everywhere.

Everywhere there is the good and the bad, and the great question that is on men's minds to-day, as I believe it has never been upon men's minds before, is this: Is this Christian religion, with its high pretensions, this Christian life that claims so much for itself, is it competent for the task that it has undertaken to do? Can it meet all these human problems, and relieve all these human miseries, and fulfill all these human hopes?

It is the old story over again, when John the Baptist, puzzled in his prison, said to Jesus, "Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?" It seems to me that the Christian Church is hearing that cry in its ears to-day: "Art thou he that should come?" Can you do this which the world unmistakably needs to be done?

Christian men, it is for us to give our bit of answer to that question. It is for us, in whom the Christian Church is at this moment partially embodied, to decare that Christianity, that the Christian faith, the Christian manhood, can do that for the world which the world needs. You say, "What can I do?"

You can furnish one Christian life. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, so determined not to commit every sin, that the great Christian Church shall be the stronger for your living in it, and the problem of the world be answered, and a certain great peace come into this poor, perplexed phase of our humanity as it sees that new revelation of what Christianity is. Yes, Christ can give the world the thing it needs in unknown ways and methods that we have not yet begun to suspect.

Christianity has not yet been tried. My friends, no man dares to condemn the Christian faith to-day, because the Christian faith has not been tried. Not until men get rid of the thought that it is a poor machine, an expedient for saving them from suffering and pain, not until they get the grand idea of it as the great power of God present in and through the lives of men, not until then does Christianity enter upon its true trial and become ready to show what it can do. Therefore we struggle against our sin in order that men may be saved around us, and not simply that our own souls may be saved.

Tell me you have a sin that you mean to commit this evening that is going to make this night black. What can keep you from committing that sin? Suppose you look into its consequences. Suppose the wise man tells you what will be the physical consequences of that sin. You shudder and you shrink, and perhaps you are partially deterred. Suppose you see the glory that might come to you, physical, temporal, spiritual, if you do not commit that sin. The opposite of it shows itself to you—the blessing and the richness in your life.

Again there comes a great power that shall control your lust and wickedness. Suppose there comes to you something

even deeper than that, no consequence on consequence at all, but simply an abhorrence for the thing, so that your whole nature shrinks from it as the nature of God shrinks from a sin that is polluting and filthy and corrupt and evil.

They are all great powers. Let us thank God for them all. He knows that we are weak enough to need every power that can possibly be brought to bear upon our feeble lives: but if, along with all of them, there could come this other power; if along with them there could come the certainty that if you refrain from that sin to-night you make the sum of sin that is in the world, and so the sum of all temptation that is in the world, and so the sum of future evil that is to spring out of temptation in the world, less, shall there not be a nobler impulse rise up in your heart, and shall you not say: "I will not do it; I will be honest, I will be sober, I will be pure, at least, to-night"?

I dare to think that there are men here to whom that appeal can come, men who perhaps will be all dull and deaf if one speaks to them about their personal salvation; who, if one dares to picture to them, appealing to their better nature, trusting to their nobler soul, that there is in them the power to save other men from sin, and to help the work of God by the control of their own passions and the fulfilment of their own duty, will be stirred to the higher life.

Men—very often we do not trust them enough—will answer to the higher appeal that seems to be beyond them when the poor, lower appeal that comes within the region of their selfishness is cast aside, and they will have nothing to do with it.

Oh, this marvellous, this awful power that we have over other people's lives! Oh! the power of the sin that you have done years and years ago! It is awful to think of it. I

think there is hardly anything more terrible to the human thought than this—the picture of a man who, having sinned years and years ago in a way that involved other souls in his sin, and then, having repented of his sin and undertaken another life, knows certainly that the power, the consequence of that sin is going on outside of his reach, beyond even his ken and knowledge. He cannot touch it.

You wronged a soul ten years ago. You taught a boy how to tell his first mercantile lie; you degraded the early standards of his youth. What has become of that boy to-day? You may have repented. He has passed out of your sight. He has gone years and years ago. Somewhere in this great, multitudinous mass of humanity he is sinning and sinning and reduplicating and extending the sin that you did.

You touched the faith of some believing soul years ago with some miserable sneer of yours, with some cynical and sceptical disparagement of God and of the man who is the utterance of God upon the earth. You taught the soul that was enthusiastic to be full of scepticisms and doubts.

You wronged a woman years ago, and her life has gone out from your life, you cannot begin to tell where. You have repented of your sin. You have bowed yourself, it may be, in dust and ashes. You have entered upon a new life. You are pure to-day. But where is the sceptical soul? Where is the ruined woman whom you sent forth into the world out of the shadow of your sin years ago?

You cannot touch that life. You cannot reach it. You do not know where it is. No steps of yours, quickened with all your earnestness, can pursue it. No contrition of yours can draw back its consequences. Remorse cannot force the bullet back again into the gun from which it once has gone forth. It makes life awful to the man who has ever sinned,

who has ever wronged and hurt another life because of this sin, because no sin ever was done that did not hurt another life.

I know the mercy of our God, that while he has put us into each other's power to a fearful extent, he never will let any soul absolutely go to everlasting ruin for another's sin; and so I dare to see the love of God pursuing that lost soul where you cannot pursue it.

But that does not for one moment lift the shadow from your heart, or cease to make you tremble when you think of how your sin has outgrown itself and is running far, far away where you can never follow it.

Thank God the other thing is true as well. Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that too he can never trace the consequences. Thank God that that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago to make your brother's faith a little more strong, to let your shop-boy confirm and not doubt the confidence in man which he had brought into his business, to establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth.

Do not say in your terror, "I will do nothing." You must do something. Only let Christ tell you—let Christ tell you that there is nothing that a man rests upon in the moment, that he thinks of, as he looks back upon it when it has sunk into the past, with any satisfaction, except some service to his fellow man, some strengthening and helping of a human soul.

Two men are walking down the street together and talking away. See what different conditions those two men are in. One of them has his soul absolutely full of the desire

to help his fellow man. He peers into those faces as he goes, and sees the divine possibility that is in them, and he sees the divine nature everywhere. They are talking about the idlest trifles, about the last bit of local Boston politics. But in their souls one of those men has consecrated himself, with the new morning, to the glorious service of God, and the other of them is asking how he may be a little richer in his miserable wealth when the day sinks.

Oh, we look into the other world and read the great words and hear it said, Between me and thee, this and that, there is a great gulf fixed; and we think of something that is to come in the eternal life. Is there any gulf in eternity, is there any gulf between heaven and hell that is wider, and deeper, and blacker, that is more impassable than that gulf which lies between these two men going upon their daily way?

Oh, friends, it is not that God is going to judge us some day. That is not the awful thing. It is that God knows us now. If I stop an instant and know that God knows me through all these misconceptions and blunders of my brethren, that God knows me—that is the awful thing. The future judgment shall but tell it. It is here, here upon my conscience, now. It is awful to think how the commonplace things that men can do, the commonplace thoughts that men can think, the commonplace lives that men can live, are but in the bosom of the future. The thing that impresses me more and more is this—that we only need to have extended to the multitude that which is at this moment present in the few, and the world really would be saved.

There is but the need of the extension into a multitude of souls of that which a few souls have already attained in their consecration of themselves to human good and to the service

of God, and I will not say the millennium would have come, I don't know much about the millennium, but heaven would have come, the New Jerusalem would be here. There are men enough in this church this morning, there are men enough sitting here within the sound of my voice to-day, if they were inspired by the spirit of God and counted it the great privilege of their life to do the work of God—there are men enough here to save this city, and to make this a glowing city of our Lord, to relieve its poverty, to lighten its darkness, to lift up the cloud that is upon hearts, to turn it into a great, I will not say psalm-singing city, but God-serving, God-abiding city, to touch all the difficult problems of how society and government ought to be organized then with a power with which they should yield their difficulty and open gradually.

The light to measure would be clear enough if only the spirit is there. Give me five hundred men, nay, give me one hundred men of the spirit that I know to-day in three men that I well understand, and I will answer for it that the city shall be saved. And you, my friend, are one of the five hundred—you are one of the one hundred.

"Oh, but," you say, "is not this slavery over again? You have talked about freedom, and here I am once more a slave. I had about got free from the bondage of my fellow men, and here I am right in the midst of it again. What has become of my personality, of my independence, if I am to live thus?"

Ay, you have got to learn what every noblest man has always learned, that no man becomes independent of his fellow men excepting in serving his fellow men. You have got to learn that Christianity comes to us not simply as a luxury but as a force, and no man who values Christianity simply

as a luxury which he possesses really gets the Christianity which he tries to value.

Only when Christianity is a force, only when I seek independence of men in serving men, do I cease to be a slave to their whims. I must dress as they think I ought to dress; I must walk in the streets as they think I ought to walk; I must do business just after their fashion; I must accept their standards; but when Christ has taken possession of me and I am a total man, I am more or less independent of these men. Shall I care about their little whims and oddities? Shall I care about how they criticise the outside of my life? Shall I peer into their faces as I meet them in the street, to see whether they approve of me or not? And yet am I not their servant? There is nothing now I will not do to serve them, there is nothing now I will not do to save them.

If the cross comes, I welcome the cross and look upon it with joy if by my death upon the cross in any way I may echo the salvation of my Lord and save them. Independent of them? Surely. And yet their servant? Perfectly.

Was ever man so independent in Jerusalem as Jesus was? What cared he for the sneer of the Pharisee, for the learned scorn of the Sadducee, for the taunt of the people and the little boys that had been taught to jeer at him as he went down the street, and yet the very servant of all their life?

He says there are two kinds of men—they who sit upon a throne and eat, and they who serve. "I am among you as he that serveth."

Oh, seek independence. Insist upon independence. Insist that you will not be the slave of the poor, petty standards of your fellow men. But insist upon it only in the way in which it can be insisted upon, by becoming absolutely the servant of their needs. So only shall you be independent of

their whims. There is one great figure, and it has taken in all Christian consciousness, that again and again this work with Christ has been asserted to be the true service in the army of a great master, of a great captain, who goes before us to his victory, that it is asserted that in that captain, in the entrance into his army, every power is set free. Do you remember the words that a good many of us read or heard yesterday in our churches, where Jesus was doing one of his miracles, and it is said that a devil was cast out, the dumb spake? Every power becomes the man's possession, and he uses it in his freedom, and he fights with it with all his force, just as soon as the devil is cast out of him.

I have tried to tell you the noblest motive in which you should be a pure, an upright, a faithful, and a strong man. It is not for the salvation of your life, it is not for the salvation of yourself. It is not for the satisfaction of your tastes. It is that you may take your place in the great army of God and go forward having something to do with the work that he is doing in the world. You remember the days of the war, and how ashamed of himself a man felt who never touched with his finger the great struggle in which the nation was engaged. Oh, to go through this life and never touch with my finger the vast work that Christ is doing, and when the cry of triumph arises at the end to stand there, not having done one little, unknown, unnoticed thing to bring about that which is the true life of the man and of the world, that is awful. And I dare to believe there are young men in this church this morning who, failing to be touched by every promise of their own salvation and every threatening of their own damnation, will still lift themselves up and take upon them the duty of men, and be soldiers of Jesus Christ, and have a part in the battle, and have a part somewhere in the

victory that is sure to come. Don't be selfish anywhere. Don't be selfish, most of all, in your religion. Let yourselves free into your religion, and be utterly unselfish. Claim your freedom in service.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SERMON PREACHED IN PHILADELPHIA WHILE THE BODY OF THE PRESIDENT WAS LYING IN THE CITY

"He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds; that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."—Ps. lxxviii, 71-73.

WHILE I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life, and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence because I speak to those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was.

The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It

will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer State. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and, finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older States and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and his intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness.

This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was.

Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose

out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods-boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor and always asserting the true.

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness of truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another.

The fact is, that in all the simplest characters that line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that

comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They co-operate, they help each other less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists, till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom.

For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he

needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness,—call it what you will,—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature.

So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they be the newest ways, to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here, then, we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce.

All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of

work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule.

Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict.

This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which

had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race.

The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other, complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness.

In a word, one nature was full of the influences of freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of slavery.

In general, these two regions of our national life were separated by a geographical boundary. One was the spirit of the North, the other was the spirit of the South. But the Southern nature was by no means all a Southern thing. There it had an organized, established form, a certain definite, established institution about which it clustered. Here, lacking advantage, it lived in less expressive ways and so lived more weakly.

There, there was the horrible sacrament of slavery, the outward and visible sign round which the inward and spiritual temper gathered and kept itself alive. But who doubts that among us the spirit of slavery lived and thrived? Its formal existence had been swept away from one State after another,

partly on conscientious, partly on economical grounds, but its spirit was here, in every sympathy that Northern winds carried to the listening ear of the Southern slaveholder, and in every oppression of the weak by the strong, every proud assumption of idleness over labor which echoed the music of Southern life back to us.

Here in our midst lived that worse and falser nature, side by side with the true and better nature which God meant should be the nature of Americans, and of which he was shaping out the type and champion in his chosen David of the sheepfold.

Here then we have the two. The history of our country for many years is the history of how these two elements of American life approached collision. They wrought their separate reactions on each other. Men debate and quarrel even now about the rise of Northern Abolitionism, about whether the Northern Abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good.

How vain the quarrel is! It was inevitable. It was inevitable in the nature of things that two such natures living here together should be set violently against each other. It is inevitable, till man be far more unfeeling and untrue to his convictions than he has always been, that a great wrong asserting itself vehemently should arouse to no less vehement assertion the opposing right.

The only wonder is that there was not more of it. The only wonder is that so few were swept away to take, by an impulse they could not resist, their stand of hatred to the wicked institution. The only wonder is that only one brave, reckless man came forth to cast himself, almost single-handed, with a hopeless hope, against the proud power that he hated, and trust to the influence of a soul marching on

into the history of his countrymen to stir them to a vindication of the truth he loved. At any rate, whether the Abolitionists were wrong or right, there grew up about their violence, as there always will about the extremism of extreme reformers, a great mass of feeling, catching their spirit and asserting it firmly, though in more moderate degrees and methods.

About the nucleus of Abolitionism grew up a great American Anti-Slavery determination, which at last gathered strength enough to take its stand to insist upon the checking and limiting the extension of the power of slavery, and to put the type-man, whom God had been preparing for the task, before the world, to do the work on which it had resolved. Then came discontent, secession, treason. The two American natures, long advancing to encounter, met at last, and a whole country, yet trembling with the shock, bears witness how terrible the meeting was.

Thus I have tried briefly to trace out the gradual course by which God brought the character which he designed to be the controlling character of this new world into distinct collision with the hostile character which it was to destroy and absorb, and set it in the person of its type-man in the seat of highest power. The character formed under the discipline of freedom and the character formed under the discipline of slavery developed all their difference and met in hostile conflict when this war began.

Notice, it was not only in what he did and was toward the slave, it was in all he did and was everywhere that we accept Mr. Lincoln's character as the true result of our free life and institutions. Nowhere else could have come forth that genuine love of the people which in him no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the ab-

stract philanthropy of the philosopher, which made our President, while he lived, the centre of a great household land, and when he died so cruelly made every humblest household thrill with a sense of personal bereavement which the death of rulers is not apt to bring. Nowhere else than out of the life of freedom could have come that personal unselfishness and generosity which made so gracious a part of this good man's character.

How many soldiers feel yet the pressure of a strong hand that clasped theirs once as they lay sick and weak in the dreary hospital! How many ears will never lose the thrill of some kind word he spoke—he who could speak so kindly—to promise a kindness that always matched his word! How often he surprised the land with a clemency which made even those who questioned his policy love him the more for what they called his weakness,—seeing how the man in whom God had most embodied the discipline of freedom not only could not be a slave, but could not be a tyrant! In the heartiness of his mirth and his enjoyment of simple joys; in the directness and shrewdness of perception which constituted his wit; in the untired, undiscouraged faith in human nature which he always kept; and perhaps, above all, in the plainness and quiet, unostentatious earnestness and independence of his religious life, in his humble love and trust of God—in all, it was a character such as only freedom knows how to make.

Now it was in this character rather than in any mere political position that the fitness of Mr. Lincoln to stand forth in the struggle of the two American natures really lay. We are told that he did not come to the Presidential chair pledged to the abolition of slavery. When shall we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it

is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career!

The President came to his power full of the blood, strong in the strength of freedom. He came there free, and hating slavery. He came there, leaving on record words like these spoken three years before and never contradicted. He had said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

When the question came, he knew which thing he meant that it should be. His whole nature settled that question for him. Such a man must always live as he used to say he lived (and was blamed for saying it) "controlled by events, not controlling them." And with a reverent and clear mind, to be controlled by events means to be controlled by God.

For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with slavery and put the sword into his hand and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellow men. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life.

All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's

employments—all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this. And as the swarthy multitudes came in, ragged, and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whip, singing rude songs in which the new triumph of freedom struggled and heaved below the sad melody that had been shaped for bondage; as in their camps and hovels there grew up to their half-superstitious eyes the image of a great Father almost more than man, to whom they owed their freedom,—were they not half right?

For it was not to one man, driven by stress of policy, or swept off by a whim of pity, that the noble act was due. It was to the American nature, long kept by God in his own intentions till his time should come, at last emerging into sight and power, and bound up and embodied in this best and most American of all Americans, to whom we and those poor frightened slaves at last might look up together and love to call him, with one voice, our Father.

Thus we have seen something of what the character of Mr. Lincoln was, and how it issued in the life he lived. It remains for us to see how it resulted also in the terrible death which has laid his murdered body here in our town among lamenting multitudes to-day. It is not a hard question, though it is sad to answer. We saw the two natures, the nature of slavery and the nature of freedom, at last set against each other, come at last to open war. Both fought, fought long, fought bravely; but each, as was perfectly natural, fought with the tools and in the ways which its own character had made familiar to it.

The character of slavery was brutal, barbarous, and treacherous; and so the whole history of the slave power during the war has been full of ways of warfare brutal, bar-

barous, and treacherous beyond anything that man bred in freedom could have been driven to by the most hateful passions. It is not to be marvelled at. It is not to be set down as the special sin of the war. It goes back beyond that. It is the sin of the system. It is the barbarism of slavery. When slavery went to war to save its life, what wonder if its barbarism grew barbarous a hundred-fold!

One would be attempting a task which once was almost hopeless, but which now is only needless, if he set himself to convince a Northern congregation that slavery was a barbarian institution. It would be hardly more necessary to try to prove how its barbarism has shown itself during this war. The same spirit which was blind to the wickedness of breaking sacred ties, of separating man and wife, of beating women till they dropped down dead, of organizing licentiousness and sin into commercial systems, of forbidding knowledge and protecting itself with ignorance, of putting on its arms and riding out to steal a State at the beleaguered ballot-box away from freedom—in one word (for its simplest definition is its worst dishonor), the spirit that gave man the ownership in man in time of peace has found out yet more terrible barbarisms for the time of war.

It has hewed and burned the bodies of the dead. It has starved and mutilated its helpless prisoners. It has dealt by truth, not as men will in a time of excitement, lightly and with frequent violations, but with a cool and deliberate and systematic contempt. It has sent its agents into Northern towns to fire peaceful hotels where hundreds of peaceful men and women slept. It has undermined the prisons where its victims starved, and made all ready to blow with one blast their wretched life away. It has delighted in the lowest and basest scurrility even on the highest and most honorable lips.

It has corrupted the graciousness of women and killed out the truth of men.

I do not count up the terrible catalogue because I like to, nor because I wish to stir your hearts to passion. Even now, you and I have no right to indulge in personal hatred to the men who did these things. But we are not doing right by ourselves, by the President that we have lost, or by God who had a purpose in our losing him, unless we know thoroughly that it was this same spirit which we have seen to be a tyrant in peace and a savage in war that has crowned itself with the working of this final woe.

It was the conflict of the two American natures, the false and the true. It was slavery and freedom that met in their two representatives, the assassin and the President; and the victim of the last desperate struggle of the dying slavery lies dead to-day in Independence Hall.

Solemnly, in the sight of God, I charge this murder where it belongs, on slavery. I dare not stand here in his sight, and before him or you speak doubtful and double-meaning words of vague repentance, as if we had killed our President. We have sins enough, but we have not done this sin save as by weak concessions and timid compromises we have let the spirit of slavery grow strong and ripe for such a deed. In the barbarism of slavery the foul act and its foul method had their birth.

By all the goodness that there was in him; by all the love we had for him (and who shall tell how great it was); by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week,—I charge this murder where it belongs, on slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the door-posts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history

of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President.

If ever anything were clear, this is the clearest. Is there the man alive who thinks that Abraham Lincoln was shot just for himself; that it was that one man for whom the plot was laid? The gentlest, kindest, most indulgent man that ever ruled a State! The man who knew not how to speak a word of harshness or how to make a foe! Was it he for whom the murderer lurked with a mere private hate?

It was not he, but what he stood for. It was law and liberty, it was government and freedom, against which the hate gathered and the treacherous shot was fired. And I know not how the crime of him who shoots at law and liberty in the crowded glare of a great theatre differs from theirs who have levelled their aim at the same great beings from behind a thousand ambuscades and on a hundred battle-fields of this long war. Every general in the field, and every false citizen in our midst at home, who has plotted and labored to destroy the lives of the soldiers of the republic, is brother to him who did this deed. The American nature, the American truths, of which our President was the anointed and supreme embodiment, have been embodied in multitudes of heroes who marched unknown and fell unnoticed in our ranks. For them, just as for him, character decreed a life and a death. The blood of all of them I charge on the same head. Slavery armed with treason was their murderer.

Men point out to us the absurdity and folly of this awful crime. Again and again we hear men say, "It was the worst thing for themselves they could have done. They have shot a representative man, and the cause he represented grows stronger and sterner by his death. Can it be that

so wise a devil was so foolish here? Must it not have been the act of one poor madman, born and nursed in his own reckless brain?"

My friends, let us understand this matter. It was a foolish act. Its folly was only equalled by its wickedness. It was a foolish act. But when did sin begin to be wise? When did wickedness learn wisdom? When did the fool stop saying in his heart, "There is no God," and acting godlessly in the absurdity of his impiety? The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death,—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes.

But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the slave power in striking the representative of freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of slavery who did this deed, we are putting slavery to death.

Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer.

Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while both in North and South prejudices and practices which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us with a silence more eloquent than words how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph.

As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The "Shepherd of the People!" that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully

and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart."

Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done!

He stood once on the battle-field of our own State, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. . . .

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, P.C., M.P., an eminent English statesman, secretary of state for the colonies of Great Britain, was born in Camberwell, London, July 8, 1836. He was educated privately and later at London University school, but never attended a university. His early years were spent in commerce, but his leisure was devoted to reading, and he early acquired a considerable knowledge of the best English and French literature. At the age of eighteen he removed to Birmingham to represent his father's interests there, and acquired a fortune, largely through his own executive ability in a large screw manufacturing firm, and he retired from business to devote his energies to the practice of politics, at first as an advanced Radical. In his thirty-third year he had been elected chairman of the executive committee of the National Educational League, and this was his advent into politics. In 1869, Mr. Chamberlain was elected to the Birmingham town council, where he took interest in the opening of art galleries on Sunday, the admission of poor children to the grammar school, and other measures then regarded as almost revolutionary. The vigor and ability with which he led the Birmingham agitation against clericalism in the board school won for him his election as mayor of Birmingham in 1873. He was reëlected in 1874 and 1875. Mr. Chamberlain's administrations were characterized by a policy of municipal socialism. At this period of his life he was of the opinion that England would eventually become a republic, and in 1874 he had called himself a communist, the word, in his interpretation, meaning "one who fought for the principles of local self-government." In 1874, Mr. Chamberlain stood for Sheffield and was defeated, but two years later he entered Parliament for Birmingham. A ready speaker, concise and to the point, by 1880 his name had become associated with a number of important questions. During the years of his novitiate, Parliament was considering the Eastern question and South Africa, and Mr. Chamberlain was strongly opposed to the Conservative government on both. His political strength had become so great in 1880 that Mr. Gladstone, after offering him the presidency of the Board of Trade, gave him a seat in the Cabinet. He resigned in 1886, because he could not agree with the premier's Irish home-rule policy. He was then returned to Parliament for Birmingham and allied himself with the Conservatives, ultimately becoming not only a Unionist, but an ultra-Conservative and Imperialist. In 1887, Mr. Chamberlain was commissioner from Great Britain to the United States to negotiate a fisheries treaty, and in 1895, as a Liberal-Unionist, he was appointed secretary of state for the colonies in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and he has since retained that office; becoming, during the British-Boer War, which began in 1899, a trenchant and aggressive figure in English foreign and domestic politics.

ON LIBERAL AIMS

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BIRMINGHAM, JUNE 3, 1885

MR. PAYTON AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very much for the cordiality with which you have invited me to be your representative in Parliament, and I take it as an earnest of the spirit and the genuine kindness with which I may hope to be received by the constituency itself. I think you will not be surprised when I say that I come before you to-day with mixed feelings. I am going, I hope, to be your member; but I cannot forget that I am, and that I have been, the representative of the whole of this great constituency, and being and having been member for Birmingham is really a very proud thing to reflect upon.

It is not only that it is, I believe, the largest of the constituencies of the United Kingdom; at the time of the last general election we numbered, I think, something like 65,000 registered electors, and other towns of larger population, like Liverpool and Glasgow, could only muster a few over 60,000. It is not merely the size of the borough which has made it an honor to represent it, it is also the great influence which it has so continuously exercised upon the political life and the legislation of the country; and to represent in the future 10,000 of my fellow townsmen after having represented 65,000, is like living in a cottage after having resided in a palace.

At the same time I hope that the difference is more apparent than real, and that we shall continue to preserve the unity of this great constituency; and that although none of the seven members whom it will now enjoy will be entitled

to speak authoritatively in the name of the whole, yet that as a body we shall speak with the one potent voice of Birmingham, united, as we have been of yore, in the pursuit of every Liberal measure.

Well, I may say that if the separation was to take place, there is no division of the town which it would be personally more gratifying to me to represent than this Western Division. Your Chairman has already alluded to the reasons which make me see a peculiar fitness in the invitation which you have been good enough to address to me.

It is here that I made my first entry into public life. I believe my first political speech was made in a schoolroom in All Saints, under the presidency of my friend the Chairman, and in support of the candidature of Mr. Dixon as one of the members for Birmingham. Afterwards I was connected with many of your leading citizens in establishing that undenominational school, also in All Saints, which gave a practical illustration of the scheme of the National Education League to which Mr. Payton has referred, and which had so large a part in carrying the measure, of the advantages of which he has not said one word too much. As to St. Paul's Ward, I am glad indeed to recollect that it was through the kindness of the electors of St. Paul's Ward that I was introduced to local government and that I gained my experience of local life, which has been to me of the greatest possible value, and which has produced in my mind an enduring conviction of the importance and dignity of our local government, and an anxious desire to extend its functions and to increase the number of those on whom it may be conferred.

Well, then, gentlemen, I may say that I accept with gratitude the invitation which you have addressed to me. If there is to be opposition, I have no doubt that we shall give

a good account of ourselves. And whether there be opposition or not, I have no doubt whatever that, if life is spared to me, somewhere about the end of November I shall be the member for the Western Division of Birmingham.

I thank those who have already addressed you for the kindness with which they have said that from me they ask no profession of faith. Well, it is true that my public and political life has been all before you, and there is probably no subject of the slightest importance on which you do not already know my opinion, and with regard to which you do not know that I will not do all that in me lies to give force to that opinion.

Of course I do not expect that my opinion agrees with yours upon every subject or upon every detail. That would be to presuppose that you yourselves are entirely agreed, which is more, perhaps, than I have a right to expect, even from the constituency which I aspire to represent.

No, gentlemen, but though we may differ sometimes upon details, and sometimes upon methods, I believe that we are agreed upon the main lines of Liberal policy, and that we shall always be found shoulder to shoulder in endeavoring to secure their general acceptance.

Now, this invitation, and the signs of activity which are everywhere around us, are proofs that we have arrived at a stage in our political history. The old order is passing away; the new order is beginning to make itself felt. I am not generally much inclined to indulge in political retrospect—I am more ready to say, "Let the dead past bury its dead; our business is with the present and with the future"; but standing here, as I do, at the turning of the ways, I will venture to assert that when the history of the last five years comes to be written, neither the government of which I have the honor

to be a member, nor the Parliament which was returned to power with such tremendous enthusiasm five years ago, will have any cause to fear its verdict.

When that history comes to be written you know whose will be the central and prominent figure. You know that Mr. Gladstone will stand out before posterity as the greatest man of his time—remarkable not only for his extraordinary eloquence, for his great ability, for his steadfastness of purpose, for his constructive skill, but more, perhaps, than all these, for his personal character, and for the high tone that he has introduced into our politics and public life. I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall see how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power.

I am certain that justice will be done to him in the future, and I am not less certain that there will be a signal condemnation of those men who, moved by motives of party spite in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to load with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time, who had not allowed even his age, which should have commanded their reverence, or his experience, which entitled him to their respect, or his high personal character, or his long service to his Queen and to his country, to shield him from the vulgar affronts and lying accusations of which he has nightly been made the subject in the House of Commons. He, with his great magnanimity, can afford to forget and forgive these things; those whom he has served long it behooves to remember them, to resent them, and to punish them.

Now, I have said, gentlemen, that I do not think that this Parliament will have any cause to fear the verdict of history. Just contrast it for a moment with the Parliament which preceded it. That was a Parliament and a government which came into power under the most exceptionally favorable circumstances. Ireland was contented, there was peace all over the world, the finances were in the most admirable order. Never was there a better opportunity for a great and patriotic statesman to promote measures of urgent domestic importance, and yet I venture to say that during the whole existence of that Parliament, with the exception, perhaps, of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of Sir Richard Cross, which was, unfortunately, an unsuccessful, but which was, I believe, a well-meant attempt to grapple with a great social evil,—with that exception there is not, I believe, one single Act to which the future historian will deem it necessary to make even a passing reference.

But now, when we came into power, everything was changed. There was trouble all over the world. South Africa was in a state of anarchy: there had been war, shortly to be renewed, in Afghanistan; Ireland was dissatisfied, and was on the eve of the greatest agitation which has ever convulsed that country since the Tithe War; the finances were in hopeless confusion; and yet, in spite of all these things, in spite of obstruction carried with the tacit approval of the leaders of the Tory party up to the height of a science, and in spite of the most factious Opposition that I believe this country has ever known, there has not been a single session which has passed without measures of important reform finding their place in the statute-book, without grievances being redressed and wrongs being remedied.

We have abolished flogging in the army, we have suspended

the operation of the odious Acts called the Contagious Diseases Acts, we have amended the game laws, we have reformed the burial laws, we have introduced and carried our Employers' Liability Bill, we have had a Bankruptcy Act, a Patents Act, and a host of secondary measures which, together, would have formed the stock-in-trade of a Tory government for twenty years at least; and yet these are only the fringe, only the outside, of the more important legislation of our time, the chief elements in which have been the Irish Land Bill and the Reform Bill.

The Irish Land Bill alone is a monument of Mr. Gladstone's genius. He probably was the only man who could have successfully dealt with so gigantic, so complicated, and so difficult a subject. But he has passed two great measures dealing with that subject, giving to the Irish tenant full security of tenure, and now, at all events, he enjoys in their entirety all the improvements which he may make in his holding. And sometimes, gentlemen, I cannot but wish that Liberals would have a little more faith in their principles, and a little more trust in the remedial legislation which they have assisted to pass.

If Ireland is pacified at the present moment I do not attribute it to coercion bills; I attribute it to the reform of the land laws and to the removal of the deep-seated agrarian grievance of the Irish peasant. Coercion may be necessary at times. Murder, and outrage, and assassination are things which no government can tolerate, which no honest man will lift a finger to approve; and when these things stalk through the land, then they must be put down at all hazards and at all risk, by every means within the power of the legislature and of the government. But coercion is for an emergency.

It is nonsense to talk of a constitutional system and con-

stitutional government if the constitution is always being suspended. When the emergency is over, then it is the duty of wise statesmen to seek out the causes of discontent and to endeavor to remedy them. Well, I believe that one of the greatest of Irish problems is still before us, and must wait for its solution until the new Parliament, whose advent we anticipate with so much interest and with such expectations.

Mr. Gladstone has removed two of the greatest grievances of Ireland. He has disestablished an alien church and he has reformed the land laws. But there remains a question as important, possibly even more important, than both these two, and that is, to give in Mr. Gladstone's own words, the widest possible self-government to Ireland which is consistent with the maintenance of the integrity of the empire. What we have to do is to conciliate the national sentiment of Ireland. We have to find a safe means between separation on the one hand, which would be disastrous to Ireland and dangerous to England, and that excessive concentralization, on the other hand, which throws upon the English Parliament and upon English officials the duty and burden of supervising every petty detail of Irish local affairs, which stifles the national life, which destroys the sense of responsibility, which keeps the people in ignorance of the duties and functions of government, and which produces a perpetual feeling of irritation while it obstructs all necessary legislation. That is the problem, and I do not believe that the resources of statesmanship are exhausted, or that it will be impossible to find a solution.

We are going to have a new Parliament, when for the first time the whole people will be represented. We shall know what is the authoritative expression of the wishes of the majority of the people of Ireland. That is a great thing, and

this authoritative expression of the wishes of the people of Ireland will be submitted to the judgment, not of classes, nor of those who are prejudiced by the existence of privileges or by separate and individual claims and rights, but to the whole people of England and Scotland. And when I think how much importance the English and the Scotch people attach to local government, when I know how we in the towns prize it, when I know how Liberals in the country desire it, when I know how Liberals in the metropolis are asking for it, I do not believe for a moment that they will hesitate before conceding to Ireland all the liberties and all the freedom which they will claim for themselves.

Well, now, gentlemen, I do not think I need dilate upon the circumstances or the manner in which what has been called the greatest reform, the greatest constitutional reform since the Revolution of 1688, has been carried through. The Tories opposed it, as they have opposed every measure of reform, as long as they dared, and until they saw the passions of the people were so aroused that it would be dangerous to resist any longer. They opposed it and attempted to delay it, attempted to minimize it, and now with characteristic effrontery, they are taking the credit for the passing of a measure which, if their power had been equal to their will, we should never have seen upon the statute-book of the land.

But though they have changed their language they have not changed their tactics. We have had a taste of their spirit, even within the last few weeks. What the Tories have not dared to do in the House of Commons, they have put up their confederates in the House of Lords to do for them, and by making medical relief a disqualification for the franchise they have taken away with the one hand what they gave with the other, and they have kept out from the enjoyment of their

electoral rights probably one fourth of those whom we sought to enfranchise.

Well, this is monstrous injustice. It is an intolerable thing that a poor laborer, with his twelve shillings or possibly fourteen shillings a week, should be placed, in time of sickness and trouble in his family, between the alternative of either losing his electoral rights or of leaving his family without the assistance which medical skill could afford. It is an iniquity which, if it be not set right in the present Parliament, it will be the first duty of the new Parliament to correct. In the meantime I do not doubt that the new electors, those of them to whom the Lords in their great mercy have still left their votes, will know how to judge between the two parties in the State, and will know what trust to place in the assurances which the leaders of that party are giving of their confidence in the people.

Well, gentlemen, if I were to stop here, although I think I should have made out a pretty fair case for our domestic policy, I should lay myself open to the remark, "Oh, but you have said nothing about foreign policy; you confess, then, that that, at all events, is a failure, and that there you have broken down."

I am not going to confess anything of the kind; I am not going to make any such admission. I am going to claim your support for the main line of our foreign policy just as earnestly, and with as full a conviction of your assent, as I have claimed your support for our domestic policy.

I do not say that we have not made mistakes. I think it would be a very extraordinary administration indeed which, dealing with such difficult and complicated business as has been placed before us recently, had not made any mistakes; it would be very wonderful if, looking back now with fuller

knowledge, we were not able to put our finger on some point where we would wish to have acted differently from what we did; but I say, for the main line of our policy, I claim your approval, and of the main line of the policy of our opponents I ask you to mark your emphatic dissent. I am not content, however, to rest entirely upon the fact that if there were a change of government the alternative which is presented to you by the Tories is not a very agreeable one.

If words mean anything, and if the language of their leaders should be interpreted by the law of common sense, then in the last five years, if Lord Salisbury had been in office, we should have been at war with two at least of the Great Powers of Europe. I want you to consider the spirit in which the two parties have addressed themselves to foreign policy. I can well understand that there are some people, many perhaps in Birmingham, who are in favor of what is called absolute non-intervention in the affairs of other countries.

But, gentlemen, although, when I consider the difficulties in which intervention has frequently landed us, I can sympathize with such a feeling, I tell you plainly that it is impracticable, that it is imposible of realization. Our relations are so far spread, we have so many interests in so many different parts of the world, that we could not, even if we would, remain absolutely isolated in the midst of what is taking place around us, and the question is, in what spirit are we to address ourselves to the communications which we must necessarily have with foreign Powers?

Now, if we may assume the leaders of the Tory party to speak for their followers, they would address themselves to any foreign nation with which we had matters of discussion in the spirit and tone of a superior dictating his will. They

would state at the outset the demands which they make, and they would expect those demands to be instantly and entirely complied with. They would not abate one jot, they would yield nothing to the sensibility of others—they would deal with all those questions in the spirit of those whose word should always be law.

Well, I do not think this is a tone which is becoming us, which it is right or which it is prudent for a Great Power to adopt. I believe, on the contrary, that the government have been justified in dealing with foreign nations as with nations entitled to equal consideration with ourselves, and, while endeavoring to maintain the honor and interests of this country, not on that account to ignore altogether the honor and the interests of the countries with which we have had to deal. Now, I should have liked to have said something at length upon the details of our recent negotiations with Russia; but, as you have seen, those negotiations are not finally closed, and it would not, therefore, be permissible for me to deal fully with the communications which have already taken place. You are told that we have yielded basely to Russia, that we have compromised the interests of the country.

Well, gentlemen, all I will say is, that if it be found when the whole question is finally and happily settled—as I hope and believe it shortly will be—if it is then found that we have maintained the friendship and confidence of the Ameer of Afghanistan, that we have secured for our ally all that he himself has deemed of importance, that we have obtained everything that the government of India has thought necessary for the security, order, and credit of the empire, we shall not in that case be held to have failed, even though, in maintaining our position, we may have dealt with a great nation in a spirit of conciliation and of consideration, and, while

anxious to maintain the dignity of this country, have been also ready to recognize the claims and the rights of the Power with which we have been dealing.

Well, now, it is in the same spirit that we have conducted all our negotiations and communications with our neighbors in France, and you will not doubt that we have had many difficult and complicated questions to discuss with the French government.

It is said that here also we have truckled to the French, and that we have betrayed English interests and exhibited an unparalleled pusillanimity. Well, I would just say, in passing, that these are statements which I do not think it is very patriotic to make in times of great national difficulty and embarrassment. They are statements which are very apt to bring about their own fulfilment; because if a foreign Power learns from the leaders of a great party in this country that the executive government of the day is cowardly, weak, vacillating, and yielding, and that this foreign government has only to demand in order that its utmost requirements may immediately be satisfied, I think you will say such a thing as that is very apt to increase the demands of the foreign government, and that it is not at all likely to lead to a satisfactory settlement of our disputes.

When I was in Paris the other day I was struck by a rather curious coincidence. When I left London the Tory Peers and some of the Tory speakers had been, after their wont, denouncing the government in the language to which I have already referred, but when I got to France I found there were French politicians, French Ashmead-Bartletts, and French Randolph Churchills, who were using precisely similar language concerning the government of that country; only it was the other side of the shield that was thus

presented to me; it was the French government who was truckling to the arrogance of England, whose concessions knew no bounds, and who, if it had any care for the interests of France, would immediately issue its ultimatum to perfidious Albion.

In the last article I read before I left, in the "Times," I was told that the limits of concession on the part of the government of France must, it supposed, at last have been reached. In the first article I read in the "Débats," a most ably conducted journal in Paris, I found the French government assailed most bitterly for the manner in which it had yielded everything to the insolence of England.

Well, do not you think that when these things are being said on both sides, perhaps there is as little truth on one side as there is on the other, and that perhaps both governments are wiser than these irresponsible writers in the press, who risk sometimes a breach in the friendship which ought to exist between two great nations; wiser than the politicians whose recklessness endangered the peace of the world? Do not you think it possible that the two governments may be each earnestly seeking to conciliate the interests and the honor of their respective countries?

I will not apologize for saying a few more words on this Egyptian question, because I attach the greatest possible importance to the French alliance. The friendship between France and this country has been slowly built up during a generation, it has done a great deal for civilization, and it has helped on important occasions to secure the peace of Europe. I believe that, near neighbors as we are, in our continued and cordial friendship lies the best guarantee for the future happiness of both our nations; and I would be sorry that any temporary misapprehension, any misrepresen-

tation, should jeopardize the alliance to which I attach so great an importance.

Now the Egyptian question has brought us face to face with great interests and a natural sensitiveness on the part of Frenchmen. To begin with, let me answer the question, "Why did you go to Egypt?" There are a great many people who think, in view of what has subsequently occurred, that it would have been wiser if we had kept away altogether; but then it should be borne in mind what the alternative would have been. We also have got interests in Egypt. I do not speak now of the sums of money which are invested there, whether in the debt or in public works and national enterprises. I do not speak merely of the great trade with that country, of the cotton and corn which come from Egypt to England, and which are purchased with our manufactures.

But Egypt is the highway to India and to our colonial possessions; four fifths of the ships that traverse the Canal are under the English flag, and probably a great deal more than one half of all the merchandise which they bear is either going or coming between England and her own possessions. It is quite impossible that any government with a sense of duty and responsibility should ignore these vast and important interests, and if we had allowed Egypt to become the prey of anarchy and disorder, and if subsequently some other Power had interfered and taken possession of the country, I do not believe that the government would have been forgiven; I do not believe that it would have been held to have done its duty; and I do not believe that its action would have contributed in the long run to the peace of the world.

But if we have great interests, bear in mind that the French have interests of hardly lesser magnitude. Probably

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as a mere commercial speculation they are less engaged in Egyptian affairs than we are; but then you will not forget that the Suez Canal itself we owe to the genius and enterprise of a great Frenchman, who, undeterred by ridicule, by opposition, I am afraid I must almost say by the hostility of England, so ably carried forward that great enterprise which has done an immense deal for the civilization and advantage of the world. It is not possible for Frenchmen to dissociate themselves from the honor and glory which attended upon the successful conduct of so great a matter; and we have to bear that in mind when we find that our neighbors are sensitive on the subject of our interference.

Not only so; but, as you know, in past history the military annals of France have gained an added glory in connection with the enterprise which Napoleon successfully carried out in that county, so that we have to bear with Frenchmen when we find them, more perhaps than other nations, susceptible to the action we have found it our duty to take. We thought it our duty to consult and concert with them, and, as you know, in the first instance every step was taken in alliance with the French government. At a certain period —at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria—the French government broke off from that alliance.

I am not complaining of their action; I am merely reciting facts. But it is well to hear in mind that it was they and not we who first severed the concert which up to that time had existed. Well, at that moment there were two courses which were open to us. We might, if we had liked, have taken possession of Egypt; we might have announced a protectorate similar to the French protectorate of Tunis, or we might have annexed the country as the French have annexed Algiers. I suppose at that time such a course could

have been pursued without immediate danger of war; but the government thought it was assuming a responsibility altogether outside the proper sphere of English duty and of English interests.

The government thought that we had no right to destroy the independence of Egypt. They thought that we had no right to assume the immense responsibility which would follow upon our becoming, as we should have done, practically a European nation, and so losing the advantage which our insular position has hitherto given us; and, above all, we did not think it was worth our while, or desirable, or right, for such an object to risk the friendship of France, to which we attached so much value. Well, then, the alternative was this—the alternative was that we should remain in Egypt only so long as was necessary to restore order, and that then we should come away without having sought or obtained any territorial aggrandizement for ourselves. And when that policy was announced, what would you have said would have been the duty and the only natural course of a French patriotic statesman?

I confess I should have said: "We are dealing with a government which announces its intention in such a way as to afford us no just cause of offence. This government has declared its willingness to evacuate Egypt as soon as order is re-established; it is our business to keep it to its pledges, and to make this policy as easy as possible to it."

Well, I must confess I did not think that, although it appears to me to be the obvious policy of French statesmen, it has always been the course which has been pursued by the French government.

We have found great difficulties thrown in our way both

in connection with the administration of Egypt and also in connection with the re-arrangement of its finances; and I cannot help pointing out to you, and through you to others, that one effect of this policy has been to delay the evacuation which both nations have equal reason to desire, to postpone it, to make it difficult, and perhaps even in the last resort to make it impossible. Now, gentlemen, what are the objects with which we still remain in that country? In the first place we are bound to secure the independence of Egypt. It cannot be tolerated that, after the sacrifices we have made, our going away should be the signal for another Power to take up a preponderating position there. We have a right to ask, we have a right to expect, that some guarantee will be given to us that other nations will be as self-denying as we intend to be ourselves before we can leave the country. But we have also something else to do. We have a duty which we owe to the Egyptians. We have to provide them with some form of government which is likely to be a settled one; we have to relieve the peasants from excessive or unjust taxation, which might be a cause of discontent and trouble in the future; and we have to create some kind of native or other army which may answer for the defence of the country against external enemies and against internal disorder.

These are objects surely in which we may seek and obtain the cordial assistance of France, and which are not calculated to provoke jealousy or alarm among other nations of the Continent. I have dwelt upon this matter because, as I say, I believe that some of the unfriendliness which I fear has sometimes prevailed has been due to misunderstanding and to misapprehension, and because I believe that, if that misapprehension could be removed, the reasons that should

draw the two nations together are so strong that the clouds which have hitherto hung over our alliance will be entirely and speedily dispelled.

Gentlemen, I feel that I owe you an apology for addressing you at such length, and especially, perhaps, for speaking on subjects which are rather outside the ordinary scope and limit which I have fixed to my political addresses; but I have recently had more than one opportunity of speaking on the future domestic policy of the Liberal party, and I did not think that on this occasion it was necessary that I should repeat myself. I have nothing to add to what I have already said in reference to this matter; I have nothing to withdraw. I believe, and I rejoice to believe, that the reduction of the franchise will bring into prominence social questions which have been too long neglected, that it will force upon the consideration of thinking men of all parties the condition of our poor—aye, and the contrast which unfortunately exists between the great luxury and wealth which some enjoy, and the misery and poverty which prevails among large portions of the population.

I do not believe that any Liberal policy, mine or any other, will ever take away the security which property rightly enjoys; that it will ever destroy the certainty that industry and thrift will meet with their due reward; but I do think that something may be done to enlarge the obligation and responsibility of the whole community toward its poorer and less fortunate members. In that great work, if I am permitted to take any part, I hope I may have—I am confident I shall have —your support and sympathy; and I hope that this great constituency of Birmingham will be as one man in carrying forward the Liberal measures from which in the past the country has derived such signal advantage.

Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the cordiality with which you have conveyed to me your invitation. I hope that before long I may have an opportunity of addressing a larger meeting in the constituency, and I hope that the connection which has existed between us, first in the Town Council and in connection with local affairs, and then in Parliament, may not be broken during my lifetime.

DWIGHT L. MOODY

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY, a celebrated American evangelist, was born at Northfield, Mass., Feb. 5, 1837, and died there Dec. 22, 1899. His early education was limited in extent, and after working on a farm till 1854 he was for the next two years clerk in a shoe-store at Boston, removing to Chicago in 1856. He there became active in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and during the era of the Civil War engaged in the duties of the Christian Commission. He subsequently established an independent church at Chicago, of which he was for some time the unordained pastor. In 1873, he was joined by the singer, Ira D. Sankey, with whom he conducted a revival tour for two years through the chief cities of Great Britain. On their return to the United States, in 1875, the two continued their evangelistic work, holding crowded religious meetings in many cities. The evangelist, Moody, engaged in this work at intervals for the remainder of his life, being usually accompanied by Mr. Sankey, whose singing had much to do with the remarkable interest everywhere manifested. At Chicago, Moody established a Biblical Institute, and at Northfield, his birthplace, founded three more educational institutions, two schools preparatory for college, and one for the training of women. His writings include "Great Joy" (1877); "Arrows and Anecdote" (1877); "Heaven" (1880); "Secret Power" (1881); "The Way to God and How to Find It" (1884); "Bible Characters" (1888); "Notes from My Bible" (1895); "Overcoming Life and Other Sermons" (1897); and "How to Study the Bible." Mr. Moody, though no denominationalist, and without clerical or even academic training, was a man of great breadth and toleration, modern in his use of the Bible, and of wonderful power in his spiritual, evangelistic work.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

I SUPPOSE there is no one here who has not thought more or less about Christ. You have heard about him, and read about him, and heard men preach about him. For eighteen hundred years men have been talking about him and thinking about him; and some have their minds made up about who he is, and doubtless some have not. And although all these years have rolled away, this question comes up, addressed to each of us, to-day, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not know why it should not be thought a proper question for one man to put to another. If I were to ask you

what you think of any of your prominent men, you would already have your mind made up about him. If I were to ask you what you thought of your noble Queen, you would speak right out and tell me your opinion in a minute.

If I were to ask about your prime minister, you would tell me freely what you had for or against him. And why should not people make up their minds about the Lord Jesus Christ, and take their stand for or against him? If you think well of him, why not speak well of him and range yourselves on his side? And if you think ill of him, and believe him to be an impostor, and that he did not die to save the world, why not lift up your voice and say you are against him? It would be a happy day for Christianity if men would just take sides—if we could know positively who was really for him and who was against him.

It is of very little importance what the world thinks of any one else. The Queen and the statesman, the peers and the princes, must soon be gone. Yes; it matters little, comparatively, what we think of them. Their lives can interest only a few; but every living soul on the face of the earth is concerned with this Man. The question for the world is, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not ask you what you think of the Established Church, or of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics; I do not ask you what you think of this minister or that, of this doctrine or that; but I want to ask you what you think of the living person of Christ?

I should like to ask, Was he really the Son of God—the great God-Man? Did he leave heaven and come down to this world for a purpose? Was it really to seek and to save? I should like to begin with the manger, and follow him up through the thirty-three years he was here upon earth. I

should ask you what you think of his coming into this world and being born in a manger when it might have been a palace; why he left the grandeur and the glory of heaven, and the royal retinue of angels; why he passed by palaces and crowns and dominion and came down here alone?

I should like to ask what you think of him as a teacher. He spake as never man spake. I should like to take him up as a preacher. I should like to bring you to that mountain-side, that we might listen to the words as they fall from his gentle lips. Talk about the preachers of the present day! I would rather a thousand times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world. He used just to hang truth upon anything. Yonder is a sower, a fox, a bird, and he just gathers the truth round them, so that you cannot see a fox, a sower, or a bird without thinking what Jesus said. Yonder is a lily of the valley, you cannot see it without thinking of his words, "They toil not, neither do they spin."

He makes the little sparrow chirping in the air preach to us. How fresh those wonderful sermons are, how they live to-day! How we love to tell them to our children, how the children love to hear! "Tell me a story about Jesus," how often we hear it; how the little ones love his sermons! No story-book in the world will ever interest them like the stories that he told. And yet how profound he was; how he puzzled the wise men; how the scribes and the Pharisees could never fathom him! Oh, do you not think he was a wonderful preacher?

I should like to ask you what you think of him as a physician. A man would soon have a reputation as a doctor if he could cure as Christ did. No case was ever brought to him but what he was a match for. He had but to speak the

word, and disease fled before him. Here comes a man covered with leprosy.

"Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," he cries.

"I will," says the Great Physician, and in an instant the leprosy is gone. The world has hospitals for incurable diseases; but there were no incurable diseases with him.

Now, see him in the little home at Bethany, binding up the wounded hearts of Martha and Mary, and tell me what you think of him as a comforter. He is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. The weary may find a resting-place upon that breast, and the friendless may reckon him their friend. He never varies, he never fails, he never dies. His sympathy is ever fresh, his love is ever free. O widow and orphans, O sorrowing and mourning, will you not thank God for Christ the Comforter?

But these are not the points I wish to take up. Let us go to those who knew Christ, and ask what they thought of him. If you want to find out what a man is nowadays, you inquire about him from those who know him best. I do not wish to be partial; we will go to his enemies, and to his friends. We will ask them, What think ye of Christ? We will ask his friends and his enemies. If we only went to those who liked him, you would say:

"Oh, he is so blind; he thinks so much of the man that he can't see his faults. You can't get anything out of him unless it be in his favor; it is a one-sided affair altogether."

So we shall go in the first place to his enemies, to those who hated him, persecuted him, cursed and slew him. I shall put you in the jury-box, and call upon them to tell us what they think of him.

First, among the witnesses, let us call upon the Pharisees. We know how they hated him. Let us put a few questions

to them. "Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God, What do you think of Christ?" Hear what they say! "This man receiveth sinners." What an argument to bring against him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love him. It is the glory of the gospel. He receives sinners. If he had not, what would have become of us? Have you nothing more to bring against him than this? Why, it is one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid him. Once more: "When he was hanging on the tree, you had this to say of him, 'He saved others, but he could not save himself and save us too.'" So he laid down his own life for yours and mine. Yes, Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives! He saved others. He died for others. He was a ransom for many; so it is quite true what you think of him—He saved others, himself he cannot save.

Now, let us call upon Caiaphas. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes; let us ask him for his evidence. "Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried; you were president of the Sanhedrim; you were in the council-chamber when they found him guilty; you yourself condemned him. Tell us; what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge him? What testimony was brought against him?" "He hath spoken blasphemy," says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' When I heard that, I found him guilty of blasphemy; I rent my mantle and condemned him to death." Yes, all that they had against him was that he was the Son of God; and they slew him for the promise of his coming for his bride!

Now let us summon Pilate. Let him enter the witness-box.

"Pilate, this man was brought before you; you examined him; you talked with him face to face; what think you of Christ?"

"I find no fault in him," says Pilate. "He said he was the King of the Jews, [just as he wrote it over the cross]; but I find no fault in him." Such is the testimony of the man who examined him! And, as he stands there, the centre of a Jewish mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way in haste. He rushes up to Pilate, and, thrusting out his hand, gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads—"Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." It is from Pilate's wife—her testimony to Christ. You want to know what his enemies thought of him? You want to know what a heathen thought? Well, here it is, "no fault in him;" and the wife of a heathen, "this just man!"

And now, look—in comes Judas. He ought to make a good witness. Let us address him. "Come, tell us, Judas, what think ye of Christ? You knew the master well; you sold him for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed him with a kiss; you saw him perform those miracles; you were with him in Jerusalem. In Bethany, when he summoned up Lazarus, you were there. What think you of him?" I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table, "I have betrayed innocent blood!" Here is the man who betrayed him, and this is what he thinks of him! Yes, those who were guilty of his death put their testimony on record that he was an innocent man.

Let us take the centurion who was present at the execution. He had charge of the Roman soldiers. He had told them to

make him carry his cross; he had given orders for the nails to be driven into his feet and hands, for the spear to be thrust in his side. Let the centurion come forward. "Centurion, you had charge of the executioners; you saw that the order for his death was carried out; you saw him die; you heard him speak upon the cross. Tell us, what think you of Christ?" Hark! Look at him; he is smiting his breast as he cries, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

I might go to the thief upon the cross, and ask what he thought of him. At first he railed upon him and reviled him. But then he thought better of it: "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says.

I might go further. I might summon the very devils themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have they anything to say of him? Why, the very devils called him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, "Jesus, thou Son of the most High God." Men say, "Oh, I believe Christ to be the Son of God, and because I believe it intellectually I shall be saved." I tell you the devils did that. And they did more than that, they trembled.

Let us bring in his friends. We want you to hear their evidence. Let us call that prince of preachers. Let us hear the forerunner; none ever preached like this man—this man who drew all Jerusalem and all Judæa into the wilderness to hear him; this man who burst upon the nations like the flash of a meteor. Let John the Baptist come with his leathern girdle and his hairy coat, and let him tell us what he thinks of Christ. His words, though they were echoed in the wilderness of Palestine, are written in the Book forever, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" This is what John the Baptist thought of him. "I bare record that he is the Son of God." No wonder he drew all

Jerusalem and Judæa to him, because he preached Christ. And whenever men preach Christ, they are sure to have plenty of followers.

Let us bring in Peter, who was with him on the mount of transfiguration, who was with him the night he was betrayed. Come, Peter, tell us what you think of Christ. Stand in this witness-box and testify of him. You denied him once. You said, with a curse, you did not know him. Was it true, Peter? Don't you know him? "Know him!" I can imagine Peter saying: "It was a lie I told then. I *did* know him." Afterward I can hear him charging home their guilt upon these Jerusalem sinners. He calls him "both Lord and Christ." Such was the testimony on the day of Pentecost. "God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ." And tradition tells us that when they came to execute Peter he felt he was not worthy to die in the way his Master died, and he requested to be crucified with his head downward. So much did Peter think of him!

Now let us hear from the beloved disciple John. He knew more about Christ than any other man. He has laid his head on his Saviour's bosom. He had heard the throbbing of that loving heart. Look into his gospel if you wish to know what he thought of him.

Matthew writes of him as the Royal King come from his throne. Mark writes of him as the servant, and Luke of the Son of Man. John takes up his pen, and, with one stroke, forever settles the question of Unitarianism. He goes right back before the time of Adam. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Look into Revelation. He calls him "the bright and the Morning Star." So John thought well of him—because he knew him well.

We might bring in Thomas, the doubting disciple. You doubted him, Thomas? You would not believe he had risen, and you put your fingers into the wound in his side. What do you think of him?

"My Lord and my God!" says Thomas.

Then go over to Decapolis and you will find Christ has been there casting out devils. Let us call the men of that country and ask what they think of him. "He hath done all things well," they say.

But we have other witnesses to bring in. Take the persecuting Saul, once one of the worst of his enemies. Breathing out threatenings he meets him. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" says Christ. He might have added, "What have I done to you? Have I injured you in any way? Did I not come to bless you? Why do you treat me thus, Saul?" And then Saul asks, "Who art thou, Lord?"

"I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." You see, he was not ashamed of his name; although he had been in heaven, "I am Jesus of Nazareth." What a change did that one interview make to Paul! A few years after we hear him say, "I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross that I may win Christ." Such a testimony to the Saviour!

But I shall go still further. I shall go away from earth into the other world. I shall summon the angels and ask what they think of Christ. They saw him in the bosom of the Father before the world was. Before the dawn of creation; before the morning stars sang together, he was there. They saw him leave the throne and come down to the manger. What a scene for them to witness! Ask these heavenly beings what they thought of him then. For once they are permitted to speak; for once the silence of heaven is broken.

Listen to their song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He leaves the throne to save the world. Is it a wonder the angels thought well of him?

Then there are the redeemed saints—they that see him face to face. Here on earth he was never known, no one seemed really to be acquainted with him; but he was known in that world where he had been from the foundation. What do they think of him there? If we could hear from heaven we should hear a shout which would glorify and magnify his name. We are told that when John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and being caught up, he heard a shout around him, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands and thousands of voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!" Yes, he is worthy of all this. Heaven cannot speak too well of him. Oh, that earth would take up the echo and join with heaven in singing, "Worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

But there is still another witness, a higher still. Some think that the God of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New. But when Jesus came out of Jordan, baptized by John, there came a voice from heaven. God the Father spoke. It was his testimony to Christ: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Ah, yes! God the Father thinks well of the Son. And if God is well pleased with him, so ought we. If the sinner and God are well pleased with Christ, then the sinner and God can meet. The moment you say, as the Father said, "I am well pleased

with him," and accept him, you are wedded to God. Will you not believe the testimony? Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings himself? Once more he repeats it, so that all may know it. With Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, he cries again, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." And that voice went echoing and re-echoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yes, that voice is echoing still, Hear him! Hear him!

My friend, will you hear him to-day? Hark! what is he saying to you? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Will you not think well of such a Saviour? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the Cross and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against such a Saviour? Do you think it is just to cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father, by thinking well of his only-begotten Son.

AMBASSADOR PORTER

HORACE PORTER, American general, diplomat, and orator, was born at Huntingdon, Pa., April 15, 1837. He was prepared for college in his native State, entered the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, and while there was appointed to the United States Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1860. He was instructor of artillery at West Point for several months, and at the outbreak of the Civil War was ordered for duty in the South. He was chief of artillery and had charge of the batteries at the capture of Fort Pulaski, was on the staff of Gen. McClellan in July, 1862, and served with the Army of the Potomac until after the engagement at Antietam. In the following year he was chief of ordnance on Gen. Rosecrans's staff, and took part in the Chickamauga campaign with the Army of the Cumberland. When Grant assumed command in the East, Porter became his aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and later on as colonel. He accompanied Grant through the Wilderness campaign and at the sieges of Richmond and Petersburg, was present at the surrender of Appomattox, and afterwards made a series of inspection tours in the South and on the Pacific coast. He was brevetted captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services during the war. General Porter was assistant secretary of war while Grant was secretary, and during Grant's first Presidential term he acted as his secretary. In 1873, he withdre from the army and became prominently identified with several large railroads and corporations. He has made some important inventions, and, moreover, has a widespread reputation as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker. In 1897, he was appointed United States Ambassador to France. He has published "Campaigning with Grant."

SPEECH: "OUR GUESTS"

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY DECEMBER 22, 1875

MR. PRESIDENT,—Some hours ago you were engaged in welcoming the coming guests. But at this late period of the evening, your mind, no doubt, naturally reverts to the necessity of speeding the departing guests, and I suppose my services have been called in at this point on account of something in my style which it is thought will be peculiarly efficacious in speeding the de-

parture of guests. But, sir, while I yield to no one in disposition to heartily second all your efforts, yet it is always dangerous to call in the services of a novice on occasions of emergency. This fact was impressed upon me most forcibly during one of the prominent engagements in the war. When the commanding general had decided to make a decisive movement to determine the fate of the day, and had made all the necessary disposition of the troops, he called to a young staff officer who had just joined the army, and told him that when he gave the order for the final advance he wanted him to take out his watch and tell the exact time. The young officer stepped forward with that look of vanity and self-consciousness upon his face which is only begotten of youth and inexperience. He thought the supreme moment of his life had arrived, and when the final order was given he pulled out his watch in the presence of a group of anxious staff officers and promptly informed the general that —it had run down!

And, sir, it sometimes happens that a speech-maker does not fully realize the fact, until he has opened his mouth, that he has "run down."

When Gibbon was writing his Roman History it is said that it took him more than ten years to finish his "Rise and Fall." There are times when an extemporaneous speaker may accomplish this in less than that many minutes. In this country, where everybody makes speeches, speaking is supposed to be contagious, and men are presumed to take to it as naturally as they take the measles; and, like the victims of that disease, you cannot always tell just when, or how badly, they are going to break out.

Now, as I was informed, when I came here, that ten minutes was the time allotted to each speaker on these occa-

sions, and which, I learn, has never been known to be exceeded, I can hardly be expected to say all the kind words of acknowledgment and appreciation which your guests for whom I am reputed to speak would like to have said on their behalf to-night.

I will say that we have all enjoyed with inexpressible pleasure the banquet which has been set before us; but your guests will leave here considerably perplexed in mind to know just why the landing of a silent and hungry band of pilgrims should be celebrated by sumptuous banquets and fluent speeches; and when we look at the first frugal meal eaten upon Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrim Fathers, and then turn to this groaning board surrounded by their descendants, your guests are impressed with the idea that this is the most rapid case of "Pilgrim's Progress" on record.

We who have been so unfortunate as to be able to study the Puritan character only from a distance have been led to believe that the only form of speech adopted by them in public was that of prayer; though in my army experience, more especially during a stampede of quartermaster's mules through camp on a dark night, I have heard descendants of the Puritans use the name of their Maker in a way which their best-advised friends assured me was not in prayer.

Now, sir, in our better reading we have been taught to associate in our minds prayer with fasting; but in the forms of speech used here to-night I am sure they have not been accompanied by any abstinence of diet. But while there shall be no adverse criticism upon the banquet, particularly on the part of those of us who have just shown such a practical appreciation of it, yet we can see nothing in your feast at all suggestive of speaking. There is certainly not an

article on your table which at all resembles our speeches here to-night—not even the milk, for that is sometimes condensed.

In endeavoring to respond for your guests I presume I shall not be expected to speak for the guests of the city of New York. They are at home, and are able to speak for themselves; at least, they will be able to if they can bring their minds down to a lower plane than that on which they now travel. For at present they are thinking only of elevated railroads, the height of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the future price of their up-town lots. This state of mind has become a subject of remark. It is always worthy of remark when New Yorkers get to setting their affections on "things above."

I suppose I shall be allowed to confine my remarks principally to the guests from Pennsylvania, as I know more about that State, although I fully recognize that among our most popular orators of the present day a knowledge of the subject whereof they speak is not by any means considered an essential.

Now, it was all very well for you to have your Miles Standish going about promising to whip the Indians with his shot-gun brigade; but we had our William Penn, who went about with his coat-tail pockets full of painted beads, quack medicines, and patent grindstones for sharpening scalping-knives. He was his own Indian contractor. Miles Standish may have been a very promising young man, but William Penn was a paying one. I, for one, have never credited those stories about William Penn which try to make people believe that he introduced among the untutored savages a peculiar game of the palefaces,—that he sat down with them under the deep shade of the primeval forests, and, while

pointing them to a better land above, dealt himself four aces from the bottom of the pack and won the game.

These stories make us doubt the truth of all history, even the history of that still greater patriot, George Washington; for we have learned to believe from tradition that he was a man of unimpeachable personal veracity, and yet when we come to read his history we find recorded there only one solitary instance of his ever having told the truth.

Now, Pennsylvania has often been the common ground on which New England has met other sections of the country to interchange patriotic ideas and brush up their rusty statesmanship. For instance, at the City of Brotherly Love met that arm-in-arm convention which assembled there some years ago, in which Massachusetts and South Carolina, with a degree of fraternity unparalleled in politics, mingled their tears together, and wiped their weeping eyes on Pennsylvania's coat-sleeve.

We have not only interchanged statesmanlike ideas, but we have interchanged statesmen themselves. When we were short of Revolutionary statesmen we sent to New England and got Benjamin Franklin. It was popularly supposed, at the time, that he left Massachusetts because he could not get the Boston post-office.

Knowing his ambition, as soon as he arrived in Philadelphia we recommended him for the Philadelphia post-office, and he was appointed. And so Boston, with all her boasted pride in literature, has not always been the first city to recognize a man of letters. It may be a useful hint to your distinguished guest of this evening who presides over the affairs of the nation, to say that if ever he finds any candidates for postal honors in New England who cannot succeed in getting

any recommendations there, let him send them down to Pennsylvania, and the difficulty can be solved at once.

Now, sir, to even up this matter of an exchange of statesmen, it was foreseen, a number of years ago, with that degree of foresight which is peculiar to New England, that a contingency might arise in the affairs of our government in which it might be necessary for the State of Maine to furnish a Speaker for the House of Representatives. Well, Pennsylvania was equal to the emergency, and we sent you up our friend Blaine, and we think we are now no longer indebted to New England after this swap.

I like to dwell upon the State of Maine. I dwelt *in* that State a whole week, once, for the express purpose of testing practically the working of the Maine liquor law. It was a dry season. Even the women were out in processions, waging a crusade against that peculiar form of original sin which is put up in quart bottles. There was an "irrepressible conflict" going on between the Santa Cruz rum and the saintly crusaders. It was the driest spot I ever encountered except one. That was a military post on the alkali plains of the Great American Desert, where the supply of liquor had been cut off, where no water had risen from earth or descended from heaven for nine months, and where the commanding officer used to write beseeching letters to all the recruiting-officers in the East, begging them to send him all their dropsical recruits, so that he could tap them and use them for purposes of irrigation.

There have been eminent public men in our nation who are claimed by both New England and Pennsylvania on account of the migratory habits of their parents. It was a distinguished admiral of our navy who used to be very fond of remarking, with that degree of nautical perspicacity com-

mon only to seafaring men, that though his bark was launched in New England, the keel was laid in Pennsylvania.

But, sir, we guests from different sections of the country learned to know each other better when, for four long years, we were, many of us, guests in common of the State of Virginia, when we stood side by side and fought together on the color line—that is, next to the black troops; for the colored troops were there, and the honors were about equally divided between us: we had the "circumstance" and they had the "Pomp" of war. That reminds me that people of that sable hue used to be the guests of Pennsylvania long before the war. They used to come to us, not by the elevated, but by the underground railroad.

Well, we did not want to be selfish, and keep every good thing we came across to ourselves, so in a spirit of liberality we used to distribute them throughout New England; and, to the credit of that section be it said, they treated them better than we did; for sometimes it would happen that in our haste to get them out of the State their faces got turned the wrong way in the night, and they would find their way back to their masters.

There was one old woman, we cannot tell how old—the leaf of the family Bible was torn out, and tradition only says that she was one of the seventy-five nurses of George Washington, who, according to all accounts, was the most nursed man in the nation. She escaped twice, and, under the sanctifying influences of the Fugitive Slave Law, had twice been sent back. She escaped a third time, and she thought if there was any gratitude left in republics she ought to be considered a heroine in turbans. She held her head as high as the Queen of Sheba, and expected she would immediately be

elected an honorary member of all the female sewing-societies, be presented with free passes on all the city railroads, and be admitted to a front seat in every travelling circus; I don't know but she expected to be made a member of the Legislature.

But she found that republics were not grateful: her position was not appreciated; it was hard work even to get admission to travelling side-shows. One time she succeeded in getting into an exhibition given by Tom Thumb. Just before the close of the performance the English showman who had charge of the exhibition came forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to observe that himmediately oftah the performance is ovah you will find the little gentleman standing near the main hexit, upon a chair. He will be most 'appy to supply copies of his photographs to any of the ladies wishing to purchase, for the small sum of sixpence apiece, and any lady making a purchase will have the hadditional pleasure in store for 'er of receiving a kiss from 'is Liliputian lips—that is, if she so desire; hotherwise she will himmediately poss hout, and not block hup the doorway." As Aunty passed out, she bought a photograph, and then leaned forward to the little man and said, "Now, son, I'se done bought one yer pretty 'graphs, now, den, gib de ole gal a good smack, honey!" He drew back and said, "I don't kiss colored people." "Well, afore God," said she, "I berily believe that if dar was an individooal in dis town no bigger nor a tadpole, he'd have sumfing agin de colored popoolashun." Well, sir, I think that New England is about the only section that at that time did not have something against the colored population.

And now, before taking our departure, let me say that your guests cannot help wondering what the Pilgrim Fathers

would say if they should rise from their graves and look upon this age of rapidity in which we live—an age of steam and electricity; an age of political calisthenics and religious gymnastics; an age in which American rifles are fired at targets so far off that it requires a telescope to see them; an age in which couples get married by proxy, children race to Sunday-school on velocipedes, and people join the church by telegraph, and send forward their photographs to be baptized; when everything is moving with marvellous rapidity except the American flag—and Sergeant Bates still persists in dragging that along on foot.

And now, sir, if we are to judge the future by the past, what kind of an age will our children's children live in? The descendants of our friends here, General Hawley and Judge Gildersleeve and other sharpshooters, may be purchasing whole continents to find a range for their improved arms; pocket-pistols may carry as far as rifled cannon of the present day; even Quaker guns may speak, and then you will hear loudly from Pennsylvania; and some future Mr. Bergh, in the tenderness of a humanity increasing with the ages, may be seen floating about through the heavens in an improved balloon, cautioning pigeons to fly higher.

Pardon me, sir, for exceeding the allotted time. I know that in allotting the prescribed number of minutes to us tonight, you intended to pay us a high compliment. It is enough to satisfy the ambition of any of us speakers; for you have virtually said to us that we have gone ahead of our Revolutionary sires as rapidly as the decades fly. They are known in history as "minute-men," but you would have us go down to posterity as "ten-minutes men."

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN INVENTION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1877

MR. PRESIDENT,—I suppose it was a matter of necessity, calling on some of us from other States to speak for you to-night, for we have learned from the history of Priscilla and John Alden that a New-Englander may be too modest to speak for himself. But this modesty, like some of the greater blessings of the war, has been more or less disguised to-night.

We have heard from the eloquent gentleman on my left all about the good-fellowship and the still better fellowships in the rival universities of Harvard and Yale. We have heard from my sculptor friend upon the extreme right all about Hawthorne's tales, and all the great *Storys* that have emanated from Salem; but I am not a little surprised that in this age, when speeches are made principally by those running for office, you should call upon one engaged only in running cars, and more particularly upon one brought up in the military service, where the practice of running is not regarded as strictly professional. It occurred to me some years ago that the occupation of moving cars would be fully as congenial as that of stopping bullets—as a steady business, so when I left Washington I changed my profession.

I know how hard it is to believe that persons from Washington ever change their professions. In this regal age, when every man is his own sovereign, somebody had to provide palaces, and, as royalty is not supposed to have any permanent abiding-place in a country like this, it was thought

best to put these palaces on wheels; and, since we have been told by reliable authority that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we thought it necessary to introduce every device to enable those crowned heads to rest as easily as possible.

Of course we cannot be expected to do as much for the travelling public as the railway companies. They at times put their passengers to death. We only put them to sleep. We don't pretend that all the devices, patents, and inventions upon these cars are due to the genius of the management. Many of the best suggestions have come from the travellers themselves, especially New-England travellers.

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homœopathic principle, a New-Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New-Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, "Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?"

"We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah," was the reply.

"Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold onto one of your pillows that kind of worked its way into my ear."

The pillows have since been enlarged.

I notice that in the general comprehensiveness of the sentiment which follows this toast you allude to that large and liberal class of patrons, active though defunct, known as "deadheads." It is said to be a quotation from Shakespeare. That is a revelation. It proves conclusively that Shakespeare

must at one time have resided in the State of Missouri. It is well known that the term was derived from a practice upon a Missouri railroad, where, by a decision of the courts, the railroad company had been held liable in heavy damages in case of accidents where a passenger lost an arm or a leg, but when he was killed outright his friends seldom sued, and he never did; and the company never lost any money in such cases.

In fact, a grateful mother-in-law would occasionally pay the company a bonus.

The conductors on that railroad were all armed with hatchets, and in case of an accident they were instructed to go around and knock every wounded passenger in the head, thus saving the company large amounts of money; and these were reported to the general office as "deadheads," and in railway circles the term has ever since been applied to passengers where no money consideration is involved.

One might suppose, from the manifestations around these tables for the first three hours to-night, that the toast "Internal Improvements" referred more especially to the benefiting of the true inwardness of the New-England men; but I see that the sentiment which follows contains much more than human stomachs, and covers much more ground than cars. It soars into the realms of invention.

Unfortunately the genius of invention is always accompanied by the demon of unrest. A New-England Yankee can never let well enough alone. I have always supposed him to be the person specially alluded to in Scripture as the man who has found out many inventions. If he were a Chinese pagan, he would invent a new kind of Joss to worship every week. You get married and settle down in your home. You are delighted with everything about you. You rest in

blissful ignorance of the terrible discomforts that surround you, until a Yankee friend comes to visit you. He at once tells you you musn't build a fire in that chimney-place; that he knows the chimney will smoke; that if he had been there when it was built he could have shown you how to give a different sort of flare to the flue.

You go to read a chapter in the family Bible. He tells you to drop that; that he has just written an enlarged and improved version, that can just put that old book to bed.

You think you are at least raising your children in general uprightness; but he tells you if you don't go out at once and buy the latest patented article in the way of steel leg-braces and put on the baby, that the baby will grow up bow-legged.

He intimates, before he leaves, that if he had been around to advise you before you were married, he could have got you a much better wife.

These are some of the things that reconcile a man to sudden death.

Such occurrences as these, and the fact of so many New-Englanders being residents of this city and elsewhere, show that New-England must be a good place—to come from.

At the beginning of the war we thought we could shoot people rapidly enough to satisfy our consciences, with single-loading rifles; but along came the inventive Yankee and produced revolvers and repeaters, and Gatling guns, and magazine guns—guns that carried a dozen shots at a time.

I didn't wonder at the curiosity exhibited in this direction by a backwoods Virginian we captured one night. The first remark he made was, "I would like to see one of them thar new-fangled weepons of yourn. They tell me, sah, it's a most remarkable eenstrument. They say, sah, it's a kind o'

repeatable, which you can load it up enough on Sunday to fiah it off all the rest of the week."

Then there was every sort of new invention in the way of bayonets. Our distinguished Secretary of State has expressed an opinion to-night that bayonets are bad things to sit down on. Well, they are equally bad things to be tossed up on. If he continues to hold up such terrors to the army, there will have to be important modifications in the uniform. A soldier won't know where to wear his breastplate.

But there have not only been inventions in the way of guns, but important inventions in the way of firing them. In these days a man drops on his back, coils himself up, sticks up one foot, and fires off his gun over the top of his great toe.

It changes the whole stage business of battle. It used to be the man who was shot, but now it is the man who shoots that falls on his back and turns up his toes. The consequence is that the whole world wants American arms, and as soon as they get them they go to war to test them. Russia and Turkey had no sooner bought a supply than they went to fighting. Greece got a schooner-load, and although she has not yet taken a part in the struggle, yet ever since the digging up of the lost limbs of the Venus of Milo it has been feared that this may indicate a disposition on the part of Greece generally to take up arms.

But there was one inveterate old inventor that you had to get rid of, and you put him on to us Pennsylvanians—Benjamin Franklin.

Instead of stopping in New York, in Wall Street, as such men usually do, he continued on into Pennsylvania to pursue his *kiting* operations. He never could let well enough alone. Instead of allowing the lightning to occupy the heavens as the

sole theatre for its pyrotechnic displays, he showed it how to get down on to the earth, and then he invented the lightning-rod to catch it. Houses that had got along perfectly well for years without any lightning at all now thought they must have a rod to catch a portion of it every time it came around. Nearly every house in the country was equipped with a lightning-rod through Franklin's direct agency.

You, with your superior New-England intelligence, succeeded in ridding yourselves of him; but in Pennsylvania, though we have made a great many laudable efforts in a similar direction, somehow or other we have never once succeeded in getting rid of a lightning-rod agent.

Then the lightning was introduced on the telegraph wires, and now we have the duplex and quadruplex instruments, by which any number of messages can be sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time, and they all appear to arrive at the front in good order.

Electricians have not yet told us which message lies down and which one steps over it, but they all seem to bring up in the right camp without confusion. I shouldn't wonder if this principle were introduced before long in the operating of railroads. We may then see trains running in opposite directions pass each other on a single-track road.

There was a New-England quartermaster in charge of railroads in Tennessee, who tried to introduce this principle during the war. The result was discouraging. He succeeded in telescoping two or three trains every day. He seemed to think that the easiest way to shorten up a long train and get it on a short siding was to telescope it. I have always thought that if that man's attention had been turned in an astronomical direction he would have been the first man to telescope the satellites of Mars.

The latest invention in the application of electricity is the telephone. By means of it we may be able soon to sit in our houses and hear all the speeches without going to the New-England dinner. The telephone enables an orchestra to keep at a distance of miles away when it plays. If the instrument can be made to keep hand-organs at a distance, its popularity will be indescribable. The worst form I have ever known an invention to take was one that was introduced in a country town, when I was a boy, by a Yankee of musical turn of mind, who came along and taught every branch of education by singing. He taught geography by singing, and to combine accuracy of memory with patriotism, he taught the multiplication-table to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

This worked very well as an aid to the memory in school, but when the boys went into business it often led to inconvenience. When a boy got a situation in a grocery store and customers were waiting for their change, he never could tell the product of two numbers without commencing at the beginning of the table and singing up till he had reached those numbers. In case the customer's ears had not received a proper musical training this practice often injured the business of the store.

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. Then every man who owned a printing-press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents' worth of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul up the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, that old

mule would back up and dump a cart-load of the sinews of war at the Treasury.

A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning, looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him, "What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning."

"I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this government if that old mule was to break down."

Now they propose to give us a currency which is brighter and heavier, but not worth quite as much as the rags. Our financial horizon has been dimmed by it for some time, but there is a lining of silver to every cloud. We are supposed to take it with 412½ grains of silver—a great many more grains of allowance. Congress seems disposed to pay us in the "dollar of our daddies"—in the currency which we were familiar with in our childhood. Congress seems determined to pay us off in something that is "childlike and *Bland*."

But I have detained you too long already; the excellent President of your Society has for the last five minutes been looking at me like a man who might be expected, at any moment, to break out in the disconsolate language of Bildad the Shuhite to the patriarch Job, "How long will it be ere ye make an end of words?"

Let me say then, in conclusion, that, coming as I do from the unassuming State of Pennsylvania, and standing in the presence of the dazzling genius of New-England, I wish to express the same degree of humility that was expressed by a Dutch Pennsylvania farmer in a railroad car at the breaking out of the war. A New-Englander came in who had just heard of the fall of Fort Sumter, and he was describing it to

the farmer and his fellow passengers. He said that in the fort they had an engineer from New-England, who had constructed the traverses, and the embrasures, and the parapets in such a manner as to make everybody within the fort as safe as if he had been at home; and on the other side the Southerners had an engineer who had been educated in New-England, and he had, with his scientific attainments, succeeded in making the batteries of the bombarders as safe as any harvest field, and the bombardment had raged for two whole days, and the fort had been captured, and the garrison had surrendered, and not a man was hurt on either side. A great triumph for science, and a proud day for New-England education. Said the farmer, "I suppose dat ish all right, but it vouldn't do to send any of us Pennsylvany fellers down dare to fight mit dose pattles. Like as not ve vould shoost pe fools enough to kill somepody."

IN COMMEMORATION OF GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

[Address delivered April 6, 1892, before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.[1]]

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—This has been a banner night for the Loyal Legion. It is supposed that there are periods of an evening when veteran soldiers occasionally have to be removed from the tables, but to-night the tables have been removed from them. Movements are always rapid when things are passing to the rear, and the strategic movement by which those tables were taken from the room was eminently successful until they

[1] Used by permission of the New York Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

reached a point near the door, when a corner of one of those tables collided with the manly bosom of Horatio King, and, for a brief moment, I feared that he was about to go into the hands of a receiver.

We have been honored here to-night by the members of that sex which originally, in the Garden of Eden, was created out of the crookedest part of man, and is now principally engaged in straightening man out. As we sat here gazing upon them in the gallery we have religiously obeyed that injunction of Scripture which commands us to set our affections upon things above, and in our unmeasured vanity we have been considering ourselves only a little lower than the angels.

I wish to say that I yield to no one in the pleasure with which I have listened to that manly tribute of a brother to a brother. It seems all like a dream that General Sherman is dead; we seem still to hear his cheery, manly voice lingering in this hall where we heard it so often, and yet it is more than a year since we found ourselves standing within the profound shadow of a manly grief, oppressed by a sense of sadness which is akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement, when we heard that our old commander had passed away from the living here, to join that other living, commonly called the dead; when the echo of his guns had given place to the tolling of cathedral bells, when the flag of his country, which had never once been lowered in his presence, dropped to half-mast, as if conscious that his strong arm was no longer there to hold it to the peak.

His loss has created a gap in this particular community which neither time nor men can ever fill. No social circle was complete without him; where he sat was the head of the table. We can heap no further honors upon him by any

words of ours; he had them all. He had been elevated by his country to the highest position in the army, tendered votes of thanks by Congress, made a member of distinguished societies abroad, had medals struck in his honor. We can add nothing to his earthly glory; we can only gather, as we assemble here to-night, to recount the hours of pleasant intercourse we have had with him, to show our esteem for the soldier and our love for the man, for our hearts always warm to him with the glow of an abiding affection.

He seemed to possess every characteristic of the successful soldier. Bold in conception, vigorous in execution, and unshrinking under grave responsibilities, he demonstrated by every act that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute."

In battle, wherever blows fell thichest, his crest was in their midst. The magnetism of his presence transformed routed squadrons into charging columns, and snatched victory from defeat. Opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets never to rise again; he paused not until he saw the folds of his banners wave above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. Much discussion had been going on at General Grant's headquarters at City Point in regard to the contemplated march to the sea. One officer of our staff thought that if that army cut loose from its base it would be led only to destruction. I had a firm conviction that if ever Sherman cut loose and started through that country he would wipe up the floor from one end of the Confederacy to the other, and pulverize everything he met into dust.

General Grant said to me, after he had had a good deal of correspondence by letter and telegraph with Sherman: "Sup-

pose you go out and meet the General, you can repeat to him my views in detail, and get his ideas thoroughly, and I have no doubt a plan, can be arranged which will provide for his cutting loose and marching to the sea."

I went to Atlanta, very curious to see this great soldier of the West. I arrived there one morning soon after he had captured Atlanta; I found him sitting on the porch of a comfortable house on Peachtree Street, in his shirt-sleeves, without a hat, tilted back in a big chair, reading a newspaper. He had white stockings and low slippers on his feet. He greeted me very cordially, wanted to hear all the news from the East, and then he began a marvellous talk about his march to the sea. His mind, of course, was full of it. He seemed the very personification of nervous energy.

During that talk the newspaper was torn into a thousand pieces; he tilted backward and forward in his chair until everything rattled; he would shoot off one slipper, then stick out his foot and catch it again, balance it on his toe, draw it back, and put it on. He struck me as a man of such quick perceptions, as one who knew so well in advance precisely what he was going to do, as a person who seemed to have left nothing unthought of, or uncared for, regarding the contemplated march to the sea, that I felt confident that with him at the head of the movement it could not help being an absolute, a triumphant success.

I went back; General Grant was much interested in my account of the interview, telling in detail General Sherman's views and the arrangements he was making for the movement. Soon after that Sherman cut the wires and railroads in his rear and struck out from Atlanta to the sea. I next saw him when he came, after his marvellous march had been completed, to meet General Grant at City Point. We were

sitting in camp one day when some one said to General Grant: "The boat has arrived, Sherman is on deck."

The General dropped everything, ran hurriedly down the long flight of rude steps leading to the landing on the river, and, as he reached about the last step, General Sherman came off the boat, rushing to meet him, and there they grasped each other's hands.

It was "How are you, Sherman?" "How do you do, Grant? God bless you!"

There they stood and chatted like two schoolboys on a vacation. Then came that memorable conference of intellectual giants. Just think of the group that sat together in the cabin of the President's steamer that afternoon—Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Porter, the four men who seemed to hold the destinies of the country in their grasp.

There Sherman related, as only he could relate, that marvellous march to the sea. It was in itself a grand epic, and recited with Homeric power. People will never cease to appreciate the practical workings of the mind of the great strategist, who, in his wonderful advance, overcame not only his enemy, but conquered Nature itself. But above and beyond all this, people will see much in his career which savors of the imagination, which excites the fancy, which has in it something more of romance than of reality; they will be fond of picturing him as a great legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns whose marches are measured, not by single miles, but by thousands; as a general who could make a Christmas gift to his President of a great seaboard city; as a commander whose field of operations extended over half a continent, who had penetrated everglade and bayou, whose orders always spoke with the true

bluntness of the soldier, whose strength converted weaklings into giants, who fought from valley's depth to mountain height, and marched from inland river to the sea.

His friends will never cease to sing pæans to his honor, and even the wrath of his enemies may be counted in his praise. No man can rob him of his laurels, no one can lessen the measure of his fame. He filled to the very full the largest measure of military greatness, and covered the land with his renown. His distinguished brother has well said that he and General Grant were a Damon and a Pythias. Fortunate for us that those two illustrious commanders had souls too great for rivalry, hearts untouched by jealousy, and could stand as stood the men in the Roman phalanx of old and lock their shields against a common foe. We are going to build a great monument to him now, but, busy and vigorous as our hands may be, we can never expect to build it high enough to reach the lofty eminence of his fame.

SENATOR HANNA

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA, prominent and alert American politician and financier, was born at New Lisbon, O., Sept. 24, 1837, and, after preparing for college in the common schools of Cleveland, graduated at the Western Reserve College. After graduating he secured employment in a wholesale grocery store. He soon became a partner in the firm, was remarkably successful, and added to his responsibilities many positions of trust, such as that of director of the Globe Ship Manufacturing Company, president of the Union National Bank, Cleveland City Railway Company, Chapin Mining Company, and head of a great coal concern. He entered politics and directed the campaign which secured the election of William McKinley as President of the United States. He has rarely spoken in public, but his speeches are characterized by shrewdness and practical common sense. Since 1896, he has been chairman of the National Republican Committee.

PROMOTION OF COMMERCE AND INCREASE OF TRADE

[Delivered in the United States Senate, December 13, 1900, the Senate having under consideration the bill to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for government use when necessary.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—The time has not faded out of the memory of members in this chamber when, during our war with Spain, the people of the Atlantic coast were shivering with terror and appealing to the departments of this government for coast protection against the invasion of the Spanish navy and those unknown but much-dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers. Everyone who was here and conversant with affairs during that time knows that from the northern coast of Maine to the coast of Florida there was one uninterrupted demand upon the War Department for coast-protecting guns. Every one of our large commercial cities upon the Atlantic coast thought it needed more and immediate defence for life and property.

But, Mr. President, when it was known that those four ships of the American Line which had been chartered by the Navy Department, manned by their own crews, every man of whom had taken the oath of allegiance to the cause for which they proposed to fight, I say when it became known that those four swift steamers were on the picket line on the ocean, steamers that could show their heels to any man-of-war in the Spanish navy, ready to transmit to our fleet of war ships any plans or information on the part of the supposed invaders, there was a feeling of confidence, of complete confidence, of safety, that if you would descend to measure it by a money value would be worth more than the whole subsidy proposed in this bill.

I say, Mr. President, that when we attempt to combat prejudice which is used against an enterprise that induces our people to go so far in that direction of sentiment, if you please to call it, as did those who built and who run those ships, we have got to appeal to the people of the country and go behind those missionaries of foreign shipowners who come to educate Congress.

There is no one thing in the building up of our great navy that is more important as an auxiliary than to have a merchant marine of vessels of modern type, of sufficient speed and strength, built under this bill, which are made under the law a part of the United States navy whenever the Secretary, in his judgment, sees fit to call them into action.

It is a well-known fact that at the beginning of the Spanish war, while we had a navy equal, even surpassing that of our adversary, we had no ships except those of the American Line that could be used as pickets. We had not enough ships to transport our men to Cuba or Porto Rico. We were obliged to avail ourselves of nearly every vessel plying in the coast-

wise trade, and we bought hundreds of tons of vessel-room from foreigners. And we paid any price for it in the emergency. I cannot impress too strongly that feature of this bill upon those who were called upon to legislate on that question. Even putting aside the feeling of pride and patriotism which should be a part of it, as a purely business proposition, I say, Mr. President, that it is a mistaken policy not to have at the service of our government these auxiliary cruisers. . . .

If I made my statement too sweeping with reference to the auxiliary cruisers, I will qualify it. I was simply speaking of that section of the bill which put the obligation upon certain vessels built under the provisions of the bill in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. All ships built under the bill are to receive a subsidy in proportion to the speed and carrying capacity of the ship. But such vessels, when requisitioned by the government, of course cease from that moment to receive subsidy, and so long as they are subject to the control of the government they receive no subsidy. That, Mr. President, is a feature of this bill which I do not believe is fully understood in this country.

I have noticed many newspaper comments and criticisms upon this measure, nearly all tending to the one point—that this whole measure is intended to be in the interest of certain lines or certain kinds of steamships. I deny it. I deny it because in all the discussion that has taken place during the construction of this measure by the so-called Maritime Committee every kind of ship and every kind of trade was represented there.

No one man or no one agency had any more power in shaping the policy embodied in the bill there framed than any other. I speak for myself, and I know I reflect the sentiment

of the Maritime Committee when I state as the sole purpose and object that we started upon the hypothesis that something must be done to build up our merchant marine if we were to have one, and, as I said in the beginning, the spirit of conciliation and compromise prevailed at every meeting that was held and every discussion that was had.

I claim that the men who have and who take the responsibility of this measure before the country are entitled to just as much consideration for honesty of purpose and ability to accomplish the result as the people who criticise the measure as a subsidy. It was intended that the very class of vessels specially mentioned by the senator from Georgia [Mr. Clay] as the most useful to this country should receive the first and the highest consideration at the hands of the committee. It is to the low-power ship, the economic ship, the ship that can bring to us the lowest prices of transportation, that the fullest consideration is given; and when it is said that all of the benefits of this provision will be given to lines already in operation, to the men already controlling certain lines and certain business facilities engaged in foreign trade, I say that it is not true.

Yet, as you go to put into successful operation the provisions of the proposed law, where will you look for the accomplishment of its purposes, which is so earnestly desired, but to the men who have given their lifetime to the study and operation of each business which is peculiar unto itself? If we have a few ships engaged in foreign trade to-day, all the better. If we can induce the men who are conducting that business to build more ships, all the better; it accomplishes the result for which we are striving. If the upbuilding of the merchant marine of the United States depends upon the successful issue of the measure, it must be through the hands

and under the administration of the men who know and thoroughly understand the business.

The question of the admission of foreign tonnage to American registry is troubling many, and it troubled me. I have always been opposed, as a matter of principle, to giving advantage to ships constructed abroad. I was inclined to take a narrow view of that proposition when I was first called into the councils of this committee; but there are none of us who know so much upon any subject that we cannot learn something, and I learned from those discussions that it was necessary to protect the property and the capital of American citizens who had invested their money in foreign-built ships, who in the conduct of their business found it absolutely necessary that they should have ships, and finding it impossible because of the higher cost to build those ships in the United States, in order to further their business interests, were obliged to invest their capital in foreign-built ships and operate them under a foreign flag.

In that way, owing to the rapid and continuous development of our export trade, in the growth of their business in connection with our affairs at home, and through energy and effort on their part, several important lines have been established and maintained fairly well against all competition. I speak now of foreign ships owned by American citizens and operated under a foreign flag. When it came to the consideration of this question in perfecting the measure which was to come before Congress and the people of the United States, it was very important that consideration should be given to everybody alike, and there was no attempt to do otherwise and no thought or desire to do otherwise.

We felt that it was our duty as much to those who had acquired interests in ships under a foreign flag, without any

prospect of anything better, and in the protection and development of their own business interests had invested their capital in that direction, that the only men who are experienced and able to put into effective operation the provisions of this law, must receive just as much consideration as those representing any other interest; and they did, but under different conditions. That was a concession made, and entirely made, to that spirit which dominates the American people, that we shall first take care of ourselves when considering the question of competition.

The condition was made that for every ship owned by American capital and operated under a foreign flag, when their owners availed themselves of the provisions of this bill, the contract would not be complete until they had constructed in the shipyards of the United States a tonnage equal to that coming under American registry. In that connection came the interest of the American shipbuilder.

Mr. President, one of the first objections that I met in the informal discussion of this bill among business men of my acquaintance in the East was that the measure was framed purely upon the plan of building our own tonnage, even although Congress might decide to give it exclusively to that class of vessels, owing to the fact that under the conditions which had existed in this country ever since the civil war the shipbuilding industry of this country had been confined entirely to the construction of coastwise and naval vessels. The shipbuilding industry of the United States has not been profitable since then, and capital has not sought that industry for investment.

What they wanted was immediate relief, the opportunity at this time, now, to take advantage of the conditions which seemed so favorable to make one more effort in this direction,

and therefore the claim was that if you depend upon the limited capacity of the shipyards of the United States, already almost filled to overflowing in the construction of our magnificent navy, of which we are all so proud, before a merchant marine can be built which will be of any service or relief to the business of the country our competitors, with the full knowledge of our purpose and intent, will, as they have always done, be ready to meet us and circumvent us if possible.

I said a moment ago that every time the question of subsidizing American ships was even mentioned in the newspapers of the United States there came a renewed effort and a continuing effort for the upbuilding of English and German ships, even to the extent that a credit almost unheard of was offered by the shipbuilders in Europe, saying:

"We will build your ships; we will let you pay for them when you can; we will extend to you a rate of interest one-half what you would be obliged to pay in your own country; we will do anything, we will do everything, rather than have you invest your capital in ships built in the United States."

I say that the necessity for immediate relief in the direction which I have indicated was the one overpowering argument, because it appealed to my business sense as right, that if the government of the United States was willing to take the responsibility of expending the money of the people in this direction, every man who is called upon to cast his vote upon this legislation would want to feel that the result would justify that vote.

No one can be blamed for considering that feature of this case. Therefore I say it was an argument that appealed to the business sense of that committee, and I believe to a large proportion of the committee of the Senate, that, hav-

ing by our action adopted that policy, we felt it was necessary that the results should justify the act, and that those results should come quickly. In other words, the benefit to those who would avail themselves of the privileges in their export trade—I mean the shippers—if they found that as a result of this measure they would soon have the opportunity to ship their export goods in American bottoms and under the American flag, they would know further, and they would know it surely, too, that that would mean a competition which would result in lowering freights across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

In one of the many speeches made yesterday, although we are all well aware of the great development of our country, I must confess that I was almost astonished at the figures read by Governor Shaw, of Iowa, showing the development of this country during the last century, what tremendous strides we have made in our export trade, and showing, too, the extent of the undertaking, under the auspices of the United States government, in a measure which we are soon to consider, the Nicaragua Canal Bill, a sister interest in connection with our merchant marine.

In connection with that subject is to be considered the cost of transportation, which I quoted as a result of the development of the lake commerce in less than thirty years, where there has been a reduction from $3.50 a ton to 60 cents a ton on iron ore, standard rate. When Governor Shaw made the statement of the immense tonnage moved upon our railroads and the further statement that the cost of railroad transportation in this country was always less than one third that of Europe, quoting England and Germany, it only showed that this whole subject of transportation goes together, and the Nicaragua Canal and any other contributing cause that helps

to cheapen transportation will be in the interest of the people of this country. But after we have built that canal and opened up that great highway to the commerce of the world, and we find ourselves confined utterly and absolutely to our coastwise trade, a trade which is forbidden to foreigners, how can we reconcile that as a public-spirited measure commensurate with a great country, starting now on the highway to a development and prosperity unequaled in the history of the world, unless we pass the pending bill?

Mr. President, to my mind there never was a plainer business, common-sense proposition to justify action on the part of this government to give such aid as is necessary to attract capital and lay the foundation for the building up of this great industry, than is offered by this bill.

Conditions in this country to-day differ widely from those of the time immediately following the civil war. I need not refer to those conditions, but steadily and sturdily have we been growing in importance in our commerce, in our industries, and in the development of our natural resources.

There is one feature of this question which I desire briefly to touch upon, and that is from the standpoint of the shipbuilder. The upbuilding of the merchant marine of this country means more than many can appreciate without a careful study of the situation. The privilege which we give to those American citizens who bring under our registry a foreign-built vessel, requiring that they must build a compensating tonnage in this country, will make a demand, without any doubt, in the next five years, for more capacity than we have shipyards in this country to supply.

Six hundred thousand tons—300,000 tons now in existence and 300,000 tons more to be newly built—would be added to our merchant marine, because under the provisions of this

bill it is intended—and rightly so—that the benefits shall not be confined to those who first avail themselves of this $9,000,000. Anybody and everybody can go on and build ships and then go to the Secretary of the Treasury and ask a contract under the same provisions, and when he has complied with the features of the law, given bond, and signed the contract, his ship can be registered for the foreign trade and begin earning the same proportionate amount of subsidy as that given to the ships which were built and in operation before the $9,000,000 was absorbed.

It was intended and it is expected that that provision of the bill as we grow in experience and ability, as we enlarge this sphere of industry, if it is found profitable, will attract idle capital not otherwise invested; and if it pays more than the normal rate of two or three per cent interest—which has come to be the rate on the best securities upon which money can be invested—then it will have served the purpose that is intended, to not confine the size of this merchant marine in tonnage or number within the limit of the $9,000,000—not that the $9,000,000 is to be increased; but that any man who builds a vessel after that amount has been absorbed can come under the provisions of the bill, and that the necessary percentage shall be taken from the others and given to him.

One word about our shipbuilding industry. I say, should this bill become a law, it will immediately affect that industry very perceptibly and very beneficially. What does that mean? Every ship that is built in a yard of the United States will be built wholly from materials furnished in the United States, beginning with the iron ore in the ground. Every additional ton that is demanded for this new industry will be an addition to the demand for labor in this country.

It will take that many more men to mine that ore—and I

speak now more particularly of ores from Lake Superior, which is the source of our main supply—to handle it on the railroads to the lake shipping points and then on vessels to the distributing points on the lower lake, then to furnish additional ships needed upon the lakes, additional men to man them, additional men to handle that ore upon the docks in its reshipment, additional men to aid the transportation to the point of manufacture, then through all the ramifications of that manufacture to bring that iron ore into a condition to go into the ship and during the construction of that ship until she is slipped upon the waters and is a part of the merchant marine of the United States, thousands of men will find employment in an industry heretofore comparatively unknown to this country.

Mr. President, when we look at the rapid growth of the population of the United States, aided so largely, as it is, by immense immigration, over half a million of people coming to our shores every year from foreign countries, attracted here by the belief, in fact, by the certainty, that they can better their condition, and when we find in that connection that the production in the United States is one third larger than our consumption, we are met with a very serious proposition, a proposition which, from an economic standpoint in connection with this interest and any other legislation, should command our most serious consideration.

I say our productive capacity is one third of our consumption. So, either one of two things must happen; we must either find a foreign market for that surplus or we must curtail the production one third. What does that mean? In the conditions existing to-day it would mean to throw out of employment thousands and thousands of our workingmen. Why, then, is it not better sense and better policy to study

all the conditions from the American standpoint of bettering them for ourselves and bettering the conditions of the people who look to us?

It is just as much the duty of Congress to consider a question of that kind as it is for the manufacturer. When he finds his market will not consume his product he must consider what he had best do first to protect his own interest, which he does, and that of those who are dependent upon him; or, if he be public spirited and enough of the philanthropist, he would consider those interests mutually, and would study the subject in order to avail himself of every opportunity to discover some method, even at less profit to himself, to find a market for that surplus product.

There is no country on the face of this earth that is so richly endowed with mineral wealth as ours. There is no section of this country that has more undeveloped mineral wealth than the border States of the South.

The chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, in his remarks the other day, made a statement which has impressed me more than ever before, because I know it is true. He said we are on the eve of a war, not of arms, but on the eve of a contest for commercial supremacy in the markets of the world; the result of recent changing conditions, which have opened the door, and will keep open the door of those great markets of the Orient, where every nation that has any industries to protect, that has any industries to develop, is availing itself of the fullest opportunity at its command.

Mr. President, we are always proud when we speak of the greatness of our country, either in peace or in war. We are always proud when we refer to our army and our navy and their achievements. We have been especially proud of the position we have attained as the result of our war with Spain.

We are equally proud of the result of our diplomacy in the treatment of these great international questions which has placed the United States in the very firing line of nations—a world Power, prepared to meet any and every emergency which may confront us as a nation, whether placed in that position as a result of circumstances or by a higher will. We are proud to claim that with our civilization goes the progress of the world. We are proud to know that the nations of Europe, which have never looked upon this country as a world Power in their councils, now not only respect but, I may say, fear us.

Occupying that position, Mr. President, shall we shrink from responsibility in meeting all questions which may arise from every standpoint of reason and business policy? When we see this opportunity open to us to possess ourselves of our share of this foreign market—aye, of more than our share—shall we refuse to avail ourselves of it? No, Mr. President; and when the American people start in that direction they generally get all they go for.

This country is endowed with the greatest natural mineral resources of any in the world. Already the markets are opening to her coal product. The senator from Georgia stated—and truthfully so—that the development of the manufacture of pig iron has grown enormously. That is true of those infant industries in the South, where thousands of spindles are singing, where thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are being taken from beneath the soil, where the materials for the manufacture of pig iron lie within the circumference of a few miles. The industry in northern Alabama and Tennessee has grown so rapidly that almost fifty per cent of its product is being exported to Europe.

Mr. President, the limit of that export to-day is reached by

the inability to secure transportation upon the high seas. In order successfully to operate and carry out great industries of that kind, looking to a foreign market, it is not only important but absolutely necessary that the manufacturer shall know what it will cost to deliver the goods. He must know what it will cost every month of the twelve months of the year if he attempts to predicate his operations upon the demand and the business that he can build up in the foreign trade.

There are other conditions in the United States which contribute much to the situation and bring to us forcibly the fact mentioned by the senator from Maine [Mr. Frye], that we are now entering upon this great commercial struggle, as I say, with equal advantage compared with any other nation, aye, a greater advantage in every direction save one, and that is the connecting link between the producer and the consumer—the ships to carry our exports to those foreign markets. We have none, comparatively. We are growing so rich as the result of our great natural wealth, enterprise, and industry that capital for investment is increasing every year.

Mr. President, the United States has changed its condition from a debtor to a creditor nation. We are not only loaning money to foreign countries, purchasing their bonds, but we are loaning to them millions of dollars which come to us as the balance of trade and which are left in their hands because there is greater remuneration abroad than at home. Is it not better for the American people that they shall invest that capital here in any of the variety of industries which will not only call capital into activity, but will furnish bread for thousands and thousands of men, women, and children who are a part of us, depending upon us, and who in all conditions must be considered?

The question of the employment of labor and the continuance of it is one that the American people must meet, and meet boldly; and any policy that will contribute to that end in any legitimate way should commend itself to those who are called upon to act in public stations. They should act from conviction in the interests of the whole people, and from nothing else.

I alluded to the development of the Southern States. The coal and iron industries in the South are yet in their infancy. There are there wonderful deposits of both minerals awaiting development, and the people who control those industries have told me time and again that the one difficulty they meet with every year in building up the export trade is the lack of adequate and regular transportation. I have known, since this measure began to be discussed in Congress, within the last three years, of several enterprises which contemplated the organization and establishment of a line from Pensacola to South America and one from Norfolk to South America and another to a Mediterranean port, awaiting your decision upon this question.

That development will do more for the rapid consummation of the hopes of our friends in those States than anything else, because in connection with that comes further investment of capital in those industries, and the greater the facilities the better the opportunity to increase that trade, the greater the demand for more capital. What we want in this county is to continue in this development and in the growth of our material wealth, and then to find an opportunity for the application of it.

This question is broader than the lines of the bill can write it. It will be widespread in its benefits. It is not aimed at any class or any particular industry. It is one of those

measures the influence of which will permeate every industry and every class in the length and breadth of the United States. When I am told that the people of the interior of this country are not interested in the shipping question—that the farmers take no interest in it—I say it is not true in fact.

I know that every man, no matter what his vocation in life, is interested and will be benefited, directly or indirectly, because you cannot create an industry like this, bringing about, as it must naturally, first the development of our raw materials and then a condition which ends with the construction of the ships, opening up the markets of the world, giving greater opportunities to our merchants and manufacturers, without benefiting every industry and every line of business.

I spoke of the amount of capital seeking investment at this time; and in connection with this commercial contest I wish to go a little further. We all know that England and Germany and Holland and France long ago established in the Orient depots for the distribution of their products. Of course we know also that long ago they provided transportation by the building up of their merchant marine. They have their banking facilities. They have their agents representing every manufactured product, and altogether that makes up the organization which is the machinery by which this business must be transacted.

Every time an American product is sent to those foreign markets, whether from the farm or the factory, the mine or the mill, it goes there subject to a condition which is a tax upon every turn it makes, whether in substance or the representative of it in value. In short, the English or German shipowner charges what he pleases for the freight, and when the vessel arrives at her destination those goods are put into

consignment in the hands of an English or a German factor, and by him distributed to the consumer; and every time those goods are handled they pay tribute. When the owner of the goods receives his pay, he receives it through a foreign banking house, which collects its tribute upon every dollar. So from a business standpoint we pay as tribute, for every particle of foreign trade that we now enjoy, a sum equivalent to a fair profit.

These conditions are changing and will change more. The growing wealth of this country will demand a change, because capital will unite with transportation and will supply the connecting link between the producer and the consumer. We will establish our own depots for the distribution of our products; we will establish our own banking houses for the conduct of our exchange, so that all the profit accruing which is now paid to the foreigner will go to the American manufacturer and business man.

Mr. President, that proposition is so clear, and this opportunity is so great, I wonder that any man can hesitate to seize upon the advantage which we now have at this critical time, when we are considering our future commerce and the disposition of the great surplus of our farms and our manufacturing institutions every year. The laws of commerce are as infallible as the laws of nature. If we do not travel along the lines that experience and time have proved to be necessary to commercial development, taking immediate advantage of every opportunity offered, we must gradually fall behind again, and we shall.

When I say that a measure of this kind is in the interest of the whole people of this country, I mean it. The farmer who wants to dispose of the products of the soil, who can raise more wheat, or corn, or oats, or other products than can be

sold in this country, complains that the markets of Liverpool fix the price upon his commodity. If that be so, then why not look elsewhere for wider markets. Why not take advantage of the situation in the East?

I predict—and I do it because I believe it—that, should this bill become a law, inside of ten years there will scarcely be a bushel of wheat shipped from the Pacific coast to Europe if we avail ourselves of our opportunity, and find a way to put under our control the transportation of those products in connection with the great transportation system of the United States, which has been made a successful study until, as Governor Shaw told us yesterday, we have reduced the cost to one third of that paid by any other country. This is a part of it, and a very important part of it just now, because if we do not avail ourselves of this situation other countries will, and they are preparing now to do it.

There is a strange contradiction of interests that has crept into this matter since I have paid attention to it recently. I find that people in Boston and people in New York, engaged in the same business—what I would call a commission business—exporting, and otherwise, and who have built up a great business at each of those points, at this late day are bringing to our attention, in the way of an argument against this measure, the fact that it is detrimental to those interests.

The argument has been made to me personally, and, I presume, to many others of my colleagues, that if this measure should become a law it would greatly injure if not destroy that line of business, provided we open the door to the register of foreign vessels. On the other hand, the other house engaged in the same line of business in Boston complains that if we do not open it wider it will ruin its business. In other

words, in the first instance the admission of foreign tonnage to American register will put into operation under this bill lines of steamships that will control certain business.

Take, for example, the South American trade or the Australian trade:—

It is claimed that if a regular line is formed between New York and Brazil or the Argentine, which would supply the needs of that trade regularly, in a short time it would become a monopoly, controlling the trade, and would put freight at an abnormally high price. It is claimed that that would be the result of admitting foreign ships. There is no objection on the part of those people to a subsidy being paid to American vessels. On the other hand, the Boston party contends that unless the door is opened wide enough in this measure to give him or anybody else the privilege at any time in the near future of bringing in as many foreign ships as he can or wants to bring in, after he has made a careful calculation as to the profits of the investment, it will injure his business.

Questions of that character we have had to meet at every stage of the proceeding, but never, until within a week or two, during all of the time that I have been engaged in investigating this subject, has that phase of the question been brought to my attention, that in the same line and kind of business you do one thing and it will ruin one party, and you do the other thing and it will ruin the other party. I cannot understand it. But I do say that the bill as framed and as it is now upon the calendar, as recently amended, is approved, so far as I know, by all the interests that have been consulted and advised with during the three years we have been considering the subject. If it fails to meet every demand and every condition which may arise, it is because we have not had an opportunity to see everybody and to consult every-

body. I believe that it fully and completely answers the demand, and therefore I am in favor of its passage.

I am in favor of its passage upon the ground that it is for the best interests of the whole country, without regard to any special interest, and I know I voice the sentiments of all those who have labored so long and so faithfully in trying at least to perfect this measure when I say it is their desire that only a measure which shall contribute to those ends shall be passed by Congress. Let us start upon the hypothesis that we are all agreed that it will be a good thing for the United States to build up our merchant marine. If some of us believe that entire free ships is the best way to do it, and if the majority of us believe that connected with the other questions involved it is much better that it should be done in this way, but not by this bill, then to those who are willing to admit that the upbuilding of the American merchant marine is a good thing for the United States I say, give us something better than this, and we will support it. I would not under any circumstances be influenced by any other motive.

There is one more feature, but I shall not trespass longer upon the patience of the Senate. I wish to ask one question. Suppose there should be a war between Germany and England, or between England and France, or between any of the great European Powers, particularly any of those three, which are the greatest maritime Powers of Europe. Ninety-two and five tenths per cent of our entire export trade is to-day carried in the ships of England, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, and Holland. Suppose a war should break out between any of those great maritime Powers, with the conditions that always follow war, particularly now, when each one of them has been growing in naval power every year until the destructive powers of the navies of Europe would

entirely obliterate the whole merchant marine of the world as a consequence.

What would become of us? What would become of the farmers then? What would become of the manufacturer looking to a foreign market to dispose of his surplus? What would become of the men who are working in the mines and the factories with that business absolutely paralyzed? We would have no ships, although a neutral power, to take up and continue that necessary transportation in order that our goods may be carried to markets; and until the war should cease or until some other remedy could be supplied the condition of the United States would be absolutely deplorable and beyond remedy.

If you bring it down to a question of dollars and cents as weighing against the higher considerations, when those conditions come upon us as a sequence of war, and we are asked what would we not give had we a merchant marine, being a neutral power, to go on with the export of our products and not suffer the consequences of the war, would we stop to consider the whole amount of the subsidy, $9,000,000, multiplied by the twenty years of the existence of this contract, as a price to be paid in cash to remove such conditions as would bring ruin upon us for at least a while?

Oh, no, Mr. President, in making my appeal to the American people for this great industry, I want to put it upon higher grounds than that of dollars and cents. I want to put it upon the broad ground of a connecting link between the producer and the consumer, as an adjunct to our further growth and prosperity, which it is written must continue in the nature of things because of the conditions which control us and our future—conditions which rise above the speculative question whether one man will get a little more benefit

than another, conditions which appeal even to our benevolence in the responsibilities that we owe to the working people of this country.

As to the popularity or the unpopularity of this measure, I stand here to-day in the presence of the whole American people and claim that this kind of legislation is inspired by the best sentiment and the wisest experience of those best qualified to judge its merits. I am standing here as the exponent of that principle, and I claim for every line in the bill that it is in the interest of the whole people of the United States, and particularly of those who must look to higher and more experienced authority to conduct the public affairs of our government in their interest. Upon that basis I make my appeal, and I leave it in your hands.

SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT

IR JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D. C. L., Canadian author, and clerk of the Dominion House of Commons, was born at Sydney, Cape Breton, Oct. 24, 1837, and spent his early years in the Province of Nova Scotia. He had a successful career as a journalist and newspaper-publisher, conducting the Halifax "Daily Reporter and Times," an evening paper which during the Franco-Prussian war acquired a high reputation by reason of the accuracy and fullness of its telegraphic war news. He was for a number of years official reporter of the Provincial Legislature. In 1880, he was appointed clerk of the Canadian House of Commons. He was one of the first presidents of the Royal Society of Canada and acted for many years as its honorary secretary. He is a recognized authority on parliamentary procedure, his works on this subject—"How Canada Is Governed" and "Parliamentary Procedure and Government in Canada"—having given him a wide reputation. Sir John has also been a voluminous writer upon historical subjects. Among his works in this field are "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Régime"; "Builders of Nova Scotia"; "Canada under British Rule"; and "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," an address; besides articles in the English and American reviews, and other periodicals. He is also author of the volume on Canada, in "The Story of the Nations" series.

EARLY CANADIAN LITERATURE

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA, MAY, 1893

I CANNOT more appropriately commence this address than by a reference to an oration delivered seven years ago in the great hall of a famous university which stands beneath the stately elms of Cambridge, in the old "Bay State" of Massachusetts: a noble seat of learning in which Canadians take a deep interest, not only because some of their sons have completed their education within its walls, but because it represents that culture and scholarship which know no national lines of separation, but belong to the world's great federation of learning.

The orator was a man who, by his deep philosophy, his poetic genius, his broad patriotism, his love for England, her

great literature and history, had won himself a reputation not equalled in some respects by any other citizen of the United States of these later times.

In the course of a brilliant oration in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, James Russell Lowell took occasion to warn his audience against the tendency of a prosperous democracy "toward an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind."

He did not deny that wealth is a great fertilizer of civilization and of the arts that beautify it; that wealth is an excellent thing, since it means power, leisure, and liberty; "but these," he went on to say, "divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods, but evils fatal to their possessor, and bring with them, like the Nibelungen hoard, a doom instead of a blessing."

"I am saddened," he continued, "when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage, or of bushels of wheat exported; for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade. The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judæa with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices Current; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar? Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The

measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind."

These eloquently suggestive words, it must be remembered, were addressed by a great American author to an audience, made up of eminent scholars and writers, in the principal academic seat of that New England which has given birth to Emerson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Hawthorne, Holmes, Parkman, and many others, representing the brightest thought and intellect of this continent. These writers were the product of the intellectual development of the many years that had passed since the pilgrims landed on the historic rock of Plymouth.

Yet, while Lowell could point to such a brilliant array of historians, essayists, poets, and novelists, as I have just named, as the latest results of New England culture, he felt compelled to utter a word of remonstrance against that spirit of materialism that was then, as now, abroad in the land, tending to stifle those generous intellectual aspirations which are best calculated to make a people truly happy and great.

Let us now apply these remarks of the eminent American poet and thinker to Canada—to ourselves, whose history is even older than that of New England; contemporaneous rather with that of Virginia, since Champlain landed on the heights of Quebec and laid the foundations of the ancient capital only a year after the English adventurers of the days of King James set their feet on the banks of the river named after that sovereign, and commenced the old town which has long since disappeared before the tides of the ocean that stretches away beyond the shores of the Old Dominion.

If we in Canada are open to the same charge of attaching too much importance to material things, are we able at the

same time to point to as notable achievements in literature as results of the three centuries that have nearly passed since the foundation of New France?

I do not suppose that the most patriotic Canadian, however ready to eulogize his own country, will make an effort to claim an equality with New England in this respect; but, if indeed we feel it necessary to offer any comparison that would do us justice, it would be with that Virginia whose history is contemporaneous with that of French Canada.

Statesmanship rather than letters has been the pride and ambition of the Old Dominion,—its brightest and highest achievement. Virginia has been the mother of great orators and great presidents, and her men of letters sink into insignificance alongside of those of New England. It may be said, too, of Canada, that her history in the days of the French régime, during the struggle for responsible government, as well as at the birth of confederation, gives us the names of men of statesmanlike designs and of patriotic purpose.

From the days of Champlain to the establishment of the Confederation Canada has had the services of men as eminent in their respective spheres, and as successful in the attainment of popular rights, in molding the educational and political institutions of the country, and in laying broad and deep the foundations of a new nationality across half a continent, as those great Virginians to whom the world is ever ready to pay its meed of respect. These Virginian statesmen won their fame in the large theatre of national achievement—in laying the basis of the most remarkable federal republic the world has ever seen; while Canadian public men have labored with equal earnestness and ability in that far less conspicuous and brilliant arena of colonial development the

eulogy of which has to be written in the histories of the future.

Let me now ask you to follow me for a short time while I review some of the most salient features of our intellectual progress since the days Canada entered on its career of competition in the civilization of this continent. So far there have been three well-defined eras of development in the country now known as the Dominion of Canada. First, there was the era of French Canadian occupation, which in many respects had its heroic and picturesque features. Then, after the cession of Canada to England, came that era of political and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of public liberty which ended in the establishment of responsible government about half a century ago.

Then we come to that era which dates from the Confederation of the Provinces—an era of which the first quarter of a century only has passed, of which the signs are still full of promise, despite the prediction of gloomy thinkers, if Canadians remain true to themselves and face the future with the same courage and confidence that have distinguished the past.

As I have just said, the days of the French régime were in a sense days of heroic endeavor, since we see in the vista of the past a small colony whose total population at no period exceeded eighty thousand souls, chiefly living on the banks of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal, and contending against great odds for supremacy on the continent of America. The pen of Francis Parkman has given a vivid picture of those days when bold adventurers unlocked the secrets of this Canadian Dominion, pushed into the western wilderness, followed unknown rivers, and at last found a way to the waters of that southern gulf where Spain had

long before, in the days of Grijalva, Cortez, and Pineda, planted her flag and won treasures of gold and silver from an unhappy people who soon learned to curse the day when the white men came to the fair islands of the south and the rich country of Mexico.

In these days the world, with universal acclaim, has paid its tribute of admiration to the memory of a great discoverer who had the courage of his convictions and led the way to the unknown lands beyond the Azores and the Canaries. This present generation has forgiven him much in view of his heroism in facing the dangers of unknown seas and piercing their mysteries. His purpose was so great, and his success so conspicuous, that both have obscured his human weakness. In some respects he was wiser than the age in which he lived; in others he was the product of the greed and the superstition of that age; but we, who owe him so much, forget the frailty of the man in the sagacity of the discoverer.

As Canadians, however, now review the character of the great Genoese, and of his compeers and successors in the opening up of this continent, they must, with pride, come to the conclusion that none of these men can compare in nobility of purpose, in sincere devotion to God, king, and country, with Champlain, the sailor of Brouage, who became the founder of Quebec and the father of New France.

In the daring ventures of Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, and Tonty, in the stern purpose of Frontenac, in the far-reaching plans of La Galissonière, in the military genius of Montcalm, the historian of the present time has at his command the most attractive materials for his pen. But we cannot expect to find the signs of intellectual development among a people where there was not a single printing-press; where freedom of thought and action was repressed by a paternal absolutism;

where the struggle for life was very bitter up to the last hours of French supremacy in a country constantly exposed to the misfortunes of war, and too often neglected by a king who thought more of his mistresses than of his harrassed and patient subjects across the sea. Yet that memorable period —days of struggle in many ways—was the origin of a large amount of literature which we, in these times, find of the deepest interest and value from a historic point of view.

The English colonies of America cannot present us with any books which, for faithful narrative and simplicity of style, bear comparison with the admirable works of Champlain, explorer and historian, or with those of the genial and witty advocate, Marc Lescarbot, names that can never be forgotten on the picturesque heights of Quebec or on the banks of the beautiful basin of Annapolis. Is there a Canadian or American writer who is not under a deep debt of obligation to the clear-headed and industrious Jesuit traveller, Charlevoix, the Nestor of French-Canadian history?

The only historical writer that can at all surpass him in New England was the loyalist Governor Hutchinson, and he published his books at a later time, when the French dominion had disappeared with the fall of Quebec. To the works just mentioned we may add the books of Gabriel Sagard, and of Boucher, the governor of Three Rivers, and founder of a still eminent French-Canadian family; that remarkable collection of authentic historic narrative, known as the "Jesuit Relations;" even that tedious Latin compilation by Père du Creux, the useful narrative by La Potherie, the admirable account of Indian life and customs by the Jesuit Lafitau, and that now very rare historical account of the French colony, the "Établissement de la Foy dans la Nouvelle France," written by the Recollet Le Clercq, probably

aided by Frontenac. In these and other works, despite their diffuseness in some cases, we have a library of historical literature which, when supplemented by the great stores of official documents still preserved in the French archives, is of priceless value as a true and minute record of the times in which the authors lived, or which they described from the materials to which they alone had access. It may be said with truth that none of these writers were Canadians in the sense that they were born or educated in Canada, but still they were the product of the life, the hardships, and the realities of New France; it was from this country they drew the inspiration that gave vigor and color to their writings.

New England, as I have already said, never originated a class of writers who produced work of equal value, or indeed of equal literary merit. Religious and polemic controversy had the chief attraction for the gloomy, disputatious Puritan native of Massachusetts and the adjoining colonies. Cotton Mather was essentially a New-England creation, and if quantity were the criterion of literary merit he was the most distinguished author of his century; for it is said that indefatigable antiquarians have counted up the titles of nearly four hundred books and pamphlets by this industrious writer. His principal work, however, was the "Magnalia Christi Americana; or, Ecclesiastical History of New England from 1620 to 1698",—a large folio, remarkable as a curious collection of strange conceits, forced witticisms, and prolixity of narrative, in which the venturesome reader soon finds himself so irretrievably mystified and lost that he rises from the perusal with wonderment that so much learning as was evidently possessed by the author could be so used to bewilder the world of letters. The historical knowledge is literally choked up with verbiage and mannerisms. Even prosy Du

Creux becomes tolerable at times compared with the garrulous Puritan author.

Though books were rarely seen, and secular education was extremely defective as a rule throughout the French colony, yet at a very early period in its history remarkable opportunities were afforded for the education of a priesthood and the cult of the principles of the Roman Catholic religion among those classes who were able to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the Jesuit college which was founded at Quebec before even Harvard at Cambridge, or by the famous Great and Lesser Seminaries in the same place, in connection with which, in later times, rose the University with which is directly associated the name of the most famous bishop of the French régime.

The influence of such institutions was not simply in making Canada a most devoted daughter of that great Church which has ever exercised a paternal and even absolute care of its people, but also in discouraging a purely materialistic spirit and probably keeping alive a taste for letters among a very small class, especially the priests, who, in politics as in society, have been always a controlling element in the French Province. Evidences of some culture and intellectual aspirations in the social circles of the ancient capital attracted the surprise of travellers who visited the country before the close of the French dominion.

"Science and the fine arts," wrote Charlevoix, "have their turn, and conversation does not fail. The Canadians breathe from their birth an air of liberty which makes them very pleasant in the intercourse of life, and our language is nowhere more purely spoken."

La Galissonière, who was an associate member of the French Academy of Science, and the most highly cultured

governor ever sent out by France, spared no effort to encourage a systematic study of scientific pursuits in Canada. Dr. Michel Sarrazin, who was a practising physician in Quebec for nearly half a century, devoted himself most assiduously to the natural history of the colony, and made some valuable contributions to the French Academy, of which he was a correspondent.

The Swedish botanist, Peter Kalm, who visited America in the middle of the last century, was impressed with the liking for scientific study which he observed in the French colony. "I have found," he wrote, "that eminent persons, generally speaking, in this country, have much more taste for natural history and literature than in the English colonies, where the majority of people are entirely engrossed in making their fortune, while science is, as a rule, held in very light esteem."

Strange to say, he ignores in this passage the scientific labors of Franklin, Bartram, and others he had met in Pennsylvania. As a fact, such evidences of intellectual enlightment as Kalm and Charlevoix mentioned were entirely exceptional in the colony, and never showed themselves beyond the walls of Quebec or Montreal. The Province, as a whole, was in a state of mental sluggishness. The germs of intellectual life were necessarily dormant among the mass of the people, for they never could produce any rich fruition until they were freed from the spirit of absolutism which distinguished French supremacy, and were able to give full expression to the natural genius of their race under the inspiration of the liberal government of England in these later times.

Passing from the heroic days of Canada, which, if it could hardly, in the nature of things, originate a native literature.

at least inspired a brilliant succession of historians, essayists, and poets in much later times, we come now to that period of constitutional and political development which commenced with the rule of England. It does not fall within the scope of this address to dwell on the political struggles which showed their intensity in the rebellion of 1837-38, and reached their fruition in the concession of parliamentary government, in the large sense of the term, some years later.

These struggles were carried on during times when there was only a sparse population chiefly centred in the few towns of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada, on the shores of the Atlantic, on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and not extending beyond the peninsula of the present Province of Ontario. The cities, or towns rather, of Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and York, were then necessarily the only centres of intellectual life.

Education was chiefly under the control of religious bodies or in the hands of private teachers. In the rural districts it was at the lowest point possible, and the great system of free schools which has of late years extended through the Dominion, and is the chief honor of Ontario, was never dreamed of in those times of sluggish growth and local apathy, when communication between the distant parts of the country was slow and wretched, when the conditions of life were generally very hard and rude, when the forest still covered the greater portion of the most fertile districts of Ontario, though here and there the pioneer's axe could be heard from morn to eve hewing out little patches of sunlight, so many glimpses of civilization and better times amid the wildness of a new land even then full of promise.

The newspapers of those days were very few and came

only at uncertain times to the home of the farmer by the side of some stream or amid the dense forest, or to the little hamlets that were springing up in favored spots and represented so many radiating influences of intelligence on the borders of the great lakes and their tributary streams, on the Atlantic seaboard, or on the numerous rivers that form so many natural highways to the people of the Maritime Provinces. These newspapers were for years mostly small quarto or folio sheets, in which the scissors played necessarily the all-important parts; but there was, nevertheless, before 1840, in the more pretentious journals of the large towns, some good writing done by thoughtful men who studied their questions and helped to atone for the very bitter vindictive partisan attacks on opponents that too frequently sullied the press in those times of fierce conflict. Books were found only in the homes of the clergy or of the official classes, and these were generally old editions and rarely the latest publications of the time. Montreal and Quebec, for many years, were the only places where bookstores and libraries of more than a thousand volumes could be seen. It was not until 1813 that a successful effort was made to establish a "social library" at Kingston, Bath, and some other places in the Midland district. Toronto had no library worth mentioning until 1836.

What culture existed in those rude days was to be hunted up among the clergy, especially of the Church of England, the Roman Catholic priests of Lower Canada, and the official classes of the large towns. Some sermons that have come down to us in pamphlets of very common paper—and very few were printed in those days when postage was dear and bookselling was not profitable—have no pretensions to originality of thought or literary style: sermons in remarkable

contrast with the brilliant and suggestive utterances of such modern pulpit orators as Professor Clarke, of Trinity.

The exhaustive and generally close reasoned sermons of the Presbyterian divine had a special flavor of the Westminster Confession and little of the versatility of preachers like Principal Grant in these later times when men are attempting to make even dogma more genial, and to understand the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. Then, as always in Canada, there were found among the clergy of all denominations hard-working, self-denying priests and missionaries who brought from time to time, to some remote settlement of the Provinces, spiritual consolation, and to many a household, long deprived of the intellectual nourishment of other days, an opportunity of conversing on subjects which in the stern daily routine of their lives in a new country were seldom or ever talked of.

It was in the legislative halls of the Provinces that the brightest intellect naturally found scope for its display, and at no subsequent period of the political history of Canada were there more fervid, earnest orators than appeared in the days when the battle for responsible government was at its height. The names of Nelson, Papineau, Howe, Baldwin, Wilmot, Johnstone, Young, Robinson, Rolph, and Mackenzie recall the era when questions of political controversy and political freedom stimulated mental development among that class which sought and found the best popular opportunities for the display of their intellectual gifts in the legislative halls in the absence of a great printing-press and a native literature.

Joseph Howe's speeches displayed a wide culture, an original eloquence, and a patriotic aspiration beyond those of any other man of his time and generation, and would have

done credit to the Senate of the United States, then in the zenith of its reputation as a body of orators and statesmen.

It is an interesting fact that Howe, then printer and publisher, should have printed the first work of the only great humorist that Canada has yet produced. I mean, of course, "The Clockmaker," in which Judge Haliburton created "Sam Slick," a type of a down-East Yankee peddler who sold his wares by a judicious use of that quality which is sure to be appreciated the world over,—"soft sawder and human natur." In this work, which has run through ever so many editions and is still found on the shelves of every well-equipped library and bookstore, Sam Slick told some home truths to his somewhat self-satisfied countrymen, who could not help laughing even if the humor touched them very keenly at times.

Nova Scotia has changed much for the better since those dull times when the House of Assembly was expected to be a sort of political providence, to make all the roads and bridges and give good times and harvests; but even now there are some people cruel enough, after a visit to Halifax, to hint that there still is a grain of truth in the following reflection on the enterprise of that beautiful port:

"How the folks to Halifax take it all out in talkin'—they talk of steamboats, whalers, and railroads; but they all end where they begin—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my latitude if I was to say they beat the womankind at that. One feller says, I talk of goin' to England—another says, I talk of goin' to the country—while another says, I talk of goin' to sleep. If we Yankees happen to speak of such things we say, 'I'm right off down East;' or 'I'm away off South,' and away we go jist like a streak of lightnin'."

This clever humorist also wrote the best history—one of

his own Province—that had been written in British North America up to that time—indeed it is still most readable, and worthy of a place in every library. In later days the Judge wrote many other books and became a member of the English House of Commons; but "Sam Slick" still remains the most signal illustration of his original genius.

During this period, however, apart from the two works to which I have referred, we look in vain for any original literature worthy of special mention. A history of Canada written by William Smith, a son of an eminent chief justice of New York, and subsequently of Canada, was published, in excellent style for those days, as early as 1815 at Quebec, but it has no special value except to the collector of old and rare books. Bouchette's topographical and geographical account of Canada illustrated the ability and zeal of an eminent French-Canadian who deserved the thanks of his country, but these well-printed books were, after all, mere compilations and came from the English press. Pamphlets were numerous enough, and some of them had literary skill, but they had, in the majority of cases, no permanent value except to the historian or antiquarian of the present day, who must sift out all sorts of material and study every phase and incident of the times he has chosen for his theme.

Michel Bibaud wrote a history of French Canada which no one reads in these days, and the most of the other works that emanated from the Canadian press, like Thompson's "War of 1812," are chiefly valued by the historical collector.

It was not to be expected that in a relatively poor country, still in the infancy of its development, severely tried by political controversies, with a small population scattered over a long stretch of territory from Sydney to Niagara, there

could be any intellectual stimulus or literary effort except what was represented in newspapers like the "Gazette" of Montreal—which has always maintained a certain dignity of style in its long journalistic career; the "Gazette" and the "Canadian" of Quebec; the "Nova Scotian" of Halifax, or displayed itself in keen contests in the legislatures or court-houses of a people delighting always in such displays as there were made of mental power and natural eloquence.

From a literary point of view our American neighbors had, during this period, left us away behind, in fact no comparison can be made between the two countries, laying aside the original creation of Sam Slick.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century Belknap published his admirable history of New Hampshire, while the third volume of Hutchinson's history of Massachusetts appeared in 1828, to close a work of rare merit alike for careful research, philosophic acuteness, and literary charm. That admirable collection of political and constitutional essays known as the "Federalist" had attained a wide circulation, and largely influenced the destinies of the Union under the constitution of 1783. Chief Justice Marshall illumined the bench by his great judicial decisions, which have won a remarkable place in legal literature, on account of their close, acute reasoning, breadth of knowledge, insight into great constitutional principles, and their immediate influence on the political development of the federal republic.

Washington Irving published, as far back as 1819, his "Sketch Book," in which appeared the original creation of Rip Van Winkle, and followed it up with other works which recall Addison's delightful style and gave him a fame abroad that no later American writer has ever surpassed. Cooper's romances began to appear in 1821, and Bancroft published in

1834 the first volume of what is a great history despite its somewhat rhetorical and ambitious style. Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" appeared in 1835, but his fame was to be won in later years, when he wrote the "Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," the most original and quaint productions that New-England genius has yet produced.

If I linger for a moment among these men it is because they were not merely American by the influence of their writings; but wherever the English tongue is spoken and English literature is read these writers of a past generation, as it may be said of others of later times, claim the gratitude of the untold thousands whom they have instructed and helped in many a weary and sad as well as idle hour. They were not Canadians, but they illustrated the genius of this continent of ours.

GROVER CLEVELAND

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

GROVER CLEVELAND, LL. D., American Democratic statesman, and 22d and 24th President of the United States, was born at Caldwell, Essex Co., N. J., March 18, 1837. The only schooling he received was obtained at the common schools, in which he taught for a time, studied law, and in 1859 was admitted to the Bar. He practiced with considerable success at Buffalo, N. Y. From 1863 till 1866, he held the position of assistant district-attorney in Erie County, N. Y. After being defeated for reëlection to that office, in 1865, he remained in private life for five years, until chosen sheriff. In 1881, he was elected mayor of Buffalo on the Democratic ticket, and in the following year was chosen Governor of the State of New York by an immense majority, due in some degree to the abstention of numbers of Blaine Republicans from the ballot-box. In 1884, he was nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency of the United States, and, having carried the State of New York by a plurality of less than 1,200 votes, he secured the office of Chief Magistrate. Defeated for a second term in 1888, he was renominated and reëlected in 1892. After the expiration of his term in 1897, he retired to Princeton, N. J., his second administration having emphasized the ability and wisdom of his executive.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1885

Fellow-Citizens:

IN THE presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal by the oath which I shall take the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service.

This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made, but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated anew the strength and safety of a government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarantee of good government.

But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen.

To-day the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of their affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudice and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievement of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the Constitution, which, launched by the founders of the Republic and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and the aspirations of a great people through prosperity and peace and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes.

By the Father of his Country our Constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our national life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to Federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished if in the halls of national legislation that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the Constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution, a careful observance of the distinction between the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which by the Constitution and laws have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen—on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere—should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State capitals and the national capital, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State, and Federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place to closely limit public expenditures to the actual needs of the government economically administered, because this bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of the citizen, and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their

example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our Republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our own power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and of Washington, and of Jefferson—"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliance with none."

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wages of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people of unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

Care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that polygamy in the Territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed.

The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them and retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employees who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards; and those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief.

In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that

they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities.

These topics and the constant and ever-varying wants of an active and enterprising population may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the Federal law. Our duties are practical and call for industrious application, an intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination, by united action, to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone, but humbly acknowledging the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history, let us invoke his aid and his blessing upon our labors.

EULOGY ON PRESIDENT M'KINLEY

DELIVERED AT PRINCETON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

TO-DAY the grave closes over the dead body of the man but lately chosen by the people of the United States from among their number to represent their nationality, preserve, protect and defend their Constitution, to faithfully execute the laws ordained for their welfare and safely to hold and keep the honor and integrity of the Republic. His time of service is ended, not by the lapse of time, but by the tragedy of assassination. He has passed from the public sight, not joyously bearing the garlands and wreaths

of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. He has gone to his home, not the habitation of earthly peace and quiet night with domestic comfort and joy, but to the dark and narrow home appointed for all the sons of men and there to rest until the morning light of the resurrection shall gleam in the East.

All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character and his amiable consideration for all about him will long live in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them: "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping." Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme.

First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of our university. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart, which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success. The man who is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest dis-

tinction which his great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and to his fellow citizens, you will not hear that the high plane he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will instead constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard at this time to read this lesson calmly. We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin, horrible figures and faces from which it will not do to turn away. If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

The universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the

battle against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discovering and warring against the relationship between the vicious councils and deeds of blood, and their steadying influence upon the elements of unrest, cannot fail to be of inestimable value.

By the memory of our murdered President, let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet any call of patriotic duty in any time of our country's danger and need.

William McKinley has left us a priceless gift in the example of a useful and pure life, of his fidelity to public trusts and his demonstration of the valor of the kindly virtues that not only ennoble mankind, but lead to success.

LÉON GAMBETTA

LÉON MICHEL GAMBETTA, French statesman and lawyer, was born at Cahors, in the south of France, Oct. 30, 1838, and died near Sèvres, Dec. 31, 1882. He was of Jewish descent, but, as the termination of his name implies, his forefathers had sojourned for a considerable period in Italy. After obtaining a college degree, he qualified for the Bar and practiced his profession at Paris for some ten years preceding 1869, when he entered the Corps Legislatif as an advanced Republican, and became a member of the Extreme Left during Emile Ollivier's brief and stormy administration. When the Second Empire was overthrown, Sept. 4, 1870, and France was proclaimed a republic, Gambetta was appointed a member of the Committee of National Defence. In that capacity, after the German armies had begun the siege of Paris, he escaped in a balloon and, from Tours as a centre, undertook to organize the means of national defence in the country south of the Loire. By dint of much energy, he succeeded in placing two armies in the field, but, after some temporary successes, they were finally worsted. After the capitulation of Paris, he withdrew from his executive office, but was returned to the National Assembly which convened at Bordeaux and subsequently removed to Versailles. When the Government, established by the Constitution of 1875, went into operation in 1876, he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies and the leader of the party opposed to the Reactionists. It was mainly he who, at the time of the *coup d'état* brought about by the Duc de Broglie and M. Dufaure, aroused not only Paris, but the provinces to vehement resistance, and, at the succeeding general election, managed to obtain a decisive majority. He it was, also, who compelled MacMahon to resign and brought about the elevation of M. Grévy to the Presidency of the Republic. In 1879, Gambetta was chosen president of the Chamber of Deputies, and in November, 1881, became head of the Ministry, known as the "Grand Ministère." He held office only about three months, however, and died by an accident, in his forty-fourth year.

SPEECH UPON THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAWS

DELIVERED APRIL 23, 1875

WE HAVE had, since our last meeting, an audacious, impudent attempt at the restoration of the monarchy that calls itself legitimate. No one in France wanted the return of monarchy, neither the peasant, to whom it is a terror, nor the workingman, who has never hidden the aversion it inspires in him, nor the army, whose flag it cuts down, that symbol of

its glory and of its honor. No one wanted it. Therefore, gentlemen, it is surprising that the very man who stands at the head of the State, that the First Magistrate of the Country pronounced the significant utterance which will act as the death sentence of monarchy? He has said that in face of an attempt at restoration the guns would go off of themselves; and monarchy has gone back into the gloom of night. . . .

After the decisive check upon the legitimate, another monarchy was held in reserve. Matters were not pushed as far as an open demonstration, but, on the contrary, the projected attempt was carefully masked, and, though events pass rapidly, you have not yet forgotten the name of the combination, as odd as it was inexplicable and frail, destined to serve as a screen for the projects that were in mind, which is known as the Septennat.

The Septennat has gone to join, in chaos whence it should never have been brought forth, the dreams of the partisans of traditional royalty.

This government, at once hybrid and nameless, yet endured long enough to paralyze confidence and to arrest national activity. It lasted long enough to bring back into the light of public life, into offices, into active politics, into the administration of the country, into the press, to group together and reunite in factious societies that no longer hid themselves for the contrivance of their tricks, and who, believing themselves assured of impunity, exposed themselves to the light of day,—it has endured long enough, I say, to bring back the men and the party that constitute the most shameful as well as the most sinister peril that can menace France.

Yes, gentlemen, certain statesmen, facile, improvident in their malice, wholly lost, and seeing but one way of escaping

the trend of the country, each day more powerful, which dragged them toward the Republic, did not fear to draw from its shame and ignominy the tattered faction of December, to lead it out before the eyes of France, that looked on amazed at such audacity and folly.

Gentlemen, there was not in that,—although perchance, certain clever characters may have had mental reservations touching it,—there was not in that solely a combination to bring dread upon France and to entice it toward their constitutional monarchy, made ready and sugar-coated under their byzantine Septennat; it was above all a means of checking the republican party, that was daily waxing greater throughout the land. But, gentlemen, these clever people were not of the right cut to take the field with their new collaborators, any more than they were to stand up against such accomplices and to keep dominion over them; and speedily it was seen that in this association of parties, wherein each detested the other, there was one that was becoming day by day more threatening because it had the fewest scruples and the greatest cynicism.

The danger was very great, and alarm was well founded. Conspiracy was felt to be everywhere. A complete revolution was about to meet the eyes of France and of the Assembly. When the day came, gentlemen, it must be said, a flash of patriotism lightened in honorable minds. A movement of political decency and of national honor took possession of the Assembly of Versailles; and, as ever, appeal was made to the only power that should be, in this country, in condition to drive back the cut-throats of despotism.

The Republic was appealed to. It became possible to make up a majority of honest men, of devoted citizens, of whom some have made real sacrifices of opinion, others con-

cessions of positions, whilst others still consented to postpone the immediate realization of their political tendencies. Gentlemen, the truth must be told, it was through horror of cæsarism, that hideous leprosy that threatens again to invade France; it was in order to be done with a provisional state, deadly and irritant, which was poisoning the very sources of national life, that finally led men to listen to the voice of universal suffrage. At the approach of peril, illusions fell away, eyes were opened, men of good purpose and of high faith entrusted themselves with resolution to democracy and to its spirit, and the Republic was born.

Ah I know well all that can be said. I know well that when one has right on his side, that when one is in possession of political truth, that when one has before him the justice of principles, it would be good and fine, great and advantageous, never to allow that in political action it could be lessened or restrained. I know above all that it would be a task, at once the sweetest and the noblest, to salute truth and justice in all their splendor and all their majesty.

Yes, my fellow citizens, we should be fortunate never to be reduced to treating with difficulties any more than with principles. But society does not begin with an ideal state of things. Human aggregations do not reach, at a single bound, either absolute perfection, or yet a better state. Progress is the work of time and of patience. The route is long; it is sown with perils and sacrifices; it is strewn with martyrs—and who, then, among those who know the nature of man, the conditions of society, the annals of history, has ever flattered himself that he could, before his life was ended, greet the full and absolute realization of truth among men?

No, no, let us pursue our task; let us carry on our labors of devotion; let us enlarge, by some small particle, the

patrimony bequeathed to us by our forefathers; let us, too, bring our tribute to this treasure that has been handed down to us, not only since the French Revolution, but ever since there has been a people breathing, working, suffering, struggling for right and liberty on the soil of our great, unhappy country, from the ocean to the Rhine, from the Alps to the Pyrenees. Have liberty, democracy, justice, and progress ever been, for this glorious and ill-starred people of France, otherwise than for an instant seen, greeted in fugitive moments, like a flash of lightning in the midst of storm? Could we wish any other issue in the midst of difficulties through which we struggle, than to put on our side law, legality, and, as far as possible, the respect of magistrates for the principles we represent, and to assure to this French Revolution, the conquests of which are shamefully denied, a régime at once lawful, definite, final, sheltered from the blows of violence and from the turns of fortune? Gentlemen, what have we acquired at the end of the reckoning? We have brought it about for our ideas, for our principles, for our government, that all Frenchmen, without exception, as well those at the head of the State as for the lowest subalterns, owe to them, under penalty of forfeiture and treason, both respect and obedience.

We were in a position of vexation, wearied, heavy with perils from abroad, that had to be suffered, for, gentlemen, let us never forget that, maimed as she is, France still remains an object of envy and of greed in the world. We had to make our way out of a formidable strait. The danger was extreme. What side should we take? Ah, gentlemen, reflect. As for your children, I know that they will never forget it,—there was a day when, under the inspiration of patriotism, lighted up by the perils to which France was ex-

posed, certain men under the mandate of their fellow citizens met and made a solemn treaty with the Republic that peace abroad and at home may be assured.

They made a constitution without much discussion. They organized powers, but not very minutely and, if I may say so, they did not examine and co-ordinate them very analytically. They were expeditious, and yet do you know what happened? It is this, that the work is better, perhaps, than the circumstances that engendered it; it is, that if we wish to appropriate to ourselves this work and make it ours, to examine it, to make use of it, to know it well throughout, that we may successfully apply it, it might well happen that this constitution, which our adversaries dread more than they mock, which our own friends know not well enough as yet, will offer to republican democracy the very best instrument for emancipation and liberation that has yet been put into our hands. . . .

Will you tell me in what country of old Europe, in guise of a democracy, they have made a better and more useful instrument? And if you sleep not, if you are not cool-hearted, lazy, or selfish, will you tell me if you have not in your hands the means of your enfranchisement? For note this: If your representatives be well chosen and from all districts at once, the result is certain. The French temper may be versatile, but it is very like unto itself, and there is not between those who dwell on the hills of Chaumont and those who live in the valley of the Rhône, the Vosges Mountains, or along the banks of the Loire, any very great distinction; the one that does exist is that you, citizens of Paris and of the towns, can, for all these obstacles, communicate with one another, and that our fellow citizens of the country cannot do so among themselves. The division wall that for-

bade communication has just been taken down. Henceforth we must act in concert, unite together, and deliberate how we shall act and vote in common. In the method of election of the Senate there is still another advantage, which is that of disciplining, solidifying, and arranging the gradations of democracy. In fact you will note that there have not been introduced into the organization of the electoral body persons from other places, with any different source than the choice of universal suffrage.

It was planned at one time to introduce certain functionaries, members of existing institutions, learned classes. In the end only men honored already with the confidence of their fellow citizens were let in, those only whom we elected by universal suffrage. In this manner we have naturally a homogeneous electoral body; a well-formed organization, with all that constitutes a compact and well-ordered hierarchy. Gentlemen, you will adhere to this organization, be sure, when you have put it into practice, and, if you are desirous of applying it, the same result will come from this law that came from that of the General Council: voted with enthusiasm by our adversaries to-day, they look upon it with distrust, and actually positions are changed. They would like well to undo it, and we are the ones to act as its defenders. . . .

Gentlemen, to struggle against the coalition of ideas that will be defended with eloquence, with art, with experience and talent, against a coalition that will always be agreed upon resistance to all measures of progress, to struggle against this immortal phalanx of belated conservatives, there must be battalions, youthful, determined, ever ready for strife, and in condition to serve and honor the republican party. The Senate ought, then, to be made up with much care and in-

telligence. I do not say that, at the first attempt, we shall succeed in creating a model Chamber, and that we shall have nothing more to desire; no, and I do not even wish that we might succeed so well at the first attempt, for that to which man clings is that which has been gained by slow degrees, painfully, with labor; it is that which he has obtained by the sweat of his brow and made his own by dint of perseverance and toil. It is the same in public as in private affairs: those fortunate from birth are often prodigal and ungrateful; those, on the other hand, who have fought against poverty, who have had a struggle to get the mere necessities of existence, and have succeeded in gathering the puny hoard that must serve to bless their old age and to assure an education to their children, those are the ones who know that the thing to which they cling the most is the thing that was the most difficult to win.

You see, my friends, that in my reflections upon the new Senate there are two very different elements: there is, on one side, that which pleases and reassures; and there is, on the other side, that which must disturb us and keep us awake. The pleasing part is that men nourished upon all the doctrinaire and royalist theories, men brought up for fifty years in the school of teachers who taught them a horror for democracy, an aversion for multitudes, should have reached the point where, under the pressure of events and of the public temper, they do not recognize as the origin of power, as the province of power, any other power than democracy.

Thus, if you look over the books of those who may be called the theorists of monarchy, Bonald, De Maistre, Guizot, the elder Broglie, you will see that they never have but one word in their mouths, never but one urgent call to address to public men, which they repeat and vary under all forms.

"Be very careful", they say, "not to let democracy creep into the constitution of government, not to let it get in, either at the time of preparation or of execution of legal voting."

Now, here, as I have just demonstrated, democracy in the very foundation, in that which constitutes the essence of this country, the Commune, is not only invited to take part in the execution of the law, it does even more: it names the supreme head of the State. Never forget that this Senate elected by your mandatories and your delegates will reform the law; that it will have the right to consult the country, to appeal to it by means of dissolution; that it co-operates in nominating the chief officer of the State; that it can even dismiss him in certain anticipated and stated cases. It is, then, just to say that by means of this institution of the Senate not only does democracy have a place in the law, because it is the principle of it, its source and origin, but it holds within its discretion the public powers, the executive and the legislative; it reigns and governs. By this institution of the Senate, if well understood and well applied, democracy is sovereign mistress of France.

But here is a difficulty; for our democracy, henceforth all powerful, there must be labor, study, patience; above all must there be political foresight. Under the penalty of seeing all designs it forms for the future miscarry, our democracy should learn to govern itself; to control its own eagerness; not wish to gain aught except after a period of time and through the progress of public reason.

I am not ignorant that the application and working of this constitution of the 25th of February is to begin in the midst of a democracy, that is very well disposed, but education and enlightenment have been too sparingly measured out to it

for it to be really in condition, without controversy, without error, without repulse, without faltering, to govern immediately; nor am I ignorant also that our country districts have been poisoned with false ideas, lying circulars, stories, each more ridiculous than the rest. I know that the peasant whose shrewdness is my supreme hope, whose probity is the veritable reserve force of French morality, is about to find himself exposed to many snares; that he will be solicited by selfish interests that stop at nothing to intimidate and trouble him. I know how many enemies he has to guard against, as often he does without having the appearance of it; I know to just what point fanaticism, ignorance, threats try to put upon him, to make him yield and to turn him from his true path, from his natural inclination, which is the democratic republic.

I know all these things, but I also know that, little by little, under the influence of the laws, of the institutions, in spite of the wicked humors and opposition of certain men, I know that liberty will come, even to him; that the propaganda of his brothers, of his fellow citizens, will take hold upon him; that his own reflection will emancipate him; that he will feel, of his own self, as he says familiarly, that he is master of his cabin, and that he must be so in his Commune, because he maintains, works for, suffers and dies for France; and when, joining these two ideas in his head, dominion in the Commune and sacrifice for his country, the peasant shall have reached the true conception of sovereignty, on that day the Republic will be founded indestructibly.

For the peasant does not change, not he: he is not variable; he is always engaged in procuring the same necessities; he is always sustained by the same thought; he always has his eye fixed upon the same goal; he has not always been free,

and a troop of ideas do not enter at one time into his head; but when an idea does reach there, in vain can parties or factions assail it.

It is like a wedge in the heart of an oak; nothing can draw it out. There lies his power, and if he has often disavowed us republicans, who have never ceased to labor for him, we have always regarded him as the real representative of the conquests of the French Revolution. We well knew that some day he would turn again toward republican democracy, toward the new France, the France of knowledge and of labor, sorry that for so long he has disowned her and is ready to become her most glorious and noble son.

Gentlemen, to-day an event of great import has taken place before our eyes, calling for our deepest meditation. We are present at the coalition of the toiler of the fields and the workman of the towns; between the small proprietors and the burghers; and this coalition must be made without passion, without prejudices, with a broadness of spirit and sincerity of heart, without reference to the past, without being either distrustful or exclusive. It means that all who understand that France has need of sap and fruitfulness, of morality and of order, of liberty and of justice, meet together in the fraternal and patriotic alliance of the proletarian class and the burgher. That is what is needed not only in Parliament, but in the nation itself, in the press, in books, in schools, above all, where future generations are to meet, those who will come after us and will carry forward still the task we shall leave behind....

Government of the country by the country, such is the desire of France. This is the principle that has rallied under the flag of the Republic a certain number of men separated from us by memories. They are not numerous; not enough

so, gentlemen, and we must hope that their number may increase.

They have come to us to avoid falling back again under the inept and criminal dictatorship which led to the mutilation of our country. They have likewise come, it must be said, to take part in the life and destinies of the new France. What is left of the old régime is dead, and happily dead, and the living ought to, and desire to, live with the living. They have come to us and have helped us in founding this beginning of a nascent Republic. France receives it to-day from their hands and from ours, and I am convinced that if they are faithful to their new convictions, if they wish, with us, to demand public liberty, if they wish progress in the midst of order, as we wish order in progress, France will not cheapen her gratitude and rend the pact that we have joined in making for the protection of our country under the very eye of the foe. As for myself, I ask of them only sincerity, and I say that in all circumstances mastery dwells in sincerity. . . .

I know that some will try to alarm these newcomers. They know not yet what powers of abnegation and sacrifice you have within you. They know not, and they must learn it;—for that reason I say so here,—that you have ever been in patient readiness to reap the smallest fruit, ready for concessions provided they were not falsehoods, ready to support the whole. And was that in your own interest? Oh, no,—in the interest of those ideas of justice and advancement which you make incarnate in the Republic. Let them learn, then, that if we have been stranded for sixty years during the establishing of the conquests of the French Revolution, it is because their predecessors were strangers to democracy and hated without understanding it. Let them come here, then;

let them look upon and become familiar with these citizens who for twenty-five years have ever known how to respect the law, ever make wise choice, ever to wait, ever to have patience with these people who are ever eager to gather in men of high purpose and of sincere convictions, and they will see that all these chimerical apprehensions, these exaggerated and unwise alarms, are only means of reaction, that nothing is more simple and easy, and that nothing could be more salutary than to be done, once for all, with all these fears, all these dreads, these demagogic spectres, and to say in the face of Europe, listening and impressed by the spectacle of such a noble reconciliation—"Republicans and Frenchmen be reunited; the welfare of France and her honor require it; be united, for we must needs be strong."

We desire that the French Republic, organized by the concord and union of good citizens, imposing itself legally upon all, even upon those who wanted it not, shall bring France back to her true traditions by assuring the conquests and the principles of the Revolution of 1789, and, in the first rank of all, the following principle, that public power ought to be free in its own domain, and the state should be secular.

What we have to ask of her is, to take her stand resolutely for herself, for her ideas, for her genius; to no greater extent than she has been willing to incline toward reform should she incline toward ultramontane principles. We will continue the work of our forefathers, the French Revolution, wrought by the men of the eighteenth century in France, by the France of reason, of free discussion. That is enough, not only to limit our horizon, but to define the rôle we have to play.

[Special translation by Archibald R. Tisdal]

JOSEPH COOK

JOSEPH COOK, LL.D., a popular American lecturer and author, was born at Ticonderoga, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1838, and died there June 24, 1901. He was educated at the universities of Yale and Harvard, graduating at Cambridge in 1865, first in philosophy and rhetoric. He studied theology at Andover Theological seminary and preached for a year or two at Lynn and other Massachusetts towns, but declined to accept a pastorate. In 1871, he set out on an extended tour abroad. He returned in 1873, after having studied one year with the learned Dr. Tholuck, and having seen much of England, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and Greece. He took up his residence at Boston in 1874, as a literary man and preacher. His name became familiar to the public in 1875, when he was pastor of a Congregational Church at Boston, and, as such, was invited by the Young Men's Christian Association of the city to speak in the prayer-meeting of that organization, held weekly on Mondays at noon. His audience was composed largely of ministers, and his reputation quickly grew as a thinker and rhetorician. Larger quarters had to be found to accommodate the crowd of people desirous of hearing the speaker, and it was found that the capacity of Tremont Temple was barely sufficient.

The lectures were under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association until May, 1876, when, at a meeting in the Bromfield Street Church, resolutions were passed founding the Boston Monday lectureship, and placing it, for the next season, under the care of a committee consisting of men of different evangelical denominations. The object of these lectures was to present the results of the freshest German, English, and American scholarship on the more important topics concerning the relation of religion and science. These lectures, which were delivered at noon, continued for close upon twenty years.

His utterances were published weekly in a hundred American newspapers, and had wide circulation in Canada and in Great Britain. In 1876, Mr. Cook's lectures and "preludes" first appeared in book form. In 1878, he delivered one hundred and fifty lectures, thirty of which were new. These have been translated into various foreign languages. In 1879, he began a series of Thursday evening lectures at New York, and in 1880–82 he made a lecturing tour round the world, addressing audiences in the principal cities of the British Isles, India, Japan, and Australia. In 1888, he established "Our Day," a monthly magazine of reform. His published works include "Biology" (1877); "Transcendentalism" (1877); "Orthodoxy" (1878); "Conscience" (1878); "Heredity" (1879); "Alcohol and the Human Brain" (1879); "Marriage" (1879); "Labor" (1880); "Socialism" (1880); "Certainties of the Soul and Speculations of Science" (1881); "Christ and Modern Thought" (1881); "Occident" (1884); "Orient" (1886); "Current Religious Thought" (1888).

CERTAINTIES IN RELIGION

A LITTLE while ago we were not in the world—a little while hence we shall be here no longer. This is arithmetic. This is the clock. Demosthenes used to say that every speech should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Now, it is scientifically incontrovertible that a little while ago we were not here, and a little while hence we shall be here no more.

De Tocqueville said that you will in vain try to make any man religious who has no thought of dying. Now, the first of religious certainties is that we are going hence soon. As to that proposition there is not a particle of doubt. In this audience we have assembled the eastern West and the western East. But among all the *coteries* of small philosophy which annoy our unrolling democratic ages, in the Mississippi Valley or the Ohio, or in that of the Hudson, the Connecticut, or the Merrimac, there is no one who can deny that we are going hence soon and that we want to go hence in peace.

Here, then, are two religious certainties, that we must go out of this world — and that if law is universal in its reign we shall not, in going out of this world, escape from the sovereignty of the moral law revealed in conscience here, and likely to be revealed in the next world quite as fully as it is in our present low estate.

I defy any man to deny that we are going hence. I defy any man to deny that we want to go hence in peace. I defy any man to show that we can go hence in peace unless we are harmonized with our environment.

What is that?

Our environment is made up of God, of the plan of our own natures, and of our record in the past; and therefore we must be harmonized with God in conscience and our record, or, in the very nature of things, there cannot be peace for us. Aristotle built his whole philosophy on the proposition that a thing can exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense; that is to say, self-contradiction is the proof of error everywhere.

And now, since we have an environment made up of God, conscience, and our record, we must be either in harmony or in dissonance with it; and if we are in dissonance we are not in harmony with it; and if we are in harmony we are not in dissonance with it. And so it is incontrovertible that with whatever environment we cannot escape from we must come into harmony, and that environment consists of conscience, and of God, and of our record.

But, before I proceed to state analytically the propositions I am to defend as the basis of natural religion, let me call pause to your thoughts and endeavor to bring for a moment a solemn hush here, such as will exist in our souls when eternity breathes on our cheeks.

You say it is a very commonplace proposition that we are going hence; but did you ever calculate how many mature working hours there are in an ordinary lifetime?

Very few men begin labor for themselves earlier than at the period of twenty-five years of age. Very few continue such labor beyond the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth year of life and the seventieth there are forty-five years, and if you throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays, and thirteen for vacations and illness and other interruptions, you have 300 working days a year. That is to

say, in forty-five years you have 13,500 working days. Now, suppose that you labor ten hours a day, a very large average to be continued through forty-five years, you will therefore have in the forty-five mature years of life 135,000 working hours. At the end of that very short stretch of time you will go hence. Some of you have about 100,000 working hours left. Some of you have not 60,000, some of you not 30,000. Really there is no doubt about the proposition that at the end of 135,000 working hours any man's life which has already had twenty-five years in it will be over, and Gettysburg will be fought and won in that time, and America! it will not be half as interesting as the unseen holy into which all men haste.

We say that we are to remain here. America is to remain; but it is the tree, we are the leaves. The leaves fall, although the tree endureth. Over the stringy bridges of the Atlantic mountain ranges and the Pacific God will draw the cords of civilization many an age yet, and thrum them to his own glory and to the good of men. But you and I will listen to the music from the upper and not from the under side.

"Onward storms my strong-limbed race,
And pause, for Time is nigh,
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer, I.

"Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf:
One, but one, and that one brief."

Mrs. Browning used to look toward the Alps and repeat the words of one of her famous poems:

"Above the star.
Pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy is there."

So our America, my friends, is not on the shore of a great lake, the valley of the Father of Waters, or in that delicious nook of the world we call New England. Our Mississippi is yonder with the Father of spirits. Mrs. Browning would repeat often the words of an old English poet:

> "Although the day it seems so bright,
> Long after the day cometh the dark night."

At last the bell ringeth to evensong, ringeth, she would say, with a melody that is prodigal of echoes.

Now, in that hushed silence, in that attention of the whole spirit which is given to religious truth, the moment we say we are going hence, and that we wish to go hence in peace, ring any bell of merely negative philosophy, ring any tocsin of audacious self-conceit in the field of mere speculation, and ask how satisfying are the echoes.

We want truth, and we want that on which we can depend as we take our leap into the unseen; and we want, therefore, certainty guaranteed, both by natural and by revealed truth. We want, when we go hence, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and in which we may at this moment take up our residence, provided only we bring ourselves into peace with our environment.

But that house not made with hands, perhaps it is about us now, perhaps we are not at peace with it at this moment, perhaps we do not like the company in the house not made with hands. There are in that palace things that we can see from this present low position of the human race, and some of the things in it I assure you this morning, some pictures you have turned with their faces to the wall, I would turn with their faces toward the front; and in the house not made with hands where we stand already, I would raise the question whether it is possible for us to live happily in that

house unless we love what its Lord loves and unless we build according to the pattern of his own palace. . . .

Among the certainties in religion I rank these first: that there are three things from which we cannot escape, our own natures, God, and our record. When the battle was fought between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," the ship "Cumberland" was sunk in water so shallow that her top-gallants remained above the wave. A friend of mine who was in the cabinet of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts had a friend in the hold of that vessel—a surgeon attending to the wounded. When the ship went down he was nearly strangled by the rushing in of the brine, but, keeping in view the light that was streaming down the hatchways, he aided himself out on the rigging, and at last, almost dead, was taken into a boat at the surface of the sea in safety.

Now, the insidious and almost unseen persuasion of human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we shall leave ourselves behind ourselves at the bottom of the sea, and escape through the engulfing torrents from ourselves, and be taken into a lifeboat on the surface of the eternal ocean and saved.

Now, the trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is in the nature of things. We are the "Cumberland," and the "Cumberland" cannot swim out of the "Cumberland," can it? While you continue to exist you will have to keep company with yourself, will you not? Is there any doubt about that? Is there anybody here so surprising in his doctrinal unrest as to deny that while his existence continues it will be necessary for him to keep company with the plan of his own nature?

We are in existence, and while we continue in existence we cannot flee from our own individualities. One wife I

cannot be divorced from—that is, my conscience. Your Indiana divorce law may be lax, but the supreme powers do not pass divorce laws between man and conscience. We are to stay with ourselves, for the "Cumberland" cannot swim out of the "Cumberland," that is one certainty. But it is sure the "Cumberland" cannot escape from the water in which it floats. It cannot float among the sands.

We never shall escape from omnipresence. There is no fleeing from a being who is everywhere and who is omnipotent. The old Latin proverb says, "*Si vis fugere Deo, fuge ad Deum*"—"If you wish to flee from God, flee to God." For the only way to flee from an omnipotent being and an omnipresent one is to flee to him. There is no cloud at this moment shot through by the sunlight so saturatingly as we all are, and always shall be shot through by the omnipresence. There is no sedge in the seething white and green below the terrible majesty of Niagara yonder that is so boiled full of water as we all shall be, and are, with God's presence, whether we feel it or not.

Undoubtedly the dull surge yonder in the foam knows little of the sublimity of Niagara; and so we, tossed to and fro, in natural law, know little of the awesome depth and height below us and above us; but the day will come when we shall know, and we are to be filled, as never was a floating seaweed with the ocean, with God. And it is sure that he will be our environment, as well as our own nature its own environment. Faculties touch faculties, and, as I may say when I clasp my hands, one hand is the environment of another. So I may say, when my faculties interact, that one faculty is an environment of the faculty that stands next to it. So I call our own individualities a part of our own environment.

But the past is unchangeable. Not only can the "Cum-

berland" not swim out of the "Cumberland" and out of the sea: it cannot escape from its own weight, can it? You were born in the commonwealth of New York. Omnipotence cannot make it true that you were not born there. You have done things in the past which form pictures which you would gladly turn to the wall. Omnipotence cannot make it true that those things never were done. Even God's power cannot make a thing that has once been not to have been. In the nature of things what once has occurred will always be an event that has occurred, and the nature of things is only another name for God's nature. Our record in the unchangeable past, our conscience must face it, and God must face it.

And now I will hold that I am on firm scientific ground when I say that there are three things we cannot escape from, these interacting faculties in our souls, this power of the universe which brought us into existence, and which reveals itself in physical and moral law; this omnipresence, this omnipotence, this unswathing somewhat and someone; and, lastly, our record which we must face, and which he must face.

Consequently it is incontrovertibly certain that these three things constitute our unalterable environment while we continue to exist in the next world as well as in this.

Just here my friends the skeptics will say that I am passing into the region of conjecture; but all I ask of them to-day, or on any other occasion, is to be true to the scientific method. You say that law is universal.

Very well, then. If I can measure a little arc of a law here I will draw the whole circle from the arc. Any three points determine the direction of a curve. You say that if you can make here the truth about gravitation clear, you

know what gravitation is in the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. You say if you have a good text-book here on gravitation, that book is worth something in the North Star.

Go to Mr. Dana of New Haven, and he affirms that a good text-book on the laws of light would be worth something in the constellation of Orion, and he is sure of that because he is sure of the universality of law. This is one of the sublimest points of view of natural science, for, as Dana has said with fine epigrammatic phrase, "Our earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelations of truth."

It becomes such because any three points determine the curve of a circle. You ascertain here that light moves in straight lines, that it is the opposite of darkness, and you know that those things are true about it yonder in the stars. You bring down from the stars light to your spectroscope and analyze it, and find that certain minerals are in the stars yonder, and our light here we can analyze in the same way.

If I know what natural laws are on this globe, I have a right to walk right out on their ascertained curve and say that in worlds outside of this those laws prevail, for laws are universal and a unit. Now, what you do with regard to the physical law you call gravitation, I have a right to do in regard to the equally tangible law which inheres in conscience. It is enough for me to assert that the moral law is a natural law just as much as the law of gravitation. You believe that all natural law is a unit and universal; so I say that if I can determine a curve of the moral law here, I have a right to walk on it right up to Orion, right up to the North Star and the Pleiades.

In the name of the scientific method I do this. Precisely

this audacity or scientific caution was exhibited in the parables of our Lord, for from the experience of men at the fireside with the moral law and from the sheepfold he drew illustrations of moral principles the range of which he swept through the universe, and by which he explained, not only our present existence, but the world that is to come. He assumed everywhere the unity of the moral law.

I affirm that a good text-book on the moral law here is worth something in Heaven. A good text-book here on physical gravitation is worth something in Orion. A good text-book on moral gravitation here is worth something in the heavens that shall never be rolled away. And I maintain that in these assertions I am not going by the breadth of a hair to the right or the left from the path of scientific straightforwardness.

Moral law is just as much natural law as physical law, and moral law as natural law, is universal and a unit. The three points of a curve of moral gravitation may determine a circle as well as the three points in the curve of physical gravitation. Our globe, on account of the universality and the unity of law, is immensity itself in its revelations of moral as well as physical truth, although it be but an atom in the moral and physical immensity.

Third. It is incontrovertibly certain that, according to Herbert Spencer, we need nothing so much as harmonization with our environment. That phrase is Spencerian and singularly strategic when once we take the right point of view. Our environment—why, it is not merely physical; it is spiritual as well. And, after all, I am not so much concerned as to my physical environment as to my spiritual, even in this low estate.

I can be tolerably happy in any physical surroundings if

my spiritual environment is right. We know that in this life wise men are far more cautious about their spiritual environment, that is, the interaction of their souls' faculties upon each other, and their feeling of harmony or dissonance with the nature of things, than they are concerning wealth or poverty, or even the flames that curl about the martyr's stake. In our present calloused condition we are far more influenced by our spiritual than our physical environments.

We have now proved that our unalterable environment here and hereafter is our nature, God, and our record; and even according to reactionary, half-studied thought, that style of philosophy which captures beginners only. We are told that we must have harmonization of our environment, or we cannot possibly be at peace with the universe.

Herbert Spencer is the philosopher of beginners. The other day I went to Harvard University to give a lecture on conscience in the Sanders Theatre there, and it was my fortune to meet the Professor of Metaphysics before the lecture in the parlor of the preacher to the University. I put to Professor Bowen, my former instructor, this question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Harvard University?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he has a future here, but it is all down hill."

To the younger Professor of Philosophy there, once my classmate, I put the same question and received for substance the same answer. I know that a brilliant Spencerian, Mr. Fiske, has sent out from Harvard University the best American book on the Spencerian philosophy. It is never my policy to underrate the intellectual worth of any critic on views I consider vital. It is worth mentioning, however, that Mr. Fiske began as an anti-Spencerian, and nobody knows what he may be yet. He has reversed his whole philosophical system twice, at least, and to-day does not repre-

sent the university, in which he is not an instructor, but simply an assistant librarian.

It is important for me, at this distance from Harvard, to make these statements, for it is commonly supposed that Harvard has been captured by Herbert Spencer. I not long ago met a distinguished scholar from England, who is now in this country and has become a critic of the free religionists, and I put to him the question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Great Britain, and especially in the universities?" He replied with caution and great ingenuousness: "If the truth must be whispered, it is that Herbert Spencer is losing his hold on the acutest and boldest critics of Great Britain." Nevertheless you will find that men who are beginning to read philosophy are often captured by Spencer's style, are commonly very reverent toward him. The newspaper men are most of them Spencerians.

Spencer, you know, thinks that all truth concerning God is like the back side of the moon—we never see it, we can know nothing about it. Well, what if that were so? I should not admit that the back side of the moon has no influence on us. I never saw the back side of the moon, that is true; but I know that there is not a wave in the far-gleaming sea from here to Japan that is not influenced by that back side as much as by the front; and that there is no ripple along the sedges of any coast, public or private, in time past or in time to come, that is not under the law of the tides, and is not as much indebted for its motion to the unknown side as to the known.

While I employ, therefore, Herbert Spencer's famous phrase concerning the necessity of our harmonization with our environment, I would give it a far wider sweep than he allows to it, and yet I need to insist only on self-evident truth, or direct inference from such truth—namely, that our

environment with which we must be harmonized is made up here and hereafter of our conscience, God and our record.

Fourth. It is therefore scientifically known that harmonization with conscience, God, and our record is the unalterable natural condition of peace of soul.

What? Natural conditions for salvation?

Yes. Well, life is rather serious if the very nature of things has in it conditions of our salvation. You are at war with the nature of things. Which shall change, you or it? Let us be serious, my friends, because God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire. There cannot be an upper without there being an under. There cannot be a here without there being a there. There cannot be a before without there being an after. There cannot be a right without there being a left.

You say these propositions are all incontrovertible; but, if you please, they have applications to interests of ours deeper than the immensities and more enduring than the eternities. If the nature of things is against us, God is against us. The nature of things is only another name for the total outcome of the Divine perfections. He cannot deny himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And the nature of things is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It has no variableness or shadow of turning. With him is no variableness or shadow of turning. It is he. Are you in dissonance with it? Then are you in dissonance with him. If, in face of the nature of things you need a change, so you do in the presence of a personal God.

What! am I assuming the Divine personality? Not at all. I am not endeavoring to prove it to-day, but I say there cannot be a here without a there, there cannot be a before without an after, there cannot be an upper without an under, and

so I say there cannot be a thought without a thinker. There is thought in the universe, a thought not our own. That thought in the universe proves that there is a thinker in the universe not ourselves, and a thinker is a person. You cannot have thought without a thinker any more than a here without a there, or an upper without an under; and you know there is a thought in the universe that is not your thought.

Agassiz, over and over, would close the majestic sections of his discussion of natural science by asserting that all facts of zoology, for instance, or geology, exhibit thought, prescience, forecast. Standing on that assertion I affirm that there cannot be thought without a thinker, and that a thinker is a person.

Now, with that person the law of existence is that he cannot deny himself. Out of that "cannot" burst forth all the self-evident truths of the universe. We cannot have an upper without an under; we cannot make a whole less than a part, we cannot make a straight line other than the shortest distance between two points; we cannot erase the difference between right and wrong; and all those things we are unable to do because the nature of things will not reverse itself.

God, in other words, the Thinker, who is the Ruler of all his creation, cannot deny himself. You feel that you must be in harmony with the nature of things. You dare not deny the perfection of the nature of things. Submit to it then. Positively the government of this universe is not elective. There are natural conditions of salvation.

What is salvation? I mean by that word permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin. Well, that definition clears up a point or two. If salvation means that, it is about time for us to seek deliverance from the love of sin and guilt of sin. The love of sin? Why, I ought not

to be at peace if I have that. The guilt of sin? If I have that, I ought not to be at peace with the universe. But "ought" has God in it.

Until a man gets rid of both the love and the guilt of sin he cannot be at peace with the nature of things. Without perfect freedom from the love of sin and perfect freedom from the guilt of it, a man cannot be at peace in a universe, managed as it ought to be, and this universe is managed as it ought to be, and it will be for some time hence.

What I am afraid of is not the bann of any ecclesiastical party—I belong to no party,—but it is dissonance with the nature of things. It is want of harmony with that constitution of the universe which was, and is, and is to come. "Gentlemen," said Edmund Burke once to the electors at Bristol, "neither your vain wishes nor mine can change the nature of things."

Now, I want no theology that is not built on rendered reasons. I want no pulpit—no dying pillow. I will put under the head of no dying man as a pillow anything that is not built on the nature of things. It is unalterable, and it is he.

Fifth. It is scientifically incontrovertible that we know inductively that the soul, like everything else, is made on a plan; and

Sixth. That the plan of any mechanism is to be ascertained by finding out how it can be operated as nearly frictionless as possible.

Seventh. That the frictionless in a full-orbed human nature is the natural in human nature.

Eighth. That continuous joy in all the faculties is a sign of the frictionless or natural action of the faculties.

Ninth. That only when reason and conscience are supreme

in the religious sense can a full-orbed soul obtain frictionless action within its environs or continuous joy in all its faculties.

Tenth. That the religious is therefore scientifically known by induction to be the only natural, that is, the only frictionless, action of human nature within its unalterable environment of God, conscience, and our record.

My hand is made to shut toward the front, and not toward the back. I think I know that in spite of all the chatter of the know-nothing philosophy which asserts that we cannot be sure that there is any intention, although we do see the adaptation of means to ends, in nature.

Now, that prince of American mathematicians, Professor Peirce of Harvard University, lately delivered a lecture in Boston, in which he said: "If there is no force in the universe except what we call natural law, physical and moral, where is God?" And his reply was: "God is in the intention exhibited in the universe everywhere."

In this he uttered one of the deepest of the propositions of the most advanced thought in Germany and in England, though not of the thought that has made the most clamor in the newspapers and in the magazines. That hand I know was made to shut toward the front, and how do I know it? Why, not to use technical terms, I know that it was intended to shut toward the front and not toward the back, because I can shut it thus with the least friction. If I try to shut my hand toward the back, at once certain parts of its mechanism resist that action, and I crush the hand by trying to shut it in that way. I affirm that the hand cannot have been made in such a manner that its natural action is its own destruction. The hand cannot have been so bunglingly made that when it acts as it was meant to act it will break itself.

Now, just that is the rule concerning the soul, if you please. How are you to find out what is natural action in the soul? Why, just as you find out the natural action of the hand by ascertaining what the frictionless action is. That looks very simple, you say; but, after all, the principle runs very widely through religious science.

Here is a piece of mechanism. I do not know the plan of it, but I try to start the loom this way and that, and I find I am crushing a wheel here and a spring there. You have made that loom, it may be; and you have a written book concerning it, but I say you are a partisan. I will not read the book. God made man, and knows the plan of man's nature, and has written a book called the Bible explaining the plan and giving direction in regard to human life. But we say that book is partisan, and we will have none of it.

I try to operate your loom, and you stand by and you see my work, and are very willing I should have your experience as a guide.

But I say, "I will have none of your wisdom, even though you are the servant of the mind which made the loom. You have set out under the direction of the maker, and you understand the way of operating it; but you are a partisan, and I will have none of your wisdom, for perhaps you are a minister. In these days, although a man is a man, even if his father was rich or poor, I think a man is not quite a man if he is a minister and claims any authority. So I will have none of this partisan guidance, for I believe in Spencer."

This mechanism is before me, and I go on trying it now this way and now that. This is just what those professional guides want me to do. They have been studying this human loom all their lives. They have had experience in community after community, and probably have a better chance to

understand human nature on all its sides than men not in their profession.

But as they are partisans I will experiment for myself. They want me to do so. At last I find that the machine moves smoothly. I can weave a web on it that will sell. I can make up a cargo of my weaving at Chicago and carry it to Liverpool without unpacking it, and there it will bring a price. The loom it weaves pattern after pattern, and those patterns all sell. At last, I say, I have found out how to operate this machine.

Just so I affirm concerning this far more complicated machine we call the human soul, that it must work frictionlessly or we may be assured of the fact that it works wrong, and that we have not ascertained the way in which it was meant to work. Everything is made on a plan, and therefore you know the soul is made on a plan.

But now, everything made on a plan is a kind of mechanism, and every piece of mechanism works best when it works with the least friction. My hand does not work absolutely without friction, but the movement of least friction is the natural action of it. And so with the soul, the action of least friction is the natural action. Will you please apply that very simple principle to human nature without the Bible in sight, and look at this whole topic from the point of view of the scientific method?

What is a frictionless action in the soul of a full-orbed man? Why do I say full-orbed? Because this loom might turn against the very plan of it if you were to take off half a dozen wheels. The young man who has crushed out fifty or eighty of the noblest instincts of his nature by dissipation —he is not only a dissipated man, but he is a dizzypated man; he is not a fair specimen of human nature. I will not take

him to find out how this human machine may be made to operate harmoniously upon itself, for several of the wheels are gone. Perhaps I could turn him the wrong way and give no distress to his faculties.

Well, but you say this is a very unfair procedure.

It is a scientific procedure, for if I go to Ann Arbor, or the University of New York, and ask some great professor what the lily of the valley is, or what the plant we call maize is, he will not show me a stunted specimen. If I carry to him a lily of the valley or a stalk of maize, he will want a specimen that grew in good soil, and that was well watered, and that showed all the powers of the plant. If I present to him the plant which rustles over so many hundred square miles on the prairies yonder, he will ask, "Did the maize come from France, where it produces forty to one; or from Illinois, where it produces eighty to one; or from Mexico, where it produces a hundred and fifty to one?"

He will not take the maize to put into his cabinet unless it is a full-grown specimen, and he is perfectly scientific in that procedure; and so with the lily of the valley—he will not have it from any stunted soil, but he tells me that I must make up a picture of it if I cannot get a perfect specimen. Some specimens are good, and I will picture the best in a number of specimens until I have from several specimens a perfect idea of what that plant can do. When I have done this I carry that picture to Professor Agassiz, or Professor Dana, and he will say, "That is a lily of the valley that I will show to the world as a specimen of what is natural in that plant."

Just so I claim that if I am to follow the scientific method in ascertaining what is natural to human nature, I must take full-grown specimens, and if I cannot find in any one man or

woman all the growth of all the faculties, I will take the best history has shown here and the best it has shown there, and make up my ideal of man as Agassiz does his ideal of the lily of the valley.

What is natural to man? Let us answer that question by an unflinching application of the scientific method. Let us for a moment build up a man by that stern style of dissection which the student of merely physical science applies to the plant. We shall find ourselves confronted at once with a sense of our own fragmentary growth. I have a right, just as in the case of the lily of the valley, to take the best of many specimens.

Put together Phocion for Greece, and Hampden for England, and Washington and your Lincoln for America, as representatives of lofty justice in men. Take your Aristotle and Bacon, your Kant and Hamilton and Edwards, as specimens of analytical power. Take your Isaiahs and Fénelons and Bossuets, your Miltons and your Jeremy Taylors, as illustrations of the height which men may attain in the spiritual imagination and insight. Take your Napoleons, your Hannibals, your Cæsars, for executive strength. Put into those full-orbed men the consciences of the martyrs and the apostles and the prophets.

And now, having built up the loftiest zones of human nature according to the scientific method, I will not diverge from the stern demands of science: I will put into the lower zones of man's nature the very best growth you have ever seen there. For after Isaiah and Plato, after the prophets and apostles, after the Cæsars and Napoleons, after the Kants and Hamiltons have been put into the upper ranges, I can bear to put into the lower, as added basilar strength, the Caligulas and the Neros and the Domitians and the Vespa-

sians. It will only give steeds to these riders to put the best growth of the basilar faculties beneath the best growth of the coronal. It is good for a man to have a tempest in the lower half of his face if he has a hurricane in the upper half.

Now, with that thought of a full-orbed man before you, ask whether nature made up thus can stoop to the gutter, can be at peace while uttering the words "I will not" defiantly to the still small voice that says "I ought," can harmonize itself with the environment which faculty gives to faculty when it will not do what it knows it ought to do or what the nature of things requires? Is it in such a full-orbed specimen of human nature to act crookedly or to drop down to vice?

There is a rule in the United States that no one State can declare war or make peace without the consent of all the other States. Massachusetts and South Carolina have no right, under the Constitution, to fall into war or to declare peace unless the Union gives its consent. Now just that is the law of this republic of faculties, and is the law of this full-orbed nature which I have sketched, and of which we have at best only a sketch, for a man must be a full-orbed nature in order to appreciate one of that nature.

In man's nature there is a law that there must not be any secession. South Carolina must not go out of the Union. But all the vices are South Carolina's. There is not a vice that can get a vote of the Union on its own side. I claim there is not a single action in human nature known as a vice that is not a secessionist in the constitution of man's nature.

Now, if you please, it is getting to be a stern last morning with all philosophy that has vice, if these things can be demonstrated to all men. We know we are made on a plan, and the soul ought to act frictionlessly, and, of course, when men

take a full-orbed soul as a specimen of what is natural, and we know that every vice is a secessionist, why, we know then scientifically there is a best way to live, and if there is a best way to live, we know scientifically that it is best to live the best way.

You think nothing can be proved outside of the Bible? Why, all these propositions I hold would be true even if there had been given us no revelation. I hold this is incontrovertible.

Eleventh. That these truths are known by strict induction, independent of revelation itself.

Yonder thunders Niagara. In the distance gleam the great lakes, not five of them only, but twelve, a chain of lakes extending from the Arctic Sea to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Great Bear, the Great Slave, and Athabasca, and Winnebago being the upper end of the silver and golden ribbon stretching across the colossal breast twice washed in the blood of our beloved America.

Now, suppose I should lose my guide-book to North America, would the map of North America change? What if the book we call the Bible were to be discredited? as it is in no danger of being. What if the theory of inspiration, which I hold in a high and severe form, were to be given up, would religion evaporate in human affairs? I carry a guide-book to Niagara and the great lakes, and it may be I shall lose it; but I have not the slighest fear that the plan of North America will change when my guide-book is lost. Revelation is only the sun rising upon the landscape of the nature of things, and the sun reveals, but does not create, the landscape.

Religion will stand on the nature of things as long as it is known that law is universal, that the soul is made on a plan,

and that therefore we do know by strict induction that the frictionless action of the human faculties is the only natural action, for it is the only action in harmony with out environment.

We must not allow ourselves to be thrown into tremor by fear that the inspiration of the Bible is a truth that will be given up. To-day the Bible is read in two hundred languages of the globe. To-day more money is spent for it than in any previous age of the world. I do not know a single infidel book over a hundred years old that has not been put upon the upper shelf by scholars. I do not know a Boston infidel book worth reading. One or two of Theodore Parker's books went into a second edition, but in this country there never appeared a second edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. That one fact is sufficient proof that they are not abreast of the times in Boston, where every man is a philosopher.

But, my friends, it is worth insisting upon that when our faculties act as they are meant to do they will not give us pain. It is undoubtedly painful at first to constrain ourselves to virtuous action, but the religious man is not an unhappy man fundamentally. Your man of morality is the person who sails past the isle of the sirens and does not land, but he rather wants to do so. You remember that the ancients had a story about the golden fleece, and that once Ulysses went in search of the costly object, and on his voyage passed the isle of the sirens. They sang to him, and in order to keep his crew from being enchanted he filled their ears with wax and bound himself to the mast with knotted thongs. In that way he went by safely. But he rather wanted to land, and so was not at peace. Of course, if a man wants to land and will not let himself land, there is a conflict in his nature, and

mere cold prudence does not give him harmonization with his environment.

The ancients said that when Orpheus went by that island, he being, as you remember, a great musician, he set up better music than that of the sirens, and so enchanted his crew that they went by, disdaining the sorcerers' shore. They not only passed safely, but victoriously and at peace.

Now, the man of morality is Ulysses bound to the mast with knotted thongs, and his ears filled with wax, cold prudence taking him by, but he rather wants to land. Orpheus is the man of religion. He has heard a better music which has outsung the sirens, and he goes by not only with safety, but with disdain. That is the distinction between harmonization with our environment and forced action in some sort of prudential conformity to moral law.

No morality can give us peace. When you define morality as Ulysses with his ears filled with wax and his arms bound to the masts, and yet some desire existing in his heart to land, that desire must be taken away from his heart or he cannot be at peace. When he desires to do what he cannot do there is a collision among his faculties, and he is not harmonized with the environment of faculty upon faculty.

That is as evident as that a thing cannot be here and there at the same time and in the same sense. We therefore know scientifically that no mere morality in this sense of prudential self-control, mere cool selfishness, is enough to give peace, but that religion in the sense of love of what God loves and hate of what God hates is necessary to our harmonization with our environment.

Why, I confess that when I think of these matters in the solitude of my chamber there is nothing in mathematics clearer to me than that while I love what God hates and hate

what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until that dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what he loves and hate what he hates, and not merely conform outwardly to him. Religion is the obedience of delight, and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things, or it and I are at war; and it is he.

When a man has harmonized all his faculties with each other, when he has learned to love what God loves and hate what God hates, then he is like some of those majestic representations of full-orbed human nature which Michael Angelo has given us, or which have come to us from the greatest of the ancients.

I stood in the basement of the Louvre the other day, and there was the Venus de Milo, and there, too, was the sleeping Grecian slave in the market-place, the marble creation of Angelo. The man was majestic in quantity and quality of being. He had in him the possibility of power unfathomable, and yet was tender as any drop of dew. A lion was in him; a dove also. A woman, a man. Not only was his massiveness overpowering when you took a full view of it, but his tenderness was equally overpowering at any full prospect of its possibilities in action.

For the massiveness standing there behind the tenderness might have been as the murky threat of the tempest thundering across league after league, and the tenderness concentrated was like the zigzag lightning to smite whatever is unjust or impure.

On the other hand stood a woman, marvellous in quantity and quality—both. It is easy to find a man large enough, but not easy to find a man of fine quality and great size combined. It is easy to find a woman fine enough, but not so

easy to find one remarkable at once for the greatest quantity and the highest quality of being.

I am a married man, if you please. I have no secrets to confess. There is in man a possibility of being full-orbed; and our great sculptors and painters have sometimes given us in art an example of such a nature harmonized with itself. When I stood there before Venus de Milo, I asked a young man, somewhat tempted by Paris life, whether that woman and this man, if they were turned out in modern wardrobe to go around the world, would come back dissipated.

"They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments."

"How do you know?"

"Look at them," said he; "they are too great to be tempted."

"But," said I, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty."

"They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed," said the young man.

"How do you know?" said I.

"Why, look at them," said he, "they are too great to stoop."

They had in them the full-orbed human nature, and that young man, no philosopher, simply a person of good practical instinct, felt that you cannot make a man who has all the wheels in him act against conscience and reason. The whole make of him is against this. Such action is not natural.

You, young man, want to be natural. Be full-orbed first, and then be as natural as you please. I affirm that any man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits

and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow North, South, East and West, I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance, not like the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf, or the notes of the silly-throated goose.

There will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forest of oaks on your prairie plains yonder, like that of your forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is he!

It is therefore scientifically incontrovertible that harmonization without environment must include similarity of feeling with God, for we must love what the nature of things loves, and hate what the nature of things hate. Similiarity of feeling with God, or a love of what he loves and a hate of what he hates, is an unalterable, natural condition of peace of soul in this life and the next. But you say that thus far I have been endeavoring to prove the necessity of a new birth merely. Well, I have heard that this is a scriptural doctrine, but I have not opened the Bible yet. Let no man say I underrate the Bible.

There are four Testaments—the oldest, the old, the new, and the newest. The Old Testament and the New are written. The oldest testament is the nature of things. The newest is the present action of God in human history.

I interpret the oldest and the newest by the old and the new. Our surest guide beyond all doubt is the written Word; but God wrote the oldest testament or the nature of things, and God writes the newest current history, the last unrolling chapters in the acts of the apostles; whether in church, in science, in commerce, or in politics, he is here in the oldest testament and here in the newest, although not as visible in them as he is in the written Word, but the four testaments are his, and therefore one.

I have taken all my texts to-day out of the nature of things, out of the oldest records of God, the constitution of man and of the universe, and we find in that Testament, as well as in the New, it is written: "Verily, verily, I say unto you a man must be born from above. The natural mind is at enmity with God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. How can two walk together unless they are agreed?"

You must walk with yourselves and with your record and with God, and how can anything exist here and exist there at the same time and in the same sense? How can you love and hate God at once and in the same sense? You must either agree or disagree. How can you walk with God and yourselves and your record without being agreed with them, and how can you be agreed with them without loving what God loves or without similarity of feeling with God?

And so in the oldest testament I read from the nature of things what is in the old and the new and the newest. The four accord in thought, and ought to solomnize civilization to its last fibre. If you and I do not learn similarity of feeling with God, it is ill with us, and we know that just as well as we know that the law of gravitation governs the world. We understand perfectly well by mere induction the neces-

sity of the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, as a natural condition of peace of soul. That condition being a natural one, it is irreversible by our will. If you please, the universe is not managed by count of heads or clack of tongues. There is no vacancy among the supreme powers that will be filled by an election in the Mississippi Valley or that of the Hudson. We must ascertain meekly these conditions. Exact science proclaims that continuous joy in all the faculties is the only decisive sign of their natural action, and that continuous joy in all the faculties can come only to him who has acquired, not morality merely, but religion in the sense of the supreme love of what God loves, and supreme hate of what God hates, or similarity with the nature of things, for it is he!

It is scientifically incontrovertible—

Twelfth. That even after we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, the record of our past sin is behind us in an unchangeable past.

Thirteenth. That the conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment.

Fourteenth. That for harmonization with our record in an unchangeable past, therefore, we need more than our own reformation and personal excellence.

Fifteenth. That, therefore, not only the necessity of similarity of feeling with God, or the new birth, but the necessity of the atonement also, is scientifically inferable from the necessity of our harmonization with our whole environment.

You will allow me to assert, in the name of Herbert Spencer, that the unchangeable past is a part of our environment. We must be harmonized with it. Am I harmonized with it when I have reformed?

There is an unchangeable record of my sin in the past. I have learned to hate that sin, but ought the record of it to be treated precisely as though it never had been?

Here is a deserter. Here is a soldier who never deserted. The deserter comes back. He is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like the soldier that never deserted? Now I have deserted. I know that if what is done in the universe is what ought to be done, I shall be treated rather differently from Gabriel and Abdiel, and all those who have been faithful from the first. I ought to be treated differently, and God always does what he ought to do. Therefore I feel an unrest as to this record in the past, even after I have reformed.

Say what you please, I hold it to be scientifically incontrovertible that after a man has reformed, the record of his past sin is behind him. When the deserter comes back and re-enlists, the record of the desertion is behind the soldier, is it not? His re-enlisting and facing the enemy does not change the fact that he has been a deserter, does it?

I affirm that in the absence of expiation, man's conscience forebodes punishment. Why it does that, it is not important for me to discuss. That it does that, all history proclaims. We know that the ages have been thrown into unrest on this point, and that when we take human nature through a large range, when we endeavor to ascertain how the ages have acted, face to face with the irreversible record of sin in the past, we find that they have foreboded punishment in the absence of expiation. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, when Greek philosophy stood at its height, "it may be that God may forgive wilful sin; I do not see how he can, for I do not see that he ought to."

That thought, which I have put into shorter words than

those of Socrates, has been the fundamental conviction in the bottom of the soul of those heathen tribes that have sacrificed holocaust after holocaust to God to give themselves peace of soul, face to face with this record.

I know not, my friends, what can be made clear from human history, if it is not certain that in the absence of a deliverer, and of an expiation, man forebodes punishment. That is the way we are made, and even after we have reformed, human nature acts in this manner. I say that the greatest saints, in the absence of expiation, or when they have known nothing of it, have had this foreboding, and in all ages have had it.

This action of man's nature is not a mere sickly eddy of sentiment, coming up here and there in peculiarly educated circles: it is the great natural operation of conscience. The record of desertion behind a man makes his past permanently different from that of a man who has never deserted. That past which was an effect becomes a cause, and will perpetually produce appropriate effects of foreboding unless, unless, unless God's hand as a screen be let down between us and it, and between his face and that black, irreversible past.

I know I need such a screen. But from mere reason I cannot prove that such a screen has been provided for me. Revelation says an atonement has been made. That key turns in the lock of human nature. That fits the wards of this foreboding. That washes Lady Macbeth's red right hand.

You know Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say that she regretted her crime. She had killed Duncan, or connived at his murder, and she was so moved by her crime that she became insane in view of it. Shakespeare makes her rise in the night and try to wash her hands, and the gentle physician

who looks upon her is accompanied by the watching servant maid, and the latter says to the former: "Look how she rubs her hands! Sometimes she does this for the quarter of an hour together." Lady Macbeth, pacing up and down, and put there, one might think, by Providence, to illustrate in the forefront of literature, and to all time, one of the greatest of religious truths, exclaims: "Out, accursed spot! All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this little hand!"

Her husband, in similar circumstances, says: "This red right hand the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Now, undoubtedly Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had learned to hate their crime, but how can they wash their hands? If you please, it is getting to be a deep question in philosophy, now that conscience has been scientifically investigated as it never was before, how Lady Macbeth's red right hand can be washed.

I am talking about facts. There is nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that Lady Macbeth's hand is red; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she would like to wash it; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she cannot. Who can? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Goethe, not Strauss, not Parker, not Emerson—only Christianity can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand!

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

JOHN IRELAND, a distinguished American prelate of the Roman Church was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Sept. 11, 1838, and came to this country in his boyhood, settling at St. Paul, Minn., in 1849. His secular education was obtained at the Cathedral School in that city, while he pursued his theological course in France, in the seminaries of Meximieux and Hyères. He was ordained a priest in 1861, and during the Civil War was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. He was subsequently rector of the cathedral at St. Paul, Minn., and in 1875 was consecrated bishop of St. Paul. In 1888, St. Paul was made an arch-diocese, over which he was installed as archbishop. He founded, in 1869, the first total-abstinence society in Minnesota, and has lectured largely on temperance in the United States and Great Britain, while he is also well known as a political speaker in Republican campaigns. He has helped to establish Roman Catholic colonies in the Northwest, and is president of the Minnesota State Historical Society. In 1891, he consented to allow the parochial school of Fairibault to be transferred to the control of the city school board, reserving the right to name the teachers appointed. This was known as "the Fairibault plan," and met with considerable adverse criticism in some quarters within the Roman Catholic Church, so much so, indeed, that the archbishop received a summons to Rome that the matter might be investigated. On May 9, 1899, he delivered an eloquent address on Joan of Arc, at Orléans, France, but his best-known oratorical effort is the address, here appended, on "The Duty and Value of Patriotism." He is widely popular both within and without the limits of his communion. In 1897, he published "The Church and Modern Society."

THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM[1]

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY OF THE LOYAL LEGION, NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1894

COMMANDER, COMPANIONS,—To speak of patriotism is my evening's task. An easy and a gracious one it ought to be. Patriotism is personified in my audience. The honor is mine to address the country's heroes, the country's martyrs. At country's call you quickly buckled your armor on, and, rushing where battle raged, you offered

[1] Used by kind permission of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

for country's life the life-blood of your hearts. Many of you bear upon limb and face the sacred stigmata of patriotism. Your tried hands are doubly pledged in purest unselfishness and bravest resolve to uphold in the reign of peace the loved flag which in days of war they carried over gory fields above stain or reproach. I could not, if I would, close the portals of my soul to the rich and sweet inspirations which come to me from your souls.

I shall define patriotism as you understand and feel it. Patriotism is love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal —love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they re-echo its whisperings; orators are most potent when they thrill its chords to music.

Pagan nations were wrong when they made gods of their noblest patriots. But the error was the excess of a great truth, that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism; that patriotism is one of earth's highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The exalted patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted, as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian church:

"Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion.—If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and war-ships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honor; it is the fount of the nation's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. Take patriotism away, the nation's soul has fled, bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation's countenance.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is among earth's possessions the most precious, the first and best and dearest,—country, and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in all men; the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it grows its full growth only where thoughts are elevated and heart-beatings are generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. "O glorious is he," exclaims in Homer the Trojan warrior, "who for his country falls!" It is sublime in the oft-repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral

necessities of God's creatures are revelations of his will and laws. Man is born a social being. A condition of his existence and of his growth of mature age is the family. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families gather, so as to obtain from one another security to life and property and aid in the development of the faculties and powers with which nature has endowed the children of men.

The whole human race is too extensive and too diversified in interests to serve those ends: hence its subdivisions into countries or peoples. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or of methods of living. The limits widen in space according to the measure of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples, and the importance of their parts in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution.

The Lord is the God of nations because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without his bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in his wisdom and his love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

More than a century ago a trans-Atlantic poet and philosopher, reading well the signs, wrote:

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way.
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say, in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the

boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things America is opulent and great: but beyond them and above them in her singular grandeur, to which her material splendor is only the fitting circumstance.

America born into the family of nations in these latter times is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature and conceal the singular design of Providence in her creation.

America is the country of human dignity, and human liberty.

When the fathers of the republic declared "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a cardinal principle was enunciated which in its truth was as old as the race, but in practical realization almost unknown.

Slowly, amid sufferings and revolutions, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Ante-Christian paganism had utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; he was what wealth, place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that some men were intended by nature to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. The Christian Church was all this leavening human society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defence and of conquest, the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is the exemption from all restraint save that of the laws of justice and order; the exemption from submission to other men, except as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty to man is God's recognition of his greatness and his dignity. The sweetness of man's life and the power of growth lie in liberty. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Humanity, under the spell of heavenly memories, never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, its refreshing breezes caressed humanity's brow. But not until the republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes. In America there are no masters, who govern in their own rights, for their own interests, or at their own will. We have over

us no Louis XIV, saying: "L'état, c'est moi;" no Hohenzollern, announcing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people by the people for the people. The government is our own organized will. There is no State above or apart from the people. Rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even those apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the State; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been painfully wrenched from the governing powers.

With Americans, whenever the organized government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen is sacred and inviolable. Elsewhere there are governments called republics: universal suffrage constitutes the State; but, once constituted, the State is tyrannous and arbitrary, invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic is liberty's native home—America.

The God-given mission of the republic of America is not only to its own people: it is to all the peoples of the earth, before whose eyes it is the symbol of human rights and human liberty, toward whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness for themselves.

Is there not for Americans a meaning to the word "country?" Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need there be, to die for country? Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been her saviors and glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion?" Whatever the country, patriotism is a duty: in America the duty is thrice sacred.

The duty of patriotism is the duty of justice and of grati-

tude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests —our altars and hearthstones—*pro aris et focis.* Without it there is no safety for life or property, no opportunities of development and progress. All that the country is, she makes ours. We are wise of her wisdom, rich of her opulence, resplendent of her glory, strong of her fortitude. At once the prisoner Paul rose to eminence, and obtained respect from Palestinian Jews and Roman soldiers, when he proudly announced that he was a citizen of Rome—*civis Romanus.* And to-day how significant, the world over, are the words "I am a citizen of America"—"*civis Americanus!*"

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. For country exists by natural divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its authority to command is divine. The apostle of Christ to the gentiles writes: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God."

The religion of patriotism is not sufficiently considered: and yet it is this religion which gives to country its majesty and to patriotism its sacredness and force.

As the part to the whole, so is the citizen to the country; and this relation is the due measure of patriotism. The country and its interests are paramount to the citizen and his interests. A king of France, St. Louis, set to his device this motto: "*Dieu, la France, et Marguerite.*" It told the order of allegiances: God first, next to God country, next to country family, oneself the last—the willing and generous chevalier, even unto death, of family, country, and God.

Allegiance to country is limited only by allegiance to God. God and his eternal laws of justice and righteousness are su-

preme and hold first claims upon conscience. A country which exacts the violation of those laws annuls its own moral authority, becomes an aggregation of human wills which physical force alone sustains. "To God, that which is God's; to Cæsar, that which is Cæsar's."

In olden paganism the state arrogated to itself supremacy in ethics as in temporals, and ruled consciences. Under this tyranny of the soul freedom's last ray vanished; the last vestige of human dignity was effaced. Christ made men free; he brought back the state to its proper orbit; and, restoring truth upon earth, he restored manhood to man, and to country the effulgence of the skies.

It is fortunate for a people that from time to time supreme emergencies arise testing its patriotism to the highest pitch. If patriotism remains dormant for a long period it may lessen in strength, while the reflection and self-consciousness which resolute action awakens result in a fuller estimate of the value of the country and institutions which it is the duty of patriotism to defend.

A supreme emergency did arise for the people of America. There had been, indeed, patriotism intense and sublime in the revolutionary war, when—

> "In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,
> Yielding not."

But had this patriotism survived? Notable changes had come over the country. The population had been made much more eclectic; commerce and industry, usually unpropitious to sentiment and exaltation of soul, had engrossed the public mind; the spirit of democracy, in its workings toward individualism of character, might have unfitted the citizen for sacrifice in behalf of the general weal.

I was in Europe when the Civil War broke out, and I well remember the tone of the public press regarding the American situation. It was asserted that patriotism was unknown to Americans, and that a free government like ours, compelled to rely upon volunteer service, could not muster a large army of defenders. The proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 soldiers was received as the venturesome act of despair, and a quick dissolution of the Union was prophesied. At home there were not a few whose thoughts were those of the unfriendly Europeans.

On the morning of the 12th day of April, in the memorable year of 1861, a cannon-ball swept over the waters of Charleston harbor, aimed with deadly intent at the Star-Spangled Banner floating above the walls of Sumter. War was declared against the country.

How much there was at stake! Scarcely can we at this moment recall without trepidation the awful significance of the contest.

At stake was the Union of the States, the strength and the life of the nation. What constitutes each State, from the Atlantic waters to those of the Pacific, strong, hopeful, palpitating with giant life and ready for giant progress? This only fact, that the States are one nation, and that, at home and abroad, one flag symbolizes them. A Northern republic, a Southern republic, a Western republic—the nations would despise them. The republic of the United States—the nations fear and honor it.

At stake was the plenary recognition of human rights in our own country. In contradiction to the Declaration of Independence men were held as slaves—forsooth, because of color; in practice America had failed as yet to be the ideal country of manhood and human dignity. Had rebellion

triumphed, slavery should have been confirmed, and the Declaration of Independence solemnly and permanently belied.

At stake was liberty for the world, the stability of a government of the people for the people by the people. The Union disrupted, its shattered fragments prostrate over the land, as the broken and desolate columns of once-famous temples in Grecian and Roman regions, Liberty shrieking over the ruins should have hastened back to caverns of gloom, her friends abandoning hope, her enemies rejoicing and confident. The death of the Union implied a century of retrogression for humanity.

Deep and soul-rending was the ceaseless anxiety of Freedom's sons during the dreary years of America's Civil War. At every rising of the morning sun the heavens were questioned—

> "O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
> What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
> . . . . . .
> O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

O God of nations, we, this evening, thank thee: all was well: American patriotism was on guard: and the day came when, at Appomattox, one flag unfurled its beauteous folds over both contending armies:

> "'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Two things in our Civil War amazed the world: one, the number and courage of our volunteer soldiers; the other, the ability of the commanders. In other countries large standing armies, years of careful training for men and officers are the prerequisites of successful warfare. In America the chief executive of the republic waves his wand, and armies

spring up as by incantation. One motive rules them, the saving of the country; they are most daring in deed; the leadership is most skilful. The records of their battles are studied in wonderment by famed warriors of Europe. Especially did the skilled leadership of our armies astonish Europeans. I met recently in Paris a well-known general of Russia. He said:

"War is a science of high degree; at the commencement of the contest the government of the United States had at its disposal only a handful of trained officers; the war, moreover, was to offer in its varied operations unusual difficulties; and yet the command throughout the vast army was admirable in skill of planning and execution."

Great the sacrifices which the war in defense of the country demanded! But great the results!

No one now doubts that America is patriotic, and that a free people may be relied upon to defend its country. The United States is respected by the nations of the world; they remember what it was capable of when divided; they understand what it is capable of when united. The victory of the Union brought peace and prosperity to conquerors and to conquered; to-day the conquered rejoice no less than the conquerors that the old flag has not lost one star from its azure ground. The seal of finality has been set upon the Union, the God of battle ending disputes and deciding that we are a nation, one and indestructible.

Slavery has been blotted out, and the escutcheon of free America is cleansed of blemish. Liberty is without peril in her chosen home, and from America's shores she sends her fragrant breathings across seas and oceans. The quickened march of republicanism and democracy which the present times witness through the southern continent of America and

through Europe goes out from the great heart of the triumphant republic of the United States.

The sacrifices! Each one of you, Companions, says in truth: "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"[1] The results! They are yours, since the sacrifices were yours which purchased them. This great nation is your especial belonging: you saved it by the libation of your blood. By you the Star-Spangled Banner was guarded, at the peril of your life, in its hour of trial: let others love it and seek its smiles: they cannot have for it your passion, and, were speech allowed it, accents of sweetness would flow out to you which others should not hear.

The days of peace have come upon our fair land: the days when patriotism was a duty have not departed. What was saved by war must be preserved.

A government of the people by the people for the people, as proposed by the founders of the republic, was, in the light of the facts of history, a stupendous experiment. The experiment has so far succeeded. A French publicist, De Maistre, once dismissed with contempt the argument drawn from the United States in favor of free institutions in Europe, remarking: "The republic of the United States is in its swathing-clothes; let it grow: wait a century and you shall see."

The republic has lived out a century; it has lived out a mighty civil war with no diminution, assuredly, of vigor and promise. Can we say, however, that it is beyond all the stages of an experiment? The world at large is not willing to grant this conclusion: it tells us, even, that the republic is but now entering upon its crucial crisis. New conditions,

[1] "Of which I largely shared."

indeed, confront us: new perils menace us, in a population bordering on the hundredth million and prepared quickly to leap beyond this figure, in plethoric and unwieldy urban conglomerations, in that unbridled luxury of living consequent on vast material prosperity, which in all times is a dreaded foe to liberty. It were reckless folly on our part to deny all force to the objections which are put to us.

Meanwhile the destinies of numerous peoples are in the balance. They move toward liberty, as liberty is seen to reign undisturbed in America; they recede toward absolutism and hereditary régimes, as clouds are seen darkening our sky. Civil, political, social happenings of America are watched, the world over, with intense anxiety, because of their supposed bearings upon the question of the practicability of popular government. A hundred times the thought pressed itself upon me, as I discussed in foreign countries the modern democracy, that, could Americans understand how much is made to depend upon the outcome of republican and democratic institutions in their country, a new fire of patriotism, a new zeal in the welfare of the republic, would kindle within their hearts.

For my part I have unwavering faith in the republic of America. I have faith in the providence of God and the progress of humanity: I will not believe that liberty is not a permanent gift, and it were not if America fail. I have faith in the powerful and loyal national heart of America, which clings fast to liberty, and sooner or later rights wrongs, and uproots evils. I have no fears. Clouds cross the heavens; soon a burst of sunlight dispels them.

Different interests in society are out of joint with one another, and the society organism is feverish: it is simply the effort toward new adjustments; in a little while there will be

order and peace. Threatening social and political evils are near, and are seemingly gaining ground; the American people are conservatively patient; but ere long the national heart is roused, and the evils, however formidable be their aspect, go down before the tread of an indignant people.

The safety of the republic lies in the vigilant and active patriotism of the American people.

There is a danger in the ignorance of voters. As a rule, the man who does not read and write intelligently cannot vote intelligently. Americans understand the necessity of popular instruction and spare no expense in spreading it. They cannot be too zealous in the matter. They need to have laws in every State which will punish, as guilty of crime against the country, the parent who neglects to send his children to school.

There is a danger—and a most serious one—in corrupt morals. A people without good morals is incapable of self-government. At the basis of the proper exercise of the suffrage lie unselfishness and the spirit of sacrifice. A corrupt man is selfish; an appeal to duty finds no response in his conscience; he is incapable of the high-mindedness and generous acts which are the elements of patriotism; he is ready to sell the country for pelf or pleasure.

Patriotism takes alarm at the spread of intemperance, lasciviousness, dishonesty, perjury; for country's sake it should arm against those dire evils all the country's forces, its legislatures, its courts, and, above all else, public opinion. Materialism and the denial of a living, supreme God annihilate conscience and break down the barriers to sensuality; they sow broadcast the seeds of moral death: they are fatal to liberty and social order. A people without a belief in God and a future life of the soul will not remain a free peo-

ple. The age of the democracy must, for its own protection, be an age of religion.

Empires and monarchies rely upon sword and cannon; republics, upon the citizen's respect for law. Unless law be sacred a free government will not endure. Laws may be repealed through constitutional means, but while they are inscribed on the statute-book they should be observed. The lowering of the dignity of law, by deed, teaching, or connivance, is treason. Anarchical explosions, mob riots, lynchings, shake the pillars of the commonwealth; other violations of law, the determined defiance of municipal and State authority by the liquor traffic, the stealthy avoidance of payment of taxes and of customs duties, sear consciences, and beget a fatal habit of disobedience.

A law-abiding people only is worthy of liberty and capable of guarding its treasures.

What shall I say of the purity of the ballot, of the integrity of the public official? I touch upon the life-threads of the republic, and words fail to express the solemnity of my thoughts. The poet Vergil places amid horrible torments in his hell the man "who sold his country for gold, and imposed upon it a master; who made and unmade laws for a price:"

> "Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
> Imposuit; fixit leges pretio, atque refixit."

The poet had a righteous sense of the enormity of the crime. The suffrage is the power of life or death over the state. The one licit motive in its use is the public weal, to which private and party interests should be always sacrificed.

The voter making misuse of the trust deserves to be disfranchised; the man who compasses the misuse, who weaves schemes to defraud the popular will, deserves to be proscribed. The public official is appointed for the people's

good and is sworn to work for it; if he prostitutes his office, legislative or executive, to enrich himself or his friends, he has "sold his country for gold," and he is a traitor. The distribution of office or of administrative power must be based on fitness; the spoils system in politics inevitably leads to public corruption, treacherous and unsafe administration, and the ultimate foundering of the ship of state.

Storms are passing over the land, arising from sectarian hatred and nativist or foreign prejudices. These are scarcely to be heeded; they cannot last. Day by day the spirit of Americanism waxes strong; narrowness of thought and unreasoning strife cannot resist its influences.

This country is America: only they who are loyal to her can be allowed to live under her flag; and they who are loyal to her may enjoy all her liberties and rights. Freedom of religion is accorded by the constitution: religion is put outside State action, and most wisely so; therefore the religion of a citizen must not be considered by voter or executive officer. The oath of allegiance to the country makes the man a citizen; if that allegiance is not plenary and supreme he is false to his profession; if it is, he is an American. Discriminations and segregations, in civil or political matters, on lines of religion, of birthplace, or of race, or of language,—and, I add, or of color,—is un-American and wrong. Compel all to be Americans, in soul as well as in name; and then let the standard of their value be their American citizenship.

Who will say that there is no work for patriotism in days of peace? If it need not to be so courageous as in war, it needs to be more watchful and enduring: for the evils against which it contends in peace are more persevering, more stealthy in the advance, more delusive in the attack. We can easily imagine that a country invincible in war may go

down to its ruin amid the luxuries and somnolence of prolonged peace. Hannibal won at Thrasymene, but he lost the fruits of victory in the vineyards and orange-groves of Campania.

The days of war, many hope, are passing away for good, and arbitration is to take its place. This may be desirable: for war is terrible. Yet it is not easy to see what is to be so serviceable in electrifying the nation's patriotism and communicating to it an ardor which refuses during many years to dim its glow. Certain it is that under the reign of peace we must, in season and out of season, look to the patriotism of the country, that it suffer no diminution in vigor and earnest work.

American patriotism is needed—patriotism intense, which speaks out in noble pride, with beating heart: *Civis Americanus.* "I am an American citizen;" patriotism active, which shows itself in deed and in sacrifice; patriotism public-spirited, which cares for the public weal as for the apple of the eye. Private personal civic virtue is not uncommon among us; more uncommon is public civic virtue, which watches the ballot and all approaches to it, which demands that public officials do their duty, which purifies public opinion on all matters where country is concerned. This patriotism will save the republic.

From whom primarily does the republic expect the patriotism? From her veteran soldiers.

This patriotism, America, thou shalt have. I speak for veterans. I speak for their brother citizens.

Noblest ship of state, sail thou on over billows and through storms, undaunted, imperishable. Of thee, I do not say, "*Cæsarem vehis*"—"Thou carriest Cæsar." But of thee I say, "*Libertatem vehis*"—"Thou carriest Liberty." Within

thy bulwarks the fair goddess is enthroned, holding in her hands the dreams and hopes of humanity.

Oh, for her sake, guard well thyself! Sail thou on, peerless ship, safe from shoals and malign winds, ever strong in keel, ever beauteous in prow and canvas, ever guided by heaven's polar star. Sail thou on, I pray thee, undaunted and imperishable.

SECRETARY HAY

HON. JOHN HAY, LL. D., American statesman, diplomat, journalist, poet, and prose writer, was born at Salem, Ind., Oct. 8, 1838. He received his academic education at Springfield, Ill., and graduated at Brown University in 1858. After his admission to the Illinois Bar, he became private secretary to President Lincoln, and was thus enabled to gather much information which he incorporated in his "Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay. He served successively as Secretary of Legation at Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, and was chargé d'affaires at Vienna. In 1879, he became first assistant Secretary of State, and held that office until 1881, when he was elected president of the International Sanitary Conference. In 1897, he was United States ambassador to England, where he won golden opinions; and in the following year became a member of President McKinley's cabinet as Secretary of State. Among his best-known works are "Castilian Days" and "Pike County Ballads," which contains the famous poem, "Jim Bludsoe." An English authority speaks of him as "a fine example of the man of letters and of public affairs."

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY

DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AT THE JOINT MEMORIAL SESSION OF THE U. S. SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEB. 27, 1902

FOR the third time the Congress of the United States are assembled to commemorate the life and the death of a President slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which reappear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes; the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance of the criminal; the blamelessness—so far as in our sphere of existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim. Not one of our murdered Presidents had an enemy in the world; they were all of such pre-eminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts, who could never

have offended the most jealous advocates of equality; they were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities, which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame, it was these three rulers of our people. The only temptation to attack their lives offered was their gentle radiance—to eyes hating the light that was offence enough.

The stupid uselessness of such an infamy affronts the common sense of the world. One can conceive how the death of a dictator may change the political conditions of an Empire; how the extinction of a narrowing line of kings may bring in an alien dynasty. But in a well-ordered Republic like ours, the ruler may fall, but the State feels no tremor. Our beloved and revered leader is gone—but the natural process of our laws provides us a successor, identical in purpose and ideals, nourished by the same teachings, inspired by the same principles, pledged by tender affection as well as by high loyalty to carry to completion the immense task committed to his hands, and to smite with iron severity every manifestation of that hideous crime which his mild predecessor, with his dying breath, forgave. The sayings of celestial wisdom have no date; the words that reach us, over two thousand years, out of the darkest hour of gloom the world has ever known, are true to life to-day: "They know not what they do." The blow struck at our dear friend and ruler was as deadly as blind hate could make it; but the blow struck at anarchy was deadlier still.

What a world of insoluble problems such an event excites in the mind! Not merely in its personal, but in its public

aspects, it presents a paradox not to be comprehended. Under a system of government so free and so impartial that we recognize its existence only by its benefactions; under a social order so purely democratic that classes cannot exist in it, affording opportunities so universal that even conditions are as changing as the winds, where the laborer of to-day is the capitalist of to-morrow; under laws which are the result of ages of evolution, so uniform and so beneficent that the President has just the same rights and privileges as the artisan; we see the same hellish growth of hatred and murder which dogs equally the footsteps of benevolent monarchs and blood-stained despots. How many countries can join with us in the community of a kindred sorrow! I will not speak of those distant regions where assassination enters into the daily life of government. But among the nations bound to us by the ties of familiar intercourse—who can forget that wise and mild Autocrat who had earned the proud title of the Liberator? that enlightened and magnanimous citizen whom France still mourns? that brave and chivalrous King of Italy who only lived for his people? and, saddest of all, that lovely and sorrowing Empress, whose harmless life could hardly have excited the animosity of a demon. Against that devilish spirit nothing avails—neither virtue nor patriotism, nor age nor youth, nor conscience nor pity. We can not even say that education is a sufficient safeguard against this baleful evil—for most of the wretches whose crimes have so shocked humanity in recent years were men not unlettered, who have gone from the common schools, through murder to the scaffold.

Our minds cannot discern the origin nor conceive the extent of wickedness so perverse and so cruel; but this does not exempt us from the duty of trying to control and counteract

it. We do not understand what electricity is; whence it comes or what its hidden properties may be. But we know it as a mighty force for good or evil—and so with the painful toil of years men of learning and skill have labored to store and to subjugate it, to neutralize, and even to employ its destructive energies. This problem of anarchy is dark and intricate, but it ought to be within the compass of democratic government—although no sane mind can fathom the mysteries of these untracked and orbitless natures—to guard against their aberrations, to take away from them the hope of escape, the long luxury of scandalous days in court, the unwholesome sympathy of hysterical degenerates, and so by degrees to make the crime not worth committing, even to these abnormal and distorted souls.

It would be presumptuous for me in this presence to suggest the details of remedial legislation for a malady so malignant. That task may safely be left to the skill and patience of the National Congress, which has never been found unequal to any such emergency. The country believes that the memory of three murdered comrades of yours —all of whose voices still haunt these walls—will be a sufficient inspiration to enable you to solve even this abstruse and painful problem, which has dimmed so many pages of history with blood and with tears.

Before an audience less sympathetic than this, I should not dare to speak of that great career which we have met to commemorate. But we are all his friends, and friends do not criticise each other's words about an open grave. I thank you for the honor you have done me in inviting me here, and not less for the kind forbearance I know I shall have from you in my most inadequate efforts to speak of him worthily.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his

death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright, without pretension and without humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself, wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in their weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization with which they burned to do battle. It was a serious and thoughtful time. The boys of that day felt dimly, but deeply, that days of sharp struggle and high achievement were before them. They looked at life with the wondering yet resolute eyes of a young esquire in his vigil of arms. They felt a time was coming when to them should be addressed the stern admonition of the Apostle, "Quit you like men; be strong."

It is not easy to give to those of a later generation any clear idea of that extraordinary spiritual awakening which passed over the country at the first red signal fires of the war between the States. It was not our earliest apocalypse; a hundred years before the nation had been revealed to itself,

when after long discussion and much searching of heart the people of the colonies had resolved that to live without liberty was worse than to die, and had therefore wagered in the solemn game of war "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." In a stress of heat and labor unutterable, the country had been hammered and welded together; but thereafter for nearly a century there had been nothing in our life to touch the innermost fountain of feeling and devotion; we had had rumors of war—even wars we had had, not without sacrifices and glory—but nothing which went to the vital self-consciousness of the country, nothing which challenged the nation's right to live. But in 1860 the nation was going down into the Valley of Decision. The question which had been debated on thousands of platforms, which had been discussed in countless publications, which, thundered from innumerable pulpits, had caused in their congregations the bitter strife and dissension to which only cases of conscience can give rise, was everywhere pressing for solution. And not merely in the various channels of publicity was it alive and clamorous. About every fireside in the land, in the conversation of friends and neighbors, and deeper still, in the secret of millions of human hearts, the battle of opinion was waging; and all men felt and saw—with more or less clearness—that an answer to the importunate question, Shall the nation live? was due, and not to be denied. And I do not mean that in the North alone there was this austere wrestling with conscience. In the South as well, below all the effervescence and excitement of a people perhaps more given to eloquent speech than we were, there was the profound agony of question and answer, the summons to decide whether honor and freedom did not call them to revolution and war. It is easy for partisanship to

say that the one side was right and that the other was wrong. It is still easier for an ignorant magnanimity to say that both were right. Perhaps in the wide view of ethics one is always right to follow his conscience, though it lead him to disaster and death. But history is inexorable. She takes no account of sentiment and intention; and in her cold and luminous eyes that side is right which fights in harmony with the stars in their courses. The men are right through whose efforts and struggles the world is helped onward, and humanity moves to a higher level and a brighter day.

The men who are living to-day and were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamor that filled the earth and the sky when the long twilight of doubt and uncertainty was ending and the time for action had come. A speech by Abraham Lincoln was an event not only of high moral significance, but of far-reaching importance; the drilling of a militia company by Ellsworth attracted national attention; the fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men. Patriotism, which had been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic and feeling were fused. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire; no sacrifice was too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this summons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than that of marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The

thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and none other—into the ranks. His portrait in his first uniform is familiar to you all—the short, stocky figure; the quiet, thoughtful face; the deep, dark eyes. It is the face of a lad who could not stay at home when he thought he was needed in the field. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. Had he been ten years older he would have entered at the head of a company and come out at the head of a division. But he did what he could. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey. His serious, sensible ways, his prompt, alert efficiency soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was so faithful in little things that they gave him more and more to do. He was untiring in camp and on the march; swift, cool and fearless in fight. He left the Army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle.

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and fulness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of peaceful citizens. There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached—and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was

over and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough, for honor and for country.

William McKinley, one of that sensible million of men, gladly laid down his sword and betook himself to his books. He quickly made up the time lost in soldiering. He attacked his Blackstone as he would have done a hostile intrenchment; finding the range of a country law library too narrow, he went to the Albany Law School, where he worked energetically with brilliant success; was admitted to the bar and settled down to practice—a brevetted veteran of twenty-four—in the quiet town of Canton, now and henceforth forever famous as the scene of his life and his place of sepulture. Here many blessings awaited him; high repute, professional success, and a domestic affection so pure, so devoted and stainless that future poets, seeking an ideal of Christian marriage, will find in it a theme worthy of their songs. This is a subject to which the lightest allusion seems profanation; but it is impossible to speak of William McKinley without remembering that no truer, tenderer knight to his chosen lady ever lived among mortal men. If to the spirits of the just made perfect is permitted the consciousness of earthly things, we may be sure that his faithful soul is now watching over that gentle sufferer who counts the long hours in their shattered home in the desolate splendor of his fame.

A man possessing the qualities with which nature had endowed McKinley seeks political activity as naturally as a growing plant seeks light and air. A wholesome ambition; a rare power of making friends and keeping them; a faith,

which may be called religious, in his country and its institutions; and, flowing from this, a belief that a man could do no nobler work than to serve such a country—these were the elements in his character that drew him irresistibly into public life. He had from the beginning a remarkable equipment; a manner of singular grace and charm; a voice of ringing quality and great carrying power—vast as were the crowds that gathered about him, he reached their utmost fringe without apparent effort. He had an extraordinary power of marshalling and presenting significant facts, so as to bring conviction to the average mind. His range of reading was not wide; he read only what he might some day find useful; and what he read his memory held like brass. Those who knew him well in those early days can never forget the consummate skill and power with which he would select a few pointed facts and, blow upon blow, would hammer them into the attention of great assemblages in Ohio, as Jael drove the nail into the head of the Canaanite captain. He was not often impassioned; he rarely resorted to the aid of wit or humor; yet I never saw his equal in controlling and convincing a popular audience by sheer appeal to their reason and intelligence. He did not flatter or cajole them, but there was an implied compliment in the serious and sober tone in which he addressed them. He seemed one of them; in heart and feeling he was one of them. Each artisan in a great crowd might say: That is the sort of man I would like to be, and under more favorable circumstances might have been. He had the divine gift of sympathy, which, though given only to the elect, makes all men their friends.

So it came naturally about that in 1876—the beginning of the second century of the Republic—he began, by an election to Congress, his political career. Thereafter for four-

teen years this chamber was his home. I use the word advisedly. Nowhere in the world was he so in harmony with his environment as here; nowhere else did his mind work with such full consciousness of its powers. The air of debate was native to him; here he drank delight of battle with his peers. In after days, when he drove by this stately pile, or when on rare occasions his duty called him here, he greeted his old haunts with the affectionate zest of a child of the house; during all the last ten years of his life, filled as they were with activity and glory, he never ceased to be homesick for this hall. When he came to the Presidency, there was not a day when his Congressional service was not of use to him. Probably no other President has been in such full and cordial communion with Congress, if we may except Lincoln alone. McKinley knew the legislative body thoroughly, its composition, its methods, its habit of thought. He had the profoundest respect for its authority and an inflexible belief in the ultimate rectitude of its purposes. Our history shows how sure an executive courts disaster and ruin by assuming an attitude of hostility or distrust to the Legislature; and, on the other hand, McKinley's frank and sincere trust and confidence in Congress were repaid by prompt and loyal support and co-operation. During his entire term of office this mutual trust and regard—so essential to the public welfare—was never shadowed by a single cloud.

He was a Republican. He could not be anything else. A Union soldier grafted upon a Clay Whig, he necessarily believed in the "American System"—in protection to home industries; in a strong, aggressive nationality; in a liberal construction of the Constitution. What any self-reliant nation might rightly do, he felt this nation had power to do, if required by the common welfare and not prohibited by our written charter.

Following the natural bent of his mind, he devoted himself to questions of finance and revenue, to the essentials of the national housekeeping. He took high rank in the House from the beginning. His readiness in debate, his mastery of every subject he handled, the bright and amiable light he shed about him, and above all the unfailing courtesy and goodwill with which he treated friend and foe alike—one of the surest signatures of a nature born to great destinies—made his service in the House a pathway of unbroken success and brought him at last to the all-important post of chairman of Ways and Means and leader of the majority. Of the famous revenue act which, in that capacity, he framed and carried through Congress, it is not my purpose here and now to speak. The embers of the controversy in the midst of which that law had its troubled being are yet too warm to be handled on a day like this. I may only say that it was never sufficiently tested to prove the praises of its friends or the criticisms of its opponents. After a brief existence it passed away, for a time, in the storm that swept the Republicans out of power. McKinley also passed through a brief zone of shadow, his Congressional district having been rearranged for that purpose by a hostile Legislature.

Some one has said it is easy to love our enemies; they help us so much more than our friends. The people whose malevolent skill had turned McKinley out of Congress deserved well of him and of the Republic. Never was Nemesis more swift and energetic. The Republicans of Ohio were saved the trouble of choosing a Governor—the other side had chosen one for them. A year after McKinley left Congress he was made Governor of Ohio, and two years later he was re-elected, each time by majorities unhoped-for and overwhelming. He came to fill a space in the public eye which

obscured a great portion of the field of vision. In two National Conventions, the Presidency seemed within his reach. But he had gone there in the interest of others and his honor forbade any dalliance with temptation. So his nay was nay —delivered with a tone and gesture there was no denying. His hour was not yet come.

There was, however, no long delay. He became from year to year, the most prominent politician and orator in the country. Passionately devoted to the principles of his party, he was always ready to do anything, to go anywhere, to proclaim its ideas and to support its candidates. His face and his voice became familiar to millions of our people; and wherever they were seen and heard, men became his partisans. His face was cast in a classic mould; you see faces like it in antique marble in the galleries of the Vatican and in the portraits of the great Cardinal-statesmen of Italy; his voice was the voice of the perfect orator—ringing, vibrating, tireless, persuading by its very sound, by its accent of sincere conviction. So prudent and so guarded were all his utterances, so lofty his courtesy, that he never embarrassed his friends, and never offended his opponents. For several months before the Republican National Convention met in 1896 it was evident to all who had eyes to see that Mr. McKinley was the only probable candidate of his party. Other names were mentioned, of the highest rank in ability, character and popularity; they were supported by powerful combinations, but the nomination of William McKinley as against the field, was inevitable.

The capaign he made will be always memorable in our political annals. He and his friends had thought that the issue for the year was the distinctive and historic difference between the two parties on the subject of the tariff. To

this wager of battle the discussions of the previous four years distinctly pointed. But no sooner had the two parties made their nominations than it became evident that the opposing candidate declined to accept the field of discussion chosen by the Republicans, and proposed to put forward as the main issue the free coinage of silver. McKinley at once accepted this challenge, and, taking the battle for protection as already won, went with energy into the discussion of the theories presented by his opponents. He had wisely concluded not to leave his home during the canvass, thus avoiding a proceeding which has always been of sinister augury in our politics; but from the front porch of his modest house in Canton he daily addressed the delegations which came from every part of the country to greet him in a series of speeches so strong, so varied, so pertinent, so full of facts briefly set forth, of theories embodied in a single phrase, that they formed the hourly text for the other speakers of his party, and give probably the most convincing proof we have of his surprising fertility of resource and flexibility of mind. All this was done without anxiety or strain. I remember a day I spent with him during that busy summer. He had made nineteen speeches the day before; that day he made many. But in the intervals of these addresses he sat in his study and talked, with nerves as quiet and a mind as free from care as if we had been spending a holiday at the seaside or among the hills.

When he came to the Presidency he confronted a situation of the utmost difficulty, which might well have appalled a man of less serene and tranquil self-confidence. There had been a state of profound commercial and industrial depression from which his friends had said his election would relieve the country. Our relations with the outside world

left much to be desired. The feeling between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was lacking in the cordiality which was necessary to the welfare of both. Hawaii had asked for annexation and had been rejected by the preceding Administration. There was a state of things in the Caribbean which could not permanently endure. Our neighbor's house was on fire, and there were grave doubts as to our rights and duties in the premises. A man either weak or rash, either irresolute or headstrong, might have brought ruin on himself and incalculable harm to the country.

Again I crave the pardon of those who differ with me, if, against all my intentions, I happen to say a word which may seem to them unbefitting the place and hour. But I am here to give the opinion which his friends entertained of President McKinley, of course claiming no immunity from criticism in what I shall say. I believe, then, that the verdict of history will be that he met all these grave questions with perfect valor and incomparable ability; that in grappling with them he rose to the full height of a great occasion, in a manner which redounded to the lasting benefit of the country and to his own immortal honor.

The least desirable form of glory to a man of his habitual mood and temper—that of successful war—was nevertheless conferred upon him by uncontrollable events. He felt it must come; he deplored its necessity; he strained almost to breaking his relations with his friends, in order, first to prevent and then to postpone it to the latest possible moment. But when the die was cast, he labored with the utmost energy and ardor, and with an intelligence in military matters which showed how much of the soldier still survived in the mature statesman to push forward the war to a de-

cisive close. War was an anguish to him; he wanted it short and conclusive. His merciful zeal communicated itself to his subordinates, and the war, so long dreaded, whose consequences were so momentous, ended in a hundred days.

Mr. Stedman, the dean of our poets, has called him "Augmenter of the State." It is a proud title; if justly conferred, it ranks him among the few whose names may be placed definitely and forever in charge of the historic Muse. Under his rule Hawaii has come to us, and Tutuila; Porto Rico and the vast archipelago of the East. Cuba is free. Our position in the Caribbean is assured beyond the possibility of future question. The doctrine called by the name of Monroe, so long derided and denied by alien publicists, evokes now no challenge or contradiction when uttered to the world. It has become an international truism. Our sister Republics to the south of us are convinced that we desire only their peace and prosperity. Europe knows that we cherish no dreams but those of world-wide commerce, the benefit of which shall be to all nations. The State is augmented, but it threatens no nation under heaven. As to those regions which have come under the shadow of our flag, the possibility of their being damaged by such change of circumstances was in the view of McKinley a thing unthinkable. To believe that we could not administer them to their advantage, was to turn infidel to our American faith of more than a hundred years.

In dealing with foreign Powers he will take rank with the greatest of our diplomatists. It was a world of which he had little special knowledge before coming to the Presidency. But his marvellous adaptability was in nothing more remarkable than in the firm grasp he immediately displayed in international relations. In preparing for war and in the res-

toration of peace he was alike adroit, courteous and far-sighted. When a sudden emergency declared itself, as in China, in a state of things of which our history furnished no precedent and international law no safe and certain precept, he hesitated not a moment to take the course marked out for him by considerations of humanity and the national interests. Even while the legations were fighting for their lives against bands of infuriated fanatics, he decided that we were at peace with China; and while that conclusion did not hinder him from taking the most energetic measures to rescue our imperilled citizens, it enabled him to maintain close and friendly relations with the wise and heroic Viceroys of the South, whose resolute stand saved that ancient empire from anarchy and spoliation. He disposed of every question as it arose with a promptness and clarity of vision that astonished his advisers, and he never had occasion to review a judgment or reverse a decision.

By patience, by firmness, by sheer reasonableness, he improved our understanding with all the great Powers of the world, and rightly gained the blessing which belongs to the peacemakers.

But the achievements of the nation in war and diplomacy are thrown in the shade by the vast economical developments which took place during Mr. McKinley's administration. Up to the time of his first election, the country was suffering from a long period of depression, the reasons of which I will not try to seek. But from the moment the ballots were counted that betokened his advent to power, a great and momentous movement in advance declared itself along all the lines of industry and commerce. In the very month of his inauguration steel rails began to be sold at $18 a ton—one of the most significant facts of modern times. It meant

that American industries had adjusted themselves to the long depression—that through the power of the race to organize and combine, stimulated by the conditions then prevailing, and perhaps by the prospect of legislation favorable to industry, America had begun to undersell the rest of the world. The movement went on without ceasing. The President and his party kept the pledges of their platform and their canvass. The Dingley bill was speedily framed and set in operation. All industries responded to the new stimulus and American trade set out on its new crusade, not to conquer the world, but to trade with it on terms advantageous to all concerned. I will not weary you with statistics, but one or two words seem necessary to show how the acts of McKinley as President kept pace with his professions as candidate. His four years of administration were costly; we carried on a war which, though brief, was expensive. Although we borrowed $200,000,000 and paid our own expenses without asking for indemnity, the effective reduction of the debt now exceeds the total of the war bonds. We pay $6,000,000 less in interest than we did before the war and no bond of the United States yields the holder two per cent. on its market value. So much for the Government credit; and we have $546,000,000 of gross gold in the Treasury.

But, coming to the development of our trade in the four McKinley years, we seem to be entering the realm of fable. In the last fiscal year our excess of exports over imports was $664,592,826. In the last four years it was $2,354,442,213. These figures are so stupendous that they mean little to a careless reader—but consider! The excess of exports over imports for the whole preceding period from 1790 to 1897—from Washington to McKinley—was only $356,808,822.

The most extravagant promises made by the sanguine McKinley advocates five years ago are left out of sight by these sober facts. The debtor nation has become the chief creditor nation. The financial centre of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, seems passing to the Hudson between daybreak and dark.

I will not waste your time by explaining that I do not invoke for any man the credit of this vast result. The captain cannot claim that it is he who drives the mighty steamship over the tumbling billows of the trackless deep; but praise is justly due him if he has made the best of her tremendous powers, if he has read aright the currents of the sea and the lessons of the stars. And we should be ungrateful if in this hour of prodigious prosperity we should fail to remember that William McKinley with sublime faith foresaw it, with indomitable courage labored for it, put his whole heart and mind into the work of bringing it about; that it was his voice which, in dark hours, rang out, heralding the coming light, as over the twilight waters of the Nile the mystic cry of Memnon announced the dawn to Egypt, waking from sleep.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the President's term of office were the two journeys he made to the South. The moral reunion of the sections—so long and so ardently desired by him—had been initiated by the Spanish war, when the veterans of both sides, and their sons, had marched shoulder to shoulder together under the same banner. The President in these journeys sought, with more than usual eloquence and pathos, to create a sentiment which should end forever the ancient feud. He was too good a politician to expect any results in the way of votes in his favor, and

he accomplished none. But for all that the good seed did not fall on barren ground. In the warm and chivalrous hearts of that generous people, the echo of his cordial and brotherly words will linger long, and his name will be cherished in many a household where even yet the lost cause is worshipped.

Mr. McKinley was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. There had been little doubt of the result among well-informed people, but when it was known, a profound feeling of relief and renewal of trust were evident among the leaders of capital and industry, not only in this country, but everywhere. They felt that the immediate future was secure, and that trade and commerce might safely push forward in every field of effort and enterprise. He inspired universal confidence, which is the lifeblood of the commercial system of the world. It began frequently to be said that such a state of things ought to continue; one after another, men of prominence said that the President was his own best successor. He paid little attention to these suggestions until they were repeated by some of his nearest friends. Then he saw that one of the most cherished traditions of our public life was in danger. The President saw it was time to speak, and in his characteristic manner he spoke, briefly, but enough. Where the lightning strikes there is no need of iteration. From that hour, no one dreamed of doubting his purpose of retiring at the end of his second term, and it will be long before another such lesson is required.

He felt that the harvest time was come, to garner in the fruits of so much planting and culture, and he was determined that nothing he might do or say should be liable to the reproach of a personal interest. Let us say frankly he

was a party man; he believed the policies advocated by him and his friends counted for much in the country's progress and prosperity. He hoped in his second term to accomplish substantial results in the development and affirmation of those policies. I spent a day with him shortly before he started on his fateful journey to Buffalo. Never had I seen him higher in hope and patriotic confidence. He was gratified to the heart that we had arranged a treaty which gave us a free hand in the Isthmus. In fancy he saw the canal already built and the argosies of the world passing through it in peace and amity. He saw in the immense evolution of American trade the fulfilment of all his dreams, the reward of all his labors. He was, I need not say, an ardent protectionist, never more sincere and devoted than during those last days of his life. He regarded reciprocity as the bulwark of protection—not a breach, but a fulfilment of the law. The treaties which for four years had been preparing under his personal supervision he regarded as ancillary to the general scheme. He was opposed to any revolutionary plan of change in the existing legislation; he was careful to point out that everything he had done was in faithful compliance with the law itself.

In that mood of high hope, of generous expectation, he went to Buffalo, and there, on the threshold of eternity, he delivered that memorable speech, worthy for its loftiness of tone, its blameless morality, its breadth of view, to be regarded as his testament to the nation. Through all his pride of country and his joy of its success runs the note of solemn warning, as in Kipling's noble hymn, "Lest We Forget."

Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only

a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. . . . The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of goodwill and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

I wish I had time to read the whole of this wise and weighty speech; nothing I might say could give such a picture of the President's mind and character. His years of apprenticeship had been served. He stood that day past-master of the art of statesmanship. He had nothing more to ask of the people. He owed them nothing but truth and faithful service. His mind and heart were purged of the temptations which beset all men engaged in the struggle to survive. In view of the revelation of his nature vouchsafed to us that day, and the fate which impended over him, we can only say in deep affection and solemn awe: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Even for that vision he was not unworthy.

He had not long to wait. The next day sped the bolt of doom, and for a week after—in an agony of dread, broken by illusive glimpses of hope that our prayers might be answered—the nation waited for the end. Nothing in the glorious life that we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words when he saw his assailant in danger of summary vengeance, "Don't let them hurt him;" his chivalrous care that the news should be broken gently to his wife; the fine

courtesy with which he apologized for the damage which his death would bring to the great Exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done," were all the instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure that pride in its nobility at once softened and enhanced the nation's sense of loss. The Republic grieved over such a son—but is proud forever of having produced him. After all, in spite of its tragic ending, his life was extraordinarily happy. He had, all his days, troops of friends, the cheer of fame and fruitful labor; and he became at last,

> On fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire.

SECRETARY LONG

HON. JOHN DAVIS LONG, an American statesman, orator, and Secretary of the Navy, in the administrations of President McKinley and Roosevelt, was born at Buckfield, Me., Oct. 27, 1838. He was educated at the schools of his native town, at the Hebron Academy, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1857. For two years he was the principal of the academy at Westfield, Mass., retiring from this position to study law. After taking a year's course at the Harvard Law School and subsequent training in a law office at Boston, he was in 1861 admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. He first opened an office in his native town, but returned to Boston in 1862, and, after a short interval, entered the office of Stillman B. Allen, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership. In politics, Mr. Long is a Republican, and he made his maiden speech as early as his twenty-first year. In 1861, while still a resident of Buckfield, he was elected a delegate to the Maine Republican convention, and in the same year was nominated as representative to the legislature of the State, but was defeated. In 1869, he removed to Hingham, Mass., and in 1871 and 1872 ran unsuccessfully on an independent ticket for the legislature of Massachusetts. Returning to the Republican fold, Mr. Long, in 1874, was elected a representative to the Massachusetts legislature in the session of 1875. As a member of the House he at once attracted attention, and the tact, skill, and unfailing good humor which characterized him then were stepping-stones to further advancement. He was returned to the House in 1876, when he was elected Speaker, reëlections following in 1877 and 1878. He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1879, 1880, and 1881. Although one of the youngest governors the State had ever had, he was one of the best. Upon retiring from the State House, Mr. Long was elected to the national House of Representatives from the second Congressional district of Massachusetts. At Washington, he gained fresh distinction, his readiness in debate and skill in parliamentary tactics making him conspicuous. One of his important speeches, delivered March 25, 1884, dealt the deathblow to the "Bonded Whiskey Bill." At the Republican National Convention, held at Chicago, June, 1884, Mr. Long was chosen to present the name of the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, as the choice of Massachusetts for the Presidency. In 1883, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of United States Senator, opposing Senator Hoar. Mr. Long, in 1888, declined reëlection to Congress, and in 1889 resumed the practice of law at Boston. On the election of President McKinley he was called to the portfolio of the navy. His conduct of that department, during the war with Spain, was exceedingly able. As a writer, Mr. Long is polished in style and forcible. During his leisure, while Speaker of the House of Representatives, he made a blank-verse translation of Virgil's "Æneid." He has also published for private distribution several volumes of poems, marked by the graces of simplicity and exquisite rhythm. His speeches, even in the heat of political campaigns, are always marked by the best use of English. He is one of the most pleasing and effective of public speakers, and a departmental officer of much skill and ability.

IN EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS[1]

DELIVERED AT A MEMORIAL MEETING IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1884

EXCEPT amid the affectionate associations of his native place and home, no spot could be more fitting in which to honor the memory of Wendell Phillips than the capital of the nation whose one great blot his fiery eloquence burnt out. No day could be more apropriate than the birthday of Washington, whose victories for American independence were but half won till this zealot preached the crusade that crowned them at Appomattox. No body of men could more fitly gather around his open grave and bedew it with their grateful tears than those who represent the race whose shackles he turned into garlands amid which they now lay him to rest. Well may the "Goddess of Liberty" on yonder dome strain her tear-dimmed eyes to the North, listening to catch once more the thrill of a voice, but for which she might have towered this day only as a brazen lie.

Of the great names that in these latter days of the republic stand for its redemption from crime against itself, and for its perfected consecration to human freedom, his blazes out among the foremost few. Upon the earlier anti-slavery heights, he gives place to Garrison alone. And when I remember that in my own honored Commonwealth—in Massachusetts, star of the North—flamed these two immortal spirits, and so many others who clustered around them, I cannot refrain from joining my voice with yours in honoring this

[1] Used by kind permission of Hon. John D. Long.

one of them which has latest taken its flight back to God, who gave it.

In the case of most great men, even of those who suggest their limitations least, we speak of the steps, the milestones, the dates, and events of their career. But to recite those of Wendell Phillips seems out of place.

His was the force, not of the stream, which gathers volume as it flows, and pours its resistless flood in a steady current, marking its beneficence by the fair cities it builds along its banks; nor of the fire, which, under the mastery of law, turns the mighty wheels of the machinery and onward locomotion of the age; but rather of the wind, that bloweth where it listeth, now in the exquisite music of a zephyr over an æolian harp strung with human sympathies and graces, and now in the sweep of a tornado, smiting every rotten trunk to the earth, and making even the sturdy and honest oak bend before its storm.

His was not the service of Lincoln or Andrew in executive station, of Sumner or Stevens in Congress, of Grant or Sherman in the field, adapting means to successive steps of advance, and working through the best agencies at hand to achieve the best results possible; but it was the service of the torch that is flung at large to kindle the conflagration at the beginning, and, whatever burns, to keep it flaming on. He was no patient ox, toiling under the yoke and at his load. He was often rather the goad-stick which pricked those who were dragging burdens, in the homely carriage of which he was less serviceable than were those he prodded. He was a man of inspirations, not of affairs. His not to make or interpret or execute the law; his not the equipment for that work; but his to quicken the public sentiment of which law is the expression and force. When its formulation and fruit had

come for others, when they had encamped content, this pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was already in the nebulous distance, beckoning them to a new lead and advance. Not the safest guide in the slow and sure economies of material welfare, he was rather the prophet of the people's conscience, the poet of their noblest impulses.

It seems as if when, in Faneuil Hall nearly fifty years ago, in his early youth, he leaped into the arena for human rights, he flung aside every incumbrance of ordinary growth toward the achievement of a plan of life, and streamed at once into flame. Born a patrician, he was such a tribune of the people as Rome never dreamed of, who knew no law, only the law of their enlargement and of their broadening, and of their equal rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With the genius of a scholar, touched with the fine culture of letters, his mind itself a classic, he scorned the noble avenues of the statesman, the useful walks of political service, the delights of literature, all of which lay at his hand, and gave himself to the passionate impulses of a great human charity,—to the cause of the oppressed, the enslaved, the poor, the down-trodden, and the friendless. Into the great anti-slavery cause and conflict he rode,—a warrior whose sword was to flash and whose voice was to ring till the last battle-field was won. To that cause he gave all except that exquisite loyalty to her who sat at his hearth, which, faithful even unto death, is now as grateful and sweet to the American people as the white leaves of a flower or the tenderest heart-beat in a poet's song.

For that cause he sacrificed all, enduring, as it is impossible now to realize, obloquy and shame, hissing and hate. No man is altogether the master of his own character or in-

clination, and it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that, from the terrific ordeal through which in those days Phillips went, and from the wounds he then received at the hands of his own caste, came something of the spirit that never after could quite reconcile itself with the ranks that later were sincerely ready to do him justice.

A victim of injustice, there were times when he did injustice. And perhaps there could be no more complete tribute to his character than that in his later years, as well as now in the halo of his death, his eloquence, his singleness and purity of purpose, his lofty integrity, and his great work were the acknowledgment and pride of all his fellow citizens alike; and that to question his opinions was never to accuse the disinterested fervor of his convictions and ideas.

Ah, with what admiration—it seems but yesterday in the streets of Boston—we looked, as we saw above the throng that commanding and high-spirited face, never quite free from its scorn of conscious superiority! We turned to gaze upon him when he had passed,—that higher-bred and more beautiful Puritan Apollo, whose tongue was his lute, and whose swift shaft was winged with the immortal fire of liberty.

A city-full and a nation-full honor him. He has his reward in the praise even of those who differed from him most; and he has his reward—and to him it is the sweetest—in the tears and gratitude of thousands in humble life, to whom his name is as that thought of a friend, which to many, alas, is so rare, yet by every human being is so longed for.

There are humble homes of plain living, but of high thinking, in my own New England, under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, along the sea and among the farms, to which my heart turns as I speak, and in which are men and women, peers of his courage and humanity, though not of his gifts and fame,

who remember and mourn this leader, whose eloquence and fire kindled their youth with enthusiasm for human rights, and who endeared himself to them by sharing with them the persecution of the opinions of that time.

There are oppressed peoples in foreign lands who lament an advocate and champion of the larger and sweeter liberty of which they dream, and which he yearned to see them enjoy. There are five million citizens of our own, to whom and to whose descendants he will be as a deliverer, like him who led the children of Israel out of their bondage.

As in his own career Phillips disdained the ordinary steps and methods of influence and growth, so in any estimate of him all the ordinary modes of analysis and criticism are useless. What are his errors in economical science; what are his mistaken estimates of men and measures; what are his bitter injustices to patriots as true as himself; what are his rashnesses of judgment, looked at in the light of his lofty consecration to his fellow men and of that absolute innocence of any purpose of self-aggrandizement, which you felt as distinctly in his character as you heard the music in his voice, and which separated him so utterly from the mouthing demagogues whose self-seeking is as patent as their roar? What are all these, if these there were, except as they were the incidentals, not the essentials, of a nature that went to its mark with the relentless stroke of the lightning, and, had it not been the lightning, would have been nothing?

Our glorious summer days sometimes breed, even in the very rankness of their opulence, enervating and unhealthy weaknesses. The air is heavy. Its breath poisons the blood; the pulse of nature is sluggish and mean. Then come the tempest and the thunder. So was it in the body politic, whether the plague was slavery or whatever wrong; whether

it was weakness in men of high degree or tyranny over men of low estate; whether it was the curse of the grog-shop or the iron hand of the despot at home or abroad,—so it was that like the lightning Phillips flashed and struck. The scorching, hissing bolt rent the air, now here, now there. From heaven to earth, now wild at random, now straight it shot. It streamed across the sky. It leaped in broken links of a chain of fire. It sometimes fell with reckless indiscrimination alike on the just and on the unjust. It sometimes smote the innocent as well as blasted the guilty. But when the tempest was over there was a purer and fresher spirit in the air, and a sweeter health.

Louder than the thunder, mightier than the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, a still small voice spake in the public heart, and the public conscience woke.

JOHN MORLEY

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, P.C., D.C.L., an eminent English statesman, and man of letters, was born at Blackburn, Lancashire, Dec. 24, 1838. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford. On receiving his degree he qualified for the Bar, but never practiced law, drifting instead into journalism. His contributions to the London "Leader" were of such excellence that they led to his appointment on the staff of the "Saturday Review." He afterwards became editor of the "Fortnightly Review," 1867–83; of the "Pall Mall Gazette," 1880–83, and of "Macmillan's Magazine," 1883–85. From 1883 to 1895 he was Liberal member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in 1896 became representative of the Scotch boroughs of Montrose. He was chief secretary for Ireland in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. He has been a close student of political problems, and an able and prolific writer. His power as a statesman has lain in his ability to clothe his arguments in strong and exact phrases, and in his honesty and sincerity. He has been one of the most earnest advocates of home rule for Ireland, and also given his best efforts to the solution of labor problems. As historian, editor, and man of letters, Mr. Morley has earned a world-wide reputation. He is one of the first living masters of the English language. Among his most notable publications are: "Edmund Burke" (1867); "Critical Miscellanies" (1871); "Voltaire" (1871); "Rousseau" (1873); "On Compromise" (1874); "Diderot and the Encyclopædist" (1878); "Life of Richard Cobden" (1881); "Studies in Literature" (1891); and "Walpole," in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." He is also well known as the editor of the "English Men of Letters" series.

ON HOME RULE

DELIVERED AT OXFORD, FEBRUARY 29, 1888

SIR,—This is not my maiden speech to the Oxford Union, therefore it is not upon that ground that I venture to claim your indulgence. I was warned before I came here—and what I have heard since does not alter the weight of that warning—that I must be prepared to face a decisively hostile majority.

But, in spite of that I confess I felt in coming here none of those misgivings which the great Master of Romance made

Louis XI feel when he was infatuated enough to put himself in the hands of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. I feel perfectly confident that I shall receive from gentlemen present the courteous and kindly attention which Englishmen seldom refuse, even to their political opponents. It is quite true that at this moment party passion and political passion have reached a pitch of bitterness, and in some quarters I would almost say of ferocity, which has not been equalled in English history since the break-up of the Conservative party on the repeal of the Corn Laws forty-two years ago.

In spite of that I venture to commend the remarks which I shall intrude upon you to your favorable and indulgent consideration. I am accused very often of choosing to address what are called ignorant and credulous audiences. It cannot, at all events, be said that, in venturing to accept your very kind invitation to come here to-night, I have sought an audience which is ignorant, or an audience which is credulous. I suspect I shall find a scepticism in regard to my arguments the prevailing mood rather than credulity.

An old Parliamentarian was once asked whether he had ever known a speech change opinions, and he answered: "Oh, yes, I have constantly known a speech to change opinions, but I have never known a speech to change votes."

I do not aspire to-night to change votes; I content myself with the less arduous and more modest task of trying to change your opinions. I have listened with enormous interest and sincere pleasure to the debate which has proceeded since I entered the room. It has been animated and exhilarating, and if on one side I heard prejudices and sophisms to which I am accustomed, these prejudices and sophisms were expressed with very great ability and with evident sincerity.

The arguments on the other side—the side which I am

here to press upon your attention—were admirably put, and I hope that they may have caused searching of hearts among some of those who are going to-night to vote against the resolution before the House.

I am following to-night a very distinguished statesman[1] whom you rightly welcomed last week. That noble lord has shown himself to be a man of great shrewdness, some insight, and of very considerable liberality of mind. I am glad that you agree with me in that account. I hope you will go further with me when I say that, considering that he is a man of shrewdness, of insight, and of liberality of mind, it is no wonder that he has left her Majesty's government.

But the noble lord, in his speech, as far as practical issues were concerned, dealt mainly in the prophetic. Now the prophetic is a line in respect to Irish affairs in which the noble lord does not at all excel. I remember very well in 1884, when the Franchise Bill was before the House of Commons, that the noble lord advocated and defended the enlargement of the franchise in Ireland, on the ground that the new voters whom that bill would admit to political power would, on the whole, be a Conservative force, and would to some extent neutralize the Nationalist forces in the towns.

The election of 1885 showed what foresight there was in that particular prophecy of the noble lord; and I venture, with all respect, to warn you that the prophecies which he made to you last week, with respect to the probable course of events affecting self-government, will, within the next two or three years, be seen by you in this hall to have been as futile, as random, and as ill-founded as the prophecy which he made in 1885.

[1] Lord Randolph Churchill, who spoke a week previously opposing the establishment of a statutory Parliament in Dublin.

You must not forget that the noble lord himself was once a Home Ruler. ["No, no!"]

Some gentleman says "No," but I assure him he is mistaken. Lord Randolph Churchill said in the House of Commons that he had been himself in Mr. Butt's days inclined to look favorably upon Home Rule on Mr. Butt's lines. It cannot be denied that Lord Randolph Churchill has been himself in his day a Home Ruler, and in his day he may be a Home Ruler again.

I will not detain you long in dealing with Lord Randolph Churchill's positions, but there are one or two of them so remarkable that I cannot allow them, considering the noble lord's importance in the public eye, to pass without a word of remark.

The noble lord defined the Irish question, and I have no fault to find with that definition. He said that the Irish question arose from this fact, that we cannot obtain from Ireland, first of all, the same reverence for the law; secondly, the same material prosperity; and thirdly, the same contentment and tranquillity that we obtain in England and Scotland.

I think that is a perfectly fair statement of the question. But then, does it not occur even to those who are going to vote against this resolution to-night, that a statesman who admitted that we had obtained nothing better than a result so unsatisfactory, so discreditable, and so deplorable, would say: "Since the result has been such, we must change the system which has produced that result"?

I think that is a fair way of answering the question as the noble lord defines it. Did he so answer it? On the contrary, what he said was: "Since the result has been so discreditable, so deplorable, and so unsatisfactory, therefore I urge you of

the Oxford Union to vote in favor practically of maintaining every jot and tittle of that system exactly as it now stands."

I do not know how the school of logic goes in Oxford since my day; but I think if theoretic logic had been dealt with on the same principle as the noble lord deals with questions of practical logic, he would have come away from the schools with no *testamur*.

And now I come to a more important part of the noble lord's speech. What is the good of the policy which he pressed upon your attention? What is the bright and cheerful prospect that he holds out to you as the result of following that policy? It is so extraordinary and so remarkable from a man of the noble lord's shrewdness, that I really will beg your very close scrutiny of the position which he then took up, and of the very astonishing arguments to which he resorted.

The noble lord said that the Irish party is deeply divided into two sharply opposed sections—one of them is the section which is content with Parliamentary, Constitutional, and peaceful methods; and the other is the party of violence and force. That is perfectly true. There have always been in Irish history these two opposed forces.

It is a very old story; and one part of the story that I have always heard is that in the old days when the quarrel between the moral force party and the physical force party waxed very hot, it generally ended in the moral force party kicking the physical force party downstairs. The noble lord reversed this. He said, Depend upon it, as Home Rule receded in the distance, those who do not believe in the efficacy of Parliamentary methods would assert their superiority over those who do believe in Parliamentary methods.

I will ask the House to put that proposition into rather plainer English. What it means is, that when Home Rule is put upon the shelf, the Fenian movement—which the noble lord truly remarked could scarcely be said to exist at the present moment—would rise in undisputed triumph, and the Constitutional, peaceful, and Parliamentary movement would receive its quietus.

And that is the noble lord's argument in this House for opposing the resolution now before it! I cannot imagine that the golden prospect which the noble lord places before you is one that is really calculated to bring comfort or relief to British statesmen. I agree with him absolutely in his prediction. I have often said that if you do shelve Home Rule, if you once show the majority of the population of Ireland that they have nothing to hope for from the equity and common sense of Great Britain, then I firmly believe that you will have a revival of the old party of violence, of conspiracy, of sedition, and of treason.

But the prospect that he regards with satisfaction and complacency—the prospect of the revival of the violent party and the depression of the peaceful party—that prospect fills me, and I hope fills all well-considering men here, whether they be Unionists or Home Rulers, with repugnance and horror. We shall regard the revival of such a state of things as most dishonoring to England, and as merciless to Ireland.

But I would ask gentlemen to press the noble lord's argument home, to test it and to probe it to the bottom from his own speech. You are to force Home Rule back, in order to restore those halcyon days of which the noble lord himself gave you an account—when, as he said, and I daresay correctly said, half the population of Ireland were either sworn Fenians or else in close sympathy with Fenianism.

That is extreme language. But what is still more extraordinary is the purpose and object with which you are to effect this most curious manœuvre. What was the purpose and the object of shelving Home Rule with the prospect of a revival of Fenianism? Pursue the noble lord's train of thought. You are to raise Fenianism from the dead, you are to stamp out the Constitutional men, and to give new life to the men of violence and conspiracy; you are to fan into a glow all the sullen elements of insurgency in Ireland, in order, forsooth, that the Empire should be the better able to face all these troubles that are coming upon Europe, as the noble lord thinks, and may truly think—to face all these troubles with concentrated strength and undivided resources!

Surely of all extraordinary short cuts to concentrated strength and undivided resources, none can be more extraordinary then to take care to keep a disaffected province at your very gates. The moral charm of such a policy as that is only equalled by its practical common sense.

Why, the other day, in the wilds of Donegal, there was occasion—or the government thought there was occasion—to arrest a certain priest, and to carry this priest in the midst of his flock to the court-house, where he was about to be tried, it required a force of horse, foot, and artillery of something like 500 or 600 of her Majesty's troops. Now it does not need a very elaborate arithmetical calculation to satisfy ourselves if it takes 600 troops to safely look after one insignificant parish priest in the wilds of Donegal for trial, how many troops will it take to hold Ireland when half the population are sworn Fenians, or else in close sympathy with Fenianism.

So much for the noble lord's argument, because that was the real argument of his speech.

No, sir, gentlemen here may depend upon it that, if the time ever comes, as it has come before, when this great and mighty realm shall be called once more by destiny or her duty to face a world in arms in some high cause and policy of state, she will only have her strength concentrated and her resources undivided on the condition that her statesmen and her people have plucked up the root of strife in Ireland and turned the domestic enemy on our flank into our friend and our ally.

But I think we may all agree to recognize the hollowness of the cause, when so able a man as the noble lord, appealing to you in the name of the Empire and the strength of the Empire, argues for the perpetuation of a state of things which morally, and politically, and materially weakens, disables, and cripples the forces of the Empire. So much for the goal of the policy which the noble lord pressed upon you. It is the same goal which ministers—the same lord is no longer a minister—it is the same goal which ministers are constantly alleging in the House of Commons that they place before themselves, and most paradoxical and extraordinary things they say in defence of the proposition that they are reaching the goal.

What is the goal? The goal is to give to Ireland the same reverence for the laws, the same material prosperity, the same contentment and tranquillity, that we have in England and Scotland. Yes; but there are some very astonishing congratulations to be heard in the ministerial camp as to the speed with which and as to the manner in which they are nearing that goal.

For instance, the Attorney-General said the other day that they must be considered to be surmounting the difficulties that concerned English government in Ireland. Well, but

why? The Attorney-General said that the government were surmounting difficulties in Ireland, because meetings and movements which had once been open were now secret.

I am sure that many of you, though you have other things to do than to follow very closely the history of Ireland, and of the good and bad movements in Ireland, must be well aware that the great bane of Ireland and of Scotland when they cross the seas—whether they go to the United States or the English colonies—has been secret association.

The great triumph, I will say, of the League and of the National Movement since the year 1880, has been that those associations which formerly were secret, and therefore dangerous, are now open, and will be open as long as this most reckless government will allow them to be. Ask yourselves —I appeal to your candor—ask yourselves whether, if treason is taught, and if murder is hatched, is treason likely to be taught, is murder likely to be hatched, in open meetings?

No, it is impossible. But what is possible? I am afraid that what is certain is, that if you repress public combination —if you go through that odious and ridiculous process which is called driving discontent beneath the surface—if you do that, you are taking the surest steps that can be taken to have treason taught and murder hatched.

Now, I ask gentlemen here before they vote to-night—or, at all events, to turn it over in their minds after they have voted, whether the goal is being reached by the present policy, a policy which the rejection of this resolution encourages and endorses.

I am not talking away from the resolution, because I am trying to call the attention of gentlemen to the alternative of the policy set out in the resolution of the honorable mover. I hope, therefore, you will agree that I am keeping close to

the point. The point is the alternative of the policy of Home Rule. We have had, since the session began, a series of debates in the House of Commons upon the administration of the Coercion Act.

Of course I am not an impartial witness, but I think that the subtle something which is called the impression of a great assembly, the impression of the House of Commons, is that the government have not shown that they have attained any of the ends which they proposed to themselves when they passed this piece of legislation. All the tests that can be applied to the success of the operation of that Act appear to me to show that it has achieved none of the ends that were proposed.

Have they put down the League? It is perfectly certain that the League is as strong as ever. I know that an attempt is made to make out the contrary case, but from any test that you can apply to the strength of the League, whether it be to the number of branches, to the copiousness of subscriptions, or to the numbers at the meetings—according to any of these tests, so far as I can make out, the League is not in the least degree weakened.

Have they put down the Plan of Campaign? It is very clear that the Plan of Campaign has not been put down. It is true, to come to a third point, that there is a great decline in boycotting. That is quite true, but the point that you have got to make good is that the decline in boycotting is due to the government policy. There are more explanations than one for the decline of boycotting.

If you want my explanation, since you have been so very kind as to ask me to come here, and are so good as to listen to me so attentively, my explanation is that the decline of boycotting is due, first of all, to the fact that a great many

of the boycotted persons have wisely, or unwisely, yielded to and joined the League; and, secondly, what is a far more important consideration, boycotting has declined because a great many landlords have under pressure, or from other motives, made those reductions which equity required and which the peace of the country demanded.

Now, I think it is very important that you should try and realize for yourselves what the policy of coercion is in actual practice. I am not going to detain this House very long by reading extracts. One of the most respected lawyers in the North of England and a very old friend of mine, who is a very experienced man, was in the court at Galway on the thirteenth of this month during a trial of twelve men for rioting. Now, this is what he says:

"There was a great crowd to welcome Mr. Blunt on the evening of January 7. When Mr. Blunt was brought to the jail at Galway the people were orderly on the whole, but they cheered for Mr. Blunt, and they pushed through the police at the station in their anxiety to see Mr. Blunt."

Was there any harm in that? My friend goes on to say that orders were given to clear the station. I will ask you to mark that I am not criticising what happened. I want to get you into court. My friend goes on to say:

"The station was cleared in half a minute, the police batoning the people and knocking them down. What attempt was made on February 13 to bring any offence home to the twelve accused persons? All that could be urged against them was that they had waited for and had cheered Mr. Blunt."

And I think they had as much right to do so as if they had been in Oxford Station. To continue:

"The charge was not dismissed, it was adjourned and resumed on February 14, the next day. The Crown then

called four fresh policemen, of whose evidence no notice had been given to the accused, and these four fresh policemen told a new tale. The crowd, which, according to the evidence of the day before, was described as orderly, was now described as disorderly. It was now represented that the police had been interfered with and were in actual peril. There was stone-throwing, but it was outside the station, and no attempt was made to connect the accused with anything that took place outside the station, or anything worse than shouting or cheering. The result was that eleven or twelve of the accused men were sentenced to a fortnight's or a month's imprisonment with hard labor; and, one of them calling out that he would do the same again, the magistrate, with what I must call a truly contemptible vindictiveness, said, 'You shall have another week's imprisonment for saying that.' The upshot of the whole case was that these men—two of them, mind you, Town Commissioners, respected public men in the confidence of their fellow citizens—were punished, not for concerting a riotous meeting, not for throwing stones, not for attacking the police, not for doing anything to alarm reasonable and courageous persons, but simply for waving their hats and caps in honor of Mr. Blunt."

Now, I say that is, unfortunately, a typical case. [Cries of "No!"] Yes, it is a typical case. If gentlemen who doubt that will take the trouble, as I have done, to read the reports from day to day of what goes on in these courts, if they will take the trouble to hear evidence that Englishmen, not partisan Irishmen, have seen administered in these courts, they will agree that this is a typical case, that men are treated violently, that they are then summoned for an offence which is not properly proved—[A cry of "No!"]—what I say I hope to show in a moment—and for acts which are not in themselves an offence or a crime.

Somebody protested when I used the word "prove." I will ask him, and I will ask the House, to listen to a little extract which I am going to read to show the kind of evidence

which in these courts is thought good enough. It is the case of a certain Irish member, Mr. Sheehy, who was convicted, and this is a very short passage from the cross-examination of the shorthand-writer. Mr. Sheehy was brought up for words spoken; it was vitally important to know what were the words spoken, for which he was about to have inflicted upon him a very severe punishment. This is, in a very few words, a passage from the cross-examination of the government reporter:

"Did you ever study shorthand?"

"I did not. I might look over the book, but that is all. As far as I know, shorthand is not studied by any man in the barracks. There was no constable, to my knowledge, in Trench Park on the day of the meeting, who knew shorthand. The meeting lasted from three o'clock till a quarter to five, and Mr. Sheehy was speaking the greater part of the time. When Mr. Sheehy spoke a sentence or a sentence and a half, I took down all I could remember at the time. I took no note of what he would be saying while I was taking down the two sentences which I remembered at the time. I consider Mr. Sheehy a slow speaker."

"While you would be writing a sentence, how many sentences would he get ahead of you?"

"Well," said the constable or reporter, "he might get two or three."

"Then when you would complete your sentence, would you skim over what he had said in the meantime and then catch him up again?"

"Yes, I would try and remember what he would say in the meantime."

"When you say that you would try and remember, what do you mean?"

"I mean that when I heard a sentence or two I would take that down, and pay no attention to what he would say in the meantime."

How many gentlemen here must have been in English courts and heard the careful, austere, and impressive standards which the judges of those courts apply to evidence? I say, when you hear such evidence as that, do you not think you are listening to the proceedings of a court in a comic opera? Pray remark that in a charge of this kind a phrase or a qualification of a phrase may be of vital importance. It may make all the difference in the construction and the interpretation that the court would put upon a word spoken; and yet you see that the qualifying phrases and words might have been dropped out while the reporter was taking down the other sentences. It is a sheer caricature of evidence.

I must inflict one more story upon you—it is the last—because you must know it is no use using vague general words about Coercion. Realize what Coercion means. I ought to say that those words I have just read and that case was mentioned in the House of Commons. Those words were read out in the House of Commons. No answer was attempted to them by the government. I am not going to use any case which has not been challenged in the House of Commons.

Well, here is a case, of a certain Patrick Corcoran. Patrick Corcoran is the foreman printer of the Cork "Examiner." He is therefore purely a mechanic. He was tried, his name being on the imprint of the newspaper, for publishing proceedings of the suppressed branches of the National League. On the hearing of the first summons the joint editor and manager came forward and said he alone was responsible for

everything that appeared in the paper, and that Corcoran was a mere mechanic and had no power or control in any sense or degree over the matter published. Well, of course, as he had no control over the matter published, he could not have what the lawyers call that guilty mind which was necessary, according to the Act, for the commission of the offence; because the Act requires that this publication should be uttered with a view of promoting the objects of the incriminated association. Well, Corcoran, this mechanic, was sent to prison for a month. [Cries of "Shame!"]

Yes, and mark the point. Most of you know that if a sentence is for more than a month, then there is a right of appeal. Corcoran's counsel implored the Bench to add a week to the sentence so that there might be this right of appeal, or else to state a case for a superior court, which would have been the same thing. The magistrate refused even that. That is rather sharp; but that was not all. They took up another charge, in substance the same, for publishing reports of meetings number two, and on the footing of the second summons they gave Corcoran another month's imprisonment. I hope gentlemen see the point—that by this method of accumulated penalties they managed to give him a two months' sentence, and yet to deprive him of the right to appeal which he would have had from a single two months' sentence.

These are illustrations which I commend to the attention of gentlemen who oppose this resolution, because they are inevitable features in the system which is the alternative to the system advocated in the resolution. [Cries of "No, no!"]

Well, I will have one word to say about that in one moment. But I ask you, in the meantime: Can you wonder

that under such circumstances as those of which I have given you three actual illustrations—that Irishmen do not respect the law and do not revere the tribunals where that law is administered?

Imagine how the existence of such a state of things would affect you who are Englishmen. Would you endure to be under exceptional repressive legislation of this kind so administered? I do not believe you would. Englishmen never have acquiesced in legislation and administration of that kind; they have fought against it from age to age, and Irishmen will rightly fight against it from age to age.

I listened with especial interest, and, if I may say so, with admiration to the speech of the gentleman who preceded me, in whom I am glad to recognize the germs of hereditary gifts; and, if it is not impertinent in me to say so, I hope he will continue to cultivate those remarkable gifts; and—forgive me for saying so—I hope he may one day use them in a better cause. The honorable gentleman struck the keynote. I accept that note. He said, "Think of the sons and daughters of Ireland."

Think of the sons and daughters of Ireland; it is for their sake as much as for our own, not more, but as much—it is for the sake of the sons and daughters of Ireland that I am and have been an advocate of giving Ireland responsibility and self-government. Can you wonder? Put yourselves in the place of the sons and daughters of Ireland. These transactions, of which I have given you a very inadequate specimen, fill their minds. They hear scarcely anything else in the speeches of their leaders and in the talk of those in whom they have confidence. They talk of these things when they meet at fairs, when they meet at chapel, when they meet at athletic sports. And they read scarcely anything else in the

newspapers. And if they cannot read, then their children read these proceedings out to them.

Now think of a generation growing up in this demoralizing and poisoned atmosphere of defiance and suspicion and resentment, and think whether you are doing your duty; think how you are preparing for the growth of a generation in Ireland in whom the spirit of citizenship shall be wholesome and shall be strong. It is of no avail to tell me that a lawyer in his study has this or that objection to this or that section. What I see in Ireland is a population in whom you are doing your best to breed want of reverence for the law, distrust of the tribunals, and resentment against the British rule which fastens that yoke upon their necks.

When I said that the government were pursuing a policy of pure repression, somebody objected. I should like him to be kind enough to tell me what other dish there is on the ministerial table for Ireland, except repression. Let us go to the law and the testimony. We used to be told—I see old and respected friends of mine around me who are Liberal Unionists, and their party used to say that they would not assent to Home Rule, but that they would assent to an extension of local government in Ireland. [A cheer.]

I am glad to hear that cheer, but it is a very forlorn cry. I will ask you for a single instant to listen to the history of the promise of the extension of local government in Ireland. In 1842, forty-six long years ago, a Commission reported in favor of amending the system of county government in Ireland. A bill was brought in to carry out that recommendation in 1849. It was rejected. It was brought in in 1853, and it was rejected; again in 1856 it was rejected; again another in 1857, which also was rejected.

Then there was a pause in the process of rejection until

1868, when a Parliament and the government of the day resorted to the soothing and comforting plan of appointing a Select Committee. That, just like the previous Commission, issued a copious and an admirable report, but nothing more was done. In 1875 a bill was brought in for county reform in Ireland, and in 1879 another bill was brought in which did not touch the evils that called for remedy.

In 1881, in the time of the Gladstone administration, and at a time when Ireland, remember, was in a thousand times worse condition than the most sinister narrator can say she is now, the Queen in her Speech was made to say that a bill for the extension of local government of Ireland would be brought in; nothing was done.

In 1886 the distinguished man whom you had here last week himself said—I heard him say it one afternoon—he made this promise in the name of the government of which he was a leading and an important member—that it was the firm intention of the government to bring in a measure with a view of placing all control of local government in Ireland in the hands of the Irish people.

Some of you cry, "Hear, hear," but that is all gone. Listen to what Lord Hartington, the master of the government, has since said. The noble lord has said that no scheme for the extension of local government in Ireland can be entertained until there has been a definite repudiation of nationality by the Irish people. I do not want to press that too far, but at all events you will agree with me that it postpones the extension of local government in Ireland to a tolerably remote day.

Do not let Liberal Unionists deceive themselves by the belief that there is going to be a moderate extension of local government for Ireland. Do not let them retain any such

illusion. Proposals for local government will follow these Royal Commissions, Committees, Bills, Motions, into limbo, and we shall hear no more of extension of local government. This is only one illustration among many others, which, taken together, amount to a demonstration of the unfitness and incompetence of our Imperial Parliament for dealing with the political needs, the admitted and avowed political needs, of Ireland.

One speaker said something about fisheries. There was a Select Committee appointed in 1884, and there was another Royal Commission reporting a few weeks ago, but I am not sanguine enough to think that more will be done in consequence of the recommendations of that Commission than has been done in consequence of the recommendation of others.

Again, there are the Irish railways. I was wrong, by the way, that a Royal Commission was on fisheries—it was on Irish industries generally, fisheries included. On the question of railways there was a Royal Commission in 1867, and a small Committee was appointed in 1868. There were copious and admirable reports. There is another copious and admirable report laid on the table of the House of Commons this week. Nothing has been done, and I do not believe anything will be done. That is another field in which Ireland abounds in requirements and necessities, and which the British Parliament has not the power, knowledge, or inclination to deal with or to touch.

One gentleman who spoke to-night with great ability—and if people think these things I do not know why they should not be said—reproduced to my regret the old talk about the Hottentots. I confess this is the most painful part of the present controversy—that there should be men (I am sure he is one of them) of generous minds, of public spirit and pa-

triotism, who talk, and sincerely talk, of union, and the incorporation of Ireland with Britain, and yet think that this kind of language, and what is far more, this kind of feeling, is a way likely to produce incorporation and union.

I have seen a good deal of Irishmen. I saw a great, a tremendous crowd of Irishmen the other day on their own soil. They comported themselves, many tens and scores of thousands of them, comported themselves with a good humor, a perfect order, a temper generally of which any capital in Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna—might have been proud. I think you can do something better with such a people than alienate them by calling them and by thinking of them as Hottentots, or as in any way inferior to ourselves. That is not the way to have union and incorporation. That is not the way to make the Empire stronger.

And I apply the same to the language that is used about the Irish members. I am not prepared to defend all that the Irish members have said and done. No, and I am not prepared to defend all that English members have done. But I ask here, as I asked in Dublin, is there to be no amnesty? Is there never to be an act of oblivion? These men, after all, have forced upon the British legislature, and have extorted from the British legislature, laws for the benefit of their own down-trodden and oppressed people. Those laws were either right or wrong. If they were wrong, the British legislature ought not to have passed them. If they were right, you ought to be very much obliged to the Irish members for awakening your sense of equity and of right.

I return again—I am going to conclude in a moment—I return again to the point. You have the future in your hands, because what has been said is true; the future depends upon the opinions of the men between twenty and

thirty, which, I take it, is the average of the audience I have the honor of addressing. What is the condition of Ireland?

Here, too, I will repeat what I said in Dublin. In Ireland you have a beggared gentry; a bewildered peasantry; a random and harsh and aimless system of government; a population fevered by political power and not sobered by political responsibility. This is what you have to deal with; and I say here, with a full sense of important responsibility, that rather than go on in face of that distracted picture, with the present hard, incoherent, cruel system of government in Ireland, rather than do that I would assent to the proposal that has been made, if that were the only alternative, by a great representative of the Unionist party, by Lord Grey.

And what does Lord Grey suggest? Lord Grey suggests that the Lord-Lieutenant should be appointed for ten years, and during those ten years—it is a strong order—during those ten years he is to make what laws he thinks fit without responsibility either to ministers or to Parliament. It is a strong order, but I declare—and I believe that Mr. Parnell has said that he agrees—that I would rather see Ireland made a Crown colony to-morrow than go on in the present hypocritical and inefficient system of sham representation. You may then have the severity of paternal repression, but you will have the beneficence of paternal solicitude and supervision. What you now have is repression and neglect; and repression and neglect you will have until you call the Irish leaders into council and give to the majority of the Irish people that power in reality which now they have only in name.

One minute more and I will sit down.

The resolution raises very fairly the great issue that now divides and engages all serious minds in this country—the issue which has broken up a great political party, which has

tried and tested more than one splendid reputation, and in which the Liberal party have embarked all their hopes and fortunes as resolutely and as ungrudgingly as their forefathers did in the case of Catholic Emancipation. The opponents of this Resolution ought to have told us, what no opponent to-night did tell us—for I listened very carefully—they ought to have told us what it is they mean. Merely to vote a blank and naked negative to this resolution? It is not enough, it cannot be all, merely to say "No" to this resolution. You are not going through the familiar process of rejecting an academic motion or an abstract proposition.

In refusing this proposition you are adopting an amendment. I have taken the liberty to draft a Unionist amendment. I will gladly place it in the hands of any Unionist member who may think it expedient to move it. This is the alternative amendment to the resolution of the honorable mover.

"That, inasmuch as Coercion, after being tried in every form and under all varieties, has failed to bring to Ireland that order and content we all earnestly desire, Coercion shall be made the permanent law of the land; That as perfect equality between England and Ireland is the key to a sound policy, Coercion shall be the law in Ireland and shall not be the law in England; That as decentralization and local government have been long recognized and constantly promised as a necessary reform in Irish affairs, the time has at length arrived for definitely abandoning all reform in Irish local government; That since the backward condition, and the many admitted needs of Ireland urgently call for the earnest and unremitting attention of her rulers, the exclusive attention of this Parliament shall be devoted to the consideration of English, Scotch, and Welsh affairs; That, in view of the fact that representative institutions are the glory and strength of the United Kingdom, the Constitutional demands of the great majority of the Irish representatives shall be dis-

regarded, and these representatives shall have no voice in Irish affairs and no share in Irish government; and, finally, That as Mr Pitt declared the great object of the Union to be to make the Empire more secure by making Ireland more free and more happy, it is the duty of every true Unionist to make Ireland more miserable in order to prevent her from being free."

That, sir, is the amendment which you are, I fear, presently going to vote. [Cries of "No!"] Yes, you are. That is what you are going to vote, and I have failed in the speech which you have most kindly and indulgently listened to, if you do not see that that amendment, with its stream of paradoxes and incoherencies, represents the Unionist policy. That is a policy which judgment condemns and which conscience forbids.

WILLIAM W. PHELPS

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, American congressman and diplomatist, was born at New York, Aug. 24, 1839, and died near Englewood, N. J., June 17, 1894. Educated at Yale University, he studied law at Columbia University and for a few years practiced his profession at New York. In 1869, he withdrew from practice in order to devote his time to the care of large estates inherited from his father. In 1873, he entered Congress as a representative from New Jersey, retaining his seat for one term, during which he was conspicuous for independence. He was delegate-at-large from New Jersey in the National Republican conventions of 1880 and 1884, in both of which he was a supporter of the nomination of Blaine. In 1881, he was United States Minister to Austria, and the next year reëntered Congress, where he sat continuously till 1889. During this period Mr. Phelps served on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and in 1889 was one of three American commissioners appointed to represent the United States at the International Conference, Berlin. From 1889 to 1893 he was United States Minister to Germany. On his return to this country he lived but one year thereafter, dying at his New Jersey home in his fifty-fifth year. Among his speeches are those "On Sound Currency" (1874); "On the Civil Rights Bill" (Feb. 4, 1875); and "On the Dangers of Peace" (1884).

SOUND CURRENCY

APRIL 1, 1874

MR. SPEAKER,—We are bound to give the people of these United States a sound currency. We are bound to give them specie payments; for only gold, or a credit based on gold, is a sound currency. We are bound, whether we be Liberals, Republicans, or Democrats, by express promise; we are bound by the provisions of a law, the first ever signed by our Chief Magistrate; we are bound by the oath we took as members of this House to support the constitution; we are bound by the conventions of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, which pledged the three great parties to "speedy resumption;" we are bound by the

act of March, 1869, which "solemnly pledged the public faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin;" we are bound by the constitution, which was formed "to promote the general welfare." Can we better provide for the general welfare than by giving to the people a uniform, stable currency?

For the general welfare, for the interests of other classes, others may speak. Let me to-day speak for the interests of labor,—the labor of the farm and of the shop,—for the poor man.

I believe, and I think I can show, that while the moral evils resulting from a depreciated currency fall uniformly, the material ill, the real suffering and loss, fall upon the laborer and the farmer. The capitalist and merchant, in the resources of varied exchanges and varied investments, may adjust and shift the loss; the poor man receives it all. Wall Street, Beacon Street, and Chestnut Street may escape; the farm and the workshop never. Therefore I urge to-day the resumption of specie payments in the name of the farmer and mechanic.

I ask a sound currency for those whose plows rust in the furrow; for those who darken the streets of Paterson with their patient waitings.

And let no man smile that I speak for those whose wants I best know and most feel: I speak for them, not to them. Shall I tell them of sufferings they have felt? Shall I point them to the silent forge and spindle and loom? They have lived and moved among them all this dreary winter, as men can live and move even among the silent monuments of departed life. They ask for a sound currency; as their representative, I ask for it in their name. They have waited, they

are still waiting, with patience. So far they have asked for bread, and their government has given then a stone; they have asked for money, their government has given them a rag.

Mr. Speaker, a century ago a part of the English people gathered around Westminister Hall to impress a sentimental grievance upon their representatives. Their subsequent conduct was not such as the friends of order could approve. Not such would be the conduct of the Paterson mechanics should they gather round this Capitol to impress their real grievances.

There would be no noise, no disorder, no riot. They would stand the livelong day in patient waiting. They would part without threat, to let in and out the representatives of the people, and as each passed they would simply say, "You believe the testimony of Jefferson, Jackson, and Benton; or, you believe the testimony of Adams, Clay, Webster, and Sumner. Give us the money they recommended; give us a dollar that is a dollar. Give us the money of our fathers; give us the money of the world."

Mr. Speaker, I could spend much time in proving financial truths that were never disputed before this year of our Lord. Why should I? Shall I put up a man of straw, to knock him down? Shall I tell truths that the theory and experience of the world have established? Could I write them better than Smith, Ricardo, Say, Rice, and Bagehot? Can I speak them better than Jefferson, and Benton, and Webster, and Clay? If there is a man who believes there is any other basis for a sound currency than gold, and who maintains that belief in the face of the world's testimony and the world's experience, I cannot convert him; I will not attempt it.

It seems to me that most of the confusion of thought and

expression that appears in this discussion is the result of inaccuracy of terms. The words are used inaccurately. The confusion is one, not in the subject, not in the mind that grasps it, but in the terminology. Give that strict definition to terms, give that strict use of terms, when defined, which rules in other sciences, and all confusion must give way to order and harmony. In the great process of exchange there are two parts, two functions. For these two functions two different instruments are needed. Let us give these different instruments different names, and carefully maintain the distinction.

What is money? It is the measure of value. It is the instrument devised to transact the first step in an exchange. It is the commodity used to estimate the relative value of other commodities.

Before we can exchange commodities we must know what is their real value. We must take a commodity of fixed value, and, dividing it into units, make these represent the ratio which other commodities bear to each other. This measure of value is money.

The measure of value is gold. Why? Because gold has the mechanical qualities for such a measure. It is divisible and indestructible. It has, too, a universal and stable value. Now, money must have value, because it is used to measure value. If we wished to measure the length of commodities we should take a measure that had length. Did we wish to measure weight, we should take as a measure a commodity that had weight. So, when we measure values, we must have a measure that has value. And gold is the only article that has a universal and stable value. Universal, for here civilization and barbarism, the past and the present, meet. Abraham counted shekels in the first

recorded bargain, and William exacted from France a coin subsidy. The Pacific islander clamors for gold; and for gold the poet laureate of Great Britain sells his muse.

"But," says an objector, "have not other commodities a universal value? How with wheat? Abraham gathered wheat before shekels. Glidden's mummy unfolded wheat mixed with gold, and your islander sometimes says 'wheat' first, 'gold' afterward."

All of which is true. But the demand for wheat is finite and can be supplied. When supplied, the price falls, for there is a glut. Not so with gold. The demand is infinite; there can be no glut. It grows on what it feeds. The Incas, when their eyes were dazzled with its ubiquitous sheen, schemed for it; and our richest grangers—most virtuous of men—are still Olivers, asking for more. And gold has a stable value; not perfectly so (for I have heard of California and Australia), but more stable than any other commodity. Hence for our money, for our measure of value, we take gold.

But besides money we hear of currency. What is that? Money was the measure of value. What is currency?

Currency is the medium of exchange. It is the instrument that performs the second process in exchange. After money has fixed the relative values of commodities, currency makes the exchange. And what is currency? What does it consist of?

Mainly of credit,—credit in one of its many forms, draft and note, bill and check and account. So we have two different instruments, and two sets of names for them; one set is, the measure of value—gold, money; the other is, the medium of exchange—paper credit, currency.

And here is the only opportunity for mistake in keeping

this distinction. Money is the measure of value—is gold. Currency is the medium of exchange—is paper representing gold. But as a principal can do what its representative can —money, gold, can also discharge the second process of exchange, can also be currency. It can perform the two functions. But when money performs the second function, makes the exchange, it is currency. Hence a deal of confusion. From this we escape by bearing always in mind that while money is currency, currency, except the small part which is gold, is not money. And perhaps just here it is well to say that no bullionist, no hard-money man, as far as I know, wants to use gold for currency. We want to use gold for money, for the measure of values. We want to use paper as currency, as the medium of exchange. In other words, we think gold the best measure of value; paper the best instrument of exchange, the best currency.

LT.-COL. DENISON

LT.-COL. GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON, LL.B., Canadian cavalry officer, author, and police magistrate, Toronto, was born at Toronto, Ontario, Aug. 31, 1839, and was educated at Upper Canada College, and graduated LL.B. at Toronto University in 1861. Called to the Bar the same year, he practiced his profession in his native city. In 1872, and again in 1873, he was sent to England by the government of Ontario as a special commissioner in behalf of immigration. In 1877, he was appointed police magistrate for the city of Toronto, an office he still retains. His military service began in 1855, when he was gazetted cornet in the Governor-general's body guard, a troop of cavalry organized by his grandfather. He was in active service during the Fenian raid in 1866, and commanded the outposts on the Niagara River, under Col. (now Field-Marshal Lord) Wolseley, in the autumn of that year. He was again on active service during the Northwest rebellion in 1885. He has been a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press on subjects of national and military importance, and has frequently appeared on the lecture platform in advocacy of Canada's rights and of the preservation of the unity of the empire. He has published: "The National Defences; or, Observations on the Best Defensive Force for Canada" (1861); "Canada, is She prepared for War?" (1861); "A Review of the Militia Policy of the Present Administration" (1863); "Manual of Outpost Duties" (1866); "The Fenian Raid at Fort Erie" (1866); "Cavalry Charges at Sedan" (1872); "A Visit to Gen. R. E. Lee" (1872); "Modern Cavalry" (London, 1868; in German, 1869; in Russian, 1872; in Hungarian, 1881); "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire" (reprinted from the "Westminster Review," 1895). In 1877, he won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best "History of Cavalry." The work was published in London the same year, and in Russian and German; later in Japanese. Among his chief public lectures and addresses are: "The Importance of Maintaining the Unity of the Empire" (1890); "The United Empire Loyalists" (1891) here reprinted; "The Opening of the War of 1812" (1891); "National Spirit: Its Influence upon Nations" (1891). He was one of the founders of the "Canada First" party, an organization that did much to shape the destinies of the great Northwest, as well as of the Dominion at large. On the formation of the Royal Society of Canada, in 1882, he was named by its founder, the Marquis of Lorne, a member of the section on English literature and history, and he was subsequently elected president thereof. In 1893, he was elected president of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, and at the next annual meeting of the Canadian branch at Ottawa, the president and a deputation of the League were appointed to proceed to England in 1894 to urge the reorganization of the League. The mission was successful. The British Empire League, as it is now called, is a powerful organization. The Canadian branch recently adopted the name of the British Empire League in Canada, and Colonel Denison was chosen president. In 1895, the government of the day paid him the compliment of requesting him to unveil the monument erected in commemoration of the battle of Lundy's Lane, 1814.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

THE United Empire Loyalists were the founders of this Province of Ontario, and their ideas and actions have had a great influence upon the affairs of this country. Their history has never been thoroughly written. A most valuable and important work on the subject is from the pen, not exactly of an enemy, but of an adherent of the opposite view, a citizen of the United States and a strong supporter of the revolution and the revolutionary ideas. This author, Lorenzo Sabine, has explained the cause of the difficulty of writing a complete history of the Loyalists. He says:

"Of the reasons which influenced, of the hopes which agitated, and of the miseries and rewards which awaited the Loyalists, but little is known. The reason is obvious. Men who, like the Loyalists, separated themselves from their friends and kindred, who are driven from their homes, who surrender the hopes and expectations of life, and who become outlaws, wanderers, and exiles, such men leave few memorials behind them. Their papers are scattered and lost, and their very names pass from human recollection."

The Pilgrim Fathers, a few in number, came to America leisurely, bringing with them all their goods and the price of their possessions, at peace, and secure under charter granted by their sovereign. The United Empire Loyalists, unlike them, came to Canada bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, stripped of every earthly possession, and exiled from their native land. From Sabine we get the character of their opponents, the men who took the disloyal side, raised the standard of rebellion, and drove the Loyalists from their homes. His comments are very striking and severe. As an American author his testimony is most important, and I will quote his own words:

"Avarice and rapacity were seemingly as common then as now; indeed, the stock-jobbing, the extortion, the forestalling, the low arts and devices to amass wealth that were practiced during the struggle are almost incredible. Washington mourned the want of virtue as early as 1775, and averred that he trembled at the prospect. Soldiers were stripped of their miserable pittance that contractors for the army might become rich in a single campaign. The traffic carried on with the royal troops was immense. Men of all descriptions finally engaged in it, and those who at the beginning of the war would have shuddered at the idea of any connection with the enemy pursued it with avidity. The public securities were often counterfeited, official signatures were forged, and plunder and robbery openly indulged in. Appeals to the guilty from the pulpit, the press, and the halls of legislation were alike unheeded. The decline of public spirit, the love of gain of those in office, and the malevolence of faction became widely spread, and in parts of the country were uncontrollable.

"The useful occupations of life and the legitimate pursuits of commerce were abandoned by thousands. The basest of men enriched themselves, and many of the most estimable sunk into obscurity and indigence. There were those who would pay neither their debts nor their taxes. The finances of the state and the fortunes of individuals were, to an alarming extent, at the mercy of gamblers and speculators. . . . There were officers, destitute alike of honor and patriotism, who drew large sums of public money under pretext of paying their men, but applied it to the support of their own extravagance; who went home on furlough and never returned, and who, regardless of their word as gentlemen, violated their paroles; who were threatened by Washington with exposure in every newspaper in the land, as men who had disgraced themselves and were heedless of their associates in captivity whose restraints were increased by their misconduct. At times courts-martial were continually sitting, and so numerous were the convictions that the names of those who were cashiered were sent to Congress in lists, 'Many of the surgeons,'—these are the words of Washington,—'are very great rascals, countenancing the men to sham complaints to

exempt them from duty, and often receiving bribes to certify indispositions with a view to procure discharges or furloughs;' and still further he declares they used public 'medicines and stores in the most profuse and extravagant manner for private purposes.' In a letter to the governor of a State he affirmed that the officers who had been sent him therefrom were 'generally of the lowest class of the people,' that they 'led their soldiers to plunder the inhabitants, and into every kind of mischief.' To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he declared that the different States were nominating such officers as were 'not fit to be shoeblacks.'"

How great the contrast between the adherents of the opposing parties! How vast was the difference between the loyal and the disloyal! We Canadians should thank God that our country was founded by so grand a type of men as the United Empire Loyalists. We are reaping the benefit of their honest character and lofty aims to-day. The United Empire Loyalists, therefore, came to Canada having lost everything, and, leaving the homes of their ancestors and the graves of their dead, they plunged into an unbroken wilderness. The hardships and sufferings they endured for years seem almost incredible. They were supplied by the government with a few of the most indispensable tools, such as axes, saws, sickles, etc., and for a time received issues of rations. Dr. Canniff, in his "History of the Settlement of Upper Canada," describes the details of the arrangements very fully. The Loyalists settled near one another in groups, and thus was initiated the "institution" of "bees." Each, with his axe on his shoulder, turned out to help the other, and in this way the humble log shanties were built. The trees were laboriously cut down with ship axes, which were not suited for the work. Split logs furnished the floors of the little cabins, and the clumsiest kind of furniture, roughly

made out of split wood, served many who had been nurtured in comfortable homes amid all the conveniences of a refined and cultivated civilization.

Their progress toward comfort was slow and laborious. There were no villages, no shops, no posts, no newspapers, no roads, no churches, no schools, none of the conveniences, and hardly any of the necessities of life. Although later settlers who arrived after a few years had passed underwent great hardships, they were infinitely better off than the gallant band of United Empire Loyalists who had to break the first openings of the forest.

It is recorded, and it is a touching illustration of the feelings of the Loyalists, that in the early days it was a common practice to sing "God Save the King" together before going to rest. The Pilgrim Fathers were able at the end of their first year to keep a "harvest home," but it was years before the Loyalists had means to keep any such festivity. In fact their third or fourth year was the worst of all. The winter of 1787-8 is known as the "scarce" or "hungry" year, and the sufferings of the refugees during that period were universal and terrible. The pinch of famine was everywhere felt. Cornmeal was meted out by the spoonful. Wheat flour was unknown, and millet seed was ground for a substitute. One man sent money to Quebec for flour; his money was sent back, as there was no flour. Wheat bran, bought at a dollar a bushel, was greedily eaten. Indian cabbage, a plant with a large leaf, and ground nuts, were also used. When potatoes could be had, the eye alone was planted, the rest being reserved for food.

One of the little daughters of a settler, in her extreme hunger, dug up some of the potato rind and ate it. Her father caught her, and, seizing her arm to punish her, found her

arm so emaciated with hunger that his heart melted with pity for his starving child.

The majority of the settlers had no salt, and game and fish, when caught, was eaten without it. When the buds on the trees began to swell in the spring, they were gathered and eaten. The bark of certain trees was stripped off and eaten. One family lived for a fortnight on beech leaves. Some of the settlers were killed by eating poisonous roots, and some died of starvation.

In one township on a southern slope people came from far and near to a field of early wheat to eat the milk-like heads of grain as soon as they were sufficiently grown. One family lived for months on boiled oats. Beef and mutton were unknown for many years. Once, when an ox was accidentally killed, the neighbors were invited for thirty or forty miles around to taste an article of diet so long unknown. Tea, now considered an indispensable luxury in every family, was quite beyond the reach of all for a long time, because of its scarcity and high price, and for a while, until they had learned to make maple sugar, they were without sugar of any kind.

Under such hardships, toiling incessantly from year's end to year's end, the Loyalists slowly began to secure a few home comforts around their humble shanties in the lonely clearances. Their families grew up and increased, and after 1793 a few new settlers began to arrive. Some came from the mother country, and still more from the United States. The Province slowly progressed till in 1812 the population had increased from its first settlement of probably 15,000 to about 70,000.

The year opened with the mutterings of war. Once more their old enemy was preparing to attack them, to conquer, if possible, their country, and to deprive them of their flag and

their allegiance, and that connection with the Empire for which they had made such immense sacrifices and suffered such cruel hardships.

Once again they had to take up arms to defend the little homes so laboriously carved out of the forest. The quarrel was none of their making. The orders in council of the Imperial Government, which were made the pretext of a war commenced really for aggression and conquest, were at once repealed, but still the contest was forced on us.

Before the war American emissaries were busily engaged in preparing the way for an expected easy conquest. Joseph Wilcocks, the then leader of the Opposition, and Benjamin Mallory, a Yankee settler, were the moving spirits on the disloyal side in the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and took every step to embarrass General Brock in his preparations for the defence of the Province. They continued the policy of obstruction till the war broke out, when they deserted to the enemy, Wilcocks taking up arms and commanding a corps in the Yankee army. Mallory was major in the same corps. Wilcocks was killed in action at Fort Erie in 1814, fighting against Canada.

Although, as we see, there were even then a few traitors, the old Loyalists and their sons turned out everywhere in defence of their country. The odds were enormous, the invasions constant and in apparently overwhelming numbers.

It is not necessary here to enter into any account of the war of 1812 further than to say that through the united determination of the United Empire Loyalists and other true Canadians, aided by the British troops, some twelve or thirteen distinct invasions of large armies were driven back in confusion across the border, and that after three years of incessant war the enemy did not hold one inch of Canadian

territory. The fighting was desperate, and our whole frontier is dotted over with battlefields, in which lie the bones of our Loyalist fathers who died for the independence of Canada and the unity of the Empire.

This war proved that the Canadian people did not intend that their country should be conquered by any foreign power, or that they should lose the monarchical institutions which they valued so highly. This should have taught strangers and newcomers that if they admired the republican institutions of the United States it was their duty to go where their fancies would be gratified, and not to settle among a people who had so emphatically declared their love and affection for a different system.

After the war of 1812, Canada had peace for twenty-five years. Emigrants from the Old World came to Canada or to the States, as their predilections guided them; the loyal British subjects coming to Canada, valuing their allegiance and their flag more than the greater facilities for getting rich in the republic to the south. Men who did not have these sentiments, and who were without fixed principles, tempted by the greater opportunities in the States, went there, and so, by a kind of natural selection, the different types have been separated and have grown side by side together on this continent.

In 1837 the descendants of the Loyalists and their loyal comrades and fellow Canadians were obliged once more to take up arms in defence of the same idea. This time the trouble came from within. A stranger named MacKenzie, a dissatisfied Scotchman, found fault with everything in Canada, its system of government and methods of administration. Although there were then grievances which have long since ceased to exist, and although all constitutional

means had been unsuccessfully employed to redress them, and although he had many sympathizers, yet the instant he raised the standard of revolt the Canadian people replied so clearly and emphatically that the result should have proved conclusively that under no circumstances would they accept republican principles or approve of any movement hostile to the independence of the Provinces upon this continent and their union with the Empire of Great Britain. For two years they had to resist attacks all along the border, fostered and encouraged by our neighbors. These attacks were sternly resisted and put down, and peace was again restored.

In 1866, Canadian lives once more had to be sacrificed for the defence of our borders from Fenian attacks organized in the United States. Canadians have therefore never yet failed to show their confidence in their country, their love for its institutions, and their determination to uphold the honor and autonomy of their native land.

Canada has been assailed, not only by armed men, but trade restrictions and hostile tariff laws have also been used to coerce the Canadian people from their steadfast adherence to the principles for which their fathers fought and suffered. In spite of it all they have been true to their country, and they will in the future, as in the past, suffer hardships and trials and rise unitedly and loyally for the defence of their native land should the occasion ever require it.

WILLIAM EVERETT

WILLIAM EVERETT, LL. D., Ph. D., an American educationist and author, son of the statesman and orator, Edward Everett, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 10, 1839. He graduated at Harvard University in 1859 and afterwards studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He graduated from the law school of his Alma Mater, but never practiced his profession. From 1870 to 1877 he was tutor and assistant professor at Harvard, and master of Adams Academy at Quincy, Mass., 1877–93, and again from 1897. He was licensed to preach by the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Ministers and has done so occasionally. During the presidential campaign of 1884, he was an active supporter of Mr. Cleveland, having previously acted with the Republicans, and was an unsuccessful congressional candidate in 1890 and 1892. He was however elected in the following year, and sat in the House of Representatives through the fifty-third Congress, 1893–95. He has been long prominent as a civil-service and tariff reformer, and is a strenuous fearless speaker in behalf of any cause he elects to support. His published works include "On the Cam," a series of lectures on Cambridge University (1865); "College Essays"; "Hesione; or, Europe Unchained," a poem (1869); "School Sermons" (1881), and the juvenile stories, "Changing Base" (1868); "Double Play" (1870), and "Thine, not Mine" (1890).

PATRIOTISM

ORATION DELIVERED JUNE 28, 1900

I DO not see how any one can rise on this occasion without trembling. It has been illustrated by too many distinguished names, it has brought forth too many striking sentiments, not to give every orator the certainty that he will fall short of its traditions and the doubt if he will so disastrously. But of one thing I am sure; it behooves the speaker to-day to be candid: no elegant or inflated commonplaces, concealing one's real sentiments by the excuse of academic dignity of courtesy, ought to sully the honesty with which brethren speak to each other. The first, the only aim of every university is the investigation and propagation of truth; truth in the convictions and truth in the utterance.

My very first knowledge of the Phi Beta Kappa dates back to early childhood. In the year 1846 I was present at a portion of the Commencement exercises when the parts were sustained by Francis James Child, George Martin Lane, Charles Eliot Norton, and George Frisbie Hoar.

Those exercises were followed by a Commencement dinner whose good cheer proved too much for a boy not yet seven years old. It was a dinner at home: no one ever wanted to eat too much at the official Commencement dinner. I heard, therefore, at my bedside the next day the tale of Phi Beta Kappa, how Charles Sumner had held his audience for two hours relating the achievements of the four Harvard graduates who had lately died, Pickering, Stone, Allston, and Channing, winding up with the magnificent peroration transferred, I believe, from an earlier address, in which he appealed so earnestly for peace as the duty of our age and answered Burke's lament that the age of chivalry had gone by, the declaration that the age of humanity had come, that the coming time should take its name, not from the horse but from man.

I can not even think of Phi Beta without these names and these thoughts ringing in my ears and almost dictating my words.

It seems to me that an orator can hardly go wrong if he holds fast to our motto, " Philosophy the guide, or rather the sailing-master of life." There is little doubt that when this motto was first given to a secret fraternity, " veiled in the obscurity of a learned language," it meant that philosophy which rejects revelation, the philosophy of the encyclopædists of France.

Accordingly, when the veil was taken away from the mys-

tic characters Phi Beta Kappa, it was declared that philosophy included religion. How many who accept membership in it to-day direct their voyage of life by philosophy or religion after it might not be safe to say. It cannot, however, be wrong, whatever our subject is, to steer our way in it with her at the helm.

I am not going to plunge into a discussion of what philosophy means. It has been used to mean many things, and to some it means nothing at all. When Wackford Squeers, who sixty years ago we all knew was of the immortals and who is now in danger of being forgotten, was asked by any parent a question in some occult branch of study, like trigonometry, he was wont to answer, "Sir, are you a philosopher?" And to the invariable negative he would then reply, "Ah, then I can't explain it to you."

As one of Wackford Squeers's humblest successors I feel there is something not absurd in his counter-question when I meet what are called practical men discussing what they call the practical problems of life.

He who, whether decked with a blue and pink ribbon or not, steers his course with philosophy as his guide, approaches all life's problems in another temper and another spirit; he is working by other roads to other ends from him who is guided by the passions and worships the idols of the hour. Philosophy has different meanings for different men but the gulf is infinite between those who accept it with any meaning and those who know it not, or know it only as an object of patronage or scorn.

The philosopher walks by principle, not merely by interest or passion; by the past and the future, not merely by the unseen and the eternal, not merely by the seen and temporal—by law and not only by accident. It is not, as sometimes

fancied, that he does not see, and, seeing, does not heed these things; he does not, as Plato bids him, turn his back on what this world shows. He meets immediate duties; he lives with contemporary men; he deals with existing demands. But he does all this by the light and guidance of rules of which the servant of time and place knows nothing.

I claim for this the assent of all my brothers here as an intellectual fact; but I desire at the outset of what I say to rouse your thoughts to it as the dictate of emotion and of conscience. Philosophy, the study of causes in their deepest effects, beginning with the true use of terms and proceeding by sound reasoning, has the power to transmit and sanctify the most commonplace transactions, the most hackneyed words.

The master of all philosophy began his work by forcing his contemporaries to define the commonest subjects of conversation. I would, as his follower, ask you to apply that method to one of the favorite watchwords, one of the pressing duties of to-day, and see if philosophy has not something to define and correct in a field where her sway is scarcely admitted.

You cannot talk for ten minutes on any of what are rightly held to be the great interests of life without feeling how loosely we use their names. We seem not to be dealing with sterling coin, which has the same value everywhere and always, but with counters that, passing with a conventional value here and now, are worthless when we come to some great public or private crisis.

Education, business, amusement, art, literature, science, home, comfort, society, politics, patriotism, religion—how many men who use these words have any true conception of their force? How many simply mean that form of educa-

tion, that line of business, that sect in religion, that party in politics, to which they are accustomed?

How many are led by this loose yet limited use of words into equally loose and equally narrow ways of action? How many need a Socrates to walk through the streets and force them to define their terms? And how many, if he did appear again, would be ready to kill him for corrupting the youth, and holding to a god different from those the country worships?

Patriotism—love of country—devotion to the land that bore us—is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand, and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero, "Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes omnium caritates una patria complexa est."

"Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone."

The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators whose heir he was had repeated again and again, have been re-echoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what

men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men.

Wealth that Crœsus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew—ease and luxury, refined company, and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp—the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace are freely sent forth in the cause of the country which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country.

But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have aroused themselves to do for themselves alone.

I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier who is now a very well-known civilian that it was conceited

for me or any other man to think in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks.

But in fact every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spenser and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero dwelling on the triumphs and duties of their native lands are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her Revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded; there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs, but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake from which they all burst in one Niagara of patriotism.

I am ashamed, however, to press such a commonplace proposition before this audience and in this place, where the walls are as redolent of love of country as Faneuil Hall itself. The question is if philosophy, our chosen guide of life, has anything to say of this same love of country,—if she brings that under her rule, as she does so much else of life, supplementing, curtailing, correcting,—or whether patriotism may bid defiance to philosophy, claiming her submission as she claims the submission of every other human interest, and

bidding her yield and be absorbed, or stand off and depart to her visionary Utopia, where the claims of practical duty and natural sentiment do not seek to follow her.

For indeed we are told now that patriotism is not merely a generous and laudable emotion, but a paramount and overwhelming duty, to which everything else which men have called duties must give way. If a monarch, a statesman, a soldier stands forth pre-eminent in exalting the name or spreading the bounds of his country, he is a patriot—and that is enough.

Such a leader may be as perjured and blasphemous as Frederick, or as brutal and stupid as his father; he may be as faithless and mean as Marlborough, or as dissolute and bloody as Julius Cæsar; he may trample on every right of independent natives and drive his countrymen to the shambles like Napoleon; he may be as corrupt as Walpole and as wayward as Chatham; he may be destitute of every spark of culture, or may prostitute the gifts of the Muses to the basest ends; he may have, in short, all manner of vices, curses, or defects; but if he is true to his country, if he is her faithful standard-bearer, if he strives to set and keep her high above her rivals, he is right, a worthy patriot.

And if he seems lukewarm in her cause, if, however wise and good and accomplished he may be in all other relations, he fails to work with all his heart and soul to maintain her position among the nations, he must be stamped with failure if not with curse.

For the plain citizen who does not claim to be a leader in peace or war, the duty is still clearer. He must stand by his country, according to what those who have her destiny in their control decide is her proper course. In war or in peace he is to have but one watchword.

In peace, indeed, his patriotic duty will chiefly be shown by obeying existing laws, wherever they may strike, even as Socrates rejected all thought of evading the unjust, stupid, and malignant sentence that took his life. But it is not thought inconsistent with that true love of country to let one's opinions be known about those laws, and about the good of the country in general, in time of peace.

In a free land like ours every citizen is expected to be ready with voice and vote to do his part in correcting what is amiss, in protesting against bad laws, and, as far as he may, defeating bad men whom he believes to be seeking his country's ruin.

Nay, a citizen of a free country who did not so criticise would be held to be derelict to that highest duty which free lands, differing from slavish despotisms, impose upon their sons.

But in time of war we are told that all this is changed. As soon as our country is arrayed against another under arms, every loyal son has nothing to do but to support her armies to victory; he may desire peace, but it must be "peace with honor," whatever that phrase of the greatest charlatan of modern times may mean. He must not question the justice or the expediency of the war; he must either fight himself or encourage others to fight. Criticism of the management of the war may be allowable; of the fact of the war, it is treason. And the word for the patriot is, "Our country, right or wrong."

Right here, then, as I conceive it, Philosophy raises her warning finger before the passionate enthusiast and says: "Hold!" In the name of higher thought, of deeper law, of more serious principle, to which every man here, every child of Harvard, every brother of this society is bound to

listen, Philosophy says "Hold!" With the terror of the voice within, with the majesty of the voice from above to Americans now, and with the spirit of Socrates returning to earth, it bids them know what they mean by the words they use, or they may be crowning as a lofty emotion that which is only an unreasoning passion, and clothing with the robes of duty what is only a superstition.

This love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours, must submit to have Philosophy investigate her claims, to rule above all other emotions, not in the interest of any less generous emotion, not to make men more sordid or selfish, but simply because there is a rule called truth, and a measure called right, by which every human action is bound to be gauged, because all gods and men and fiends should league all their forces, and with the golden chain of Olympus to draw its glory down to their purposes they will only find themselves drawn upward subject to its unchanging laws, the weak members hanging in the air, and the vile ones hurled down to Tartarus.

What is this country—this mother country, this fatherland that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields, and forests, and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth—from that part of the globe which one nation holds, and which we call our country.

Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions to our own land, no matter what it is like, the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, and stern Spain equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain.

But a land is nothing without the men. The very same

countries, whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves, or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse:

> "Clime of the forgotten brave!
> Whose land from plain to mountain cave
> Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
> Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
> That this is all remains of thee?
> Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
> Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
> These waters blue that round you lave,
> O servile offspring of the free—
> Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
> The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
> 'T were long to tell and sad to trace,
> Each step from splendor to disgrace;
> Enough—no foreign foe could quell
> Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
> Yes; self-abasement paved a way
> To villain-bonds and despot sway."

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot; if the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling: let the nation rouse itself and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

But who are the men that made the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as countrymen, but as aliens? Are the country the men who govern her and control her destinies, the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it?

Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counsellors; patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign; every man

who on any pretext arrayed himself against the Crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor; until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles the First against the people of England, when, after years of civil war, and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet, if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of the meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth; yet England believed in her and loved her; and if England rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves; exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a trusted aristocracy seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem?

What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Bern?

What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory only to sink their unrecognized subject citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality.

Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfranchising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers?

What was the patriotism of the Italian cities when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy, which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage?

For years, for centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher, nay, that a plain, truth-telling man, could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.

But we of modern times look back with pity and contempt on those benighted ages which had not discovered the great arcanum of representative government, whereby a free nation chooses the men to whom it entrusts its concerns; its presidents and its prime ministers, its parliaments and congresses and courts. Yet even this mighty discovery, where-

by modern nations are raised so far above those poor Old World creatures, the Greeks and Romans and mediæval Italians, has not so far controlled factional passion that many countries do not live in a perpetual civil war which Athens and Corinth would have been ashamed of. We all know how our dear sister republics of Central and Southern America, which, as Mr. Webster said, looked to the great Northern Light in forming their constitutions, treat their elections as merely indications which of two parties shall be set up to be knocked down by rifles and bombshells. unless it retains its hold by such means.

But how with ourselves? How with England? How with France? How often do we regard our elected governors as really standing for the whole nation and deserving its allegiance.

In 1846 the President of the United States and his counsellors hurried us into a needless, a bullying, a wicked war. Fully a quarter of the country felt it was an outrage and nothing else. But appeals were made to stand by the government, against which our own merciless satirist directed the lines which must have forever tingled in the ears and the consciences of the men who supported what they knew was irretrievably wicked.

> "The side of our country must allus be took,
> And President Polk, you know, he is our country;
> And the angel who writes all our sins in a book,
> Puts the debit to him and to us the percontry."

No, brethren! no president, no prime minister, no cabinet, no congress or parliament, no deftly organized representative or executive body is or can be our country. To pay them a patriot's affectionate allegiance is as illogical as loyalty to James II or to the French National Convention. Mere obedience to law when duly enacted is one thing; Socrates

may drink the hemlock rather than run away from the doom to which a court of his native city has consigned him; but when the tribunals of that country perpetrated such a mockery of justice, Plato and Xenophon were right in cherishing to their dying day a poignant sense of outrage, an implacable grudge against such a stepmother as blood-stained Athens.

But sometimes the voice of the whole people speaks unmistakably; its ruler is the true agent and representative of a united and determined people; the will of the nation is unquestioned; who are you, who am I, that we should dispute it and think ourselves wiser and better than all our countrymen? Is not the whole nation the mother, whom to disobey is the highest sin? No! the particular set of men who make up the nation at any time will die and pass away, and what will their sons think of what they made their country do?

In 1854 the Emperor Nicholas, whose thoughts were never far from Constantinople, picked an unintelligible quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. The unprincipled adventurer who contrived to add new stains to the name of Napoleon Bonaparte saw his chance to win glory for the Gallic eagle; he plunged into war and entrapped England into it with him.

The wise old statesman who was at the head of the English government knew the war was needless and wrong; he did his utmost to stop it; but his countrymen preferred to listen to the reckless Palmerston, and they lashed first themselves and then Aberdeen into war.

The whole nation went mad. John Bright told them the philosophic, the political, the Christian truth, and Palmerston insulted him on the floor of the House of Commons. Two years were consumed in the costly and pestilential siege of Sebastopol; a hollow peace was patched up, of which the only

significant article was after a short interval impudently broken by Russia; the unspeakable Turk was given another thirty years' lease of life.

And now I do not believe there is one grown man in England among the sons and grandsons of those who fought the Crimean war who does not believe Aberdeen and Bright were right, that Palmerston and England were wrong; and that the war was a national blunder, a national sin, a national crime. When John Bright stood almost against the whole nation, he was neither self-conceited nor unpatriotic, but a great and good man speaking as the prophet of God.

Yes, a whole people may be wrong, and deserve at best the pity of a real patriot rather than his active love. Our country is something more than the single procession which passes across its borders in one generation; it means the land with all its people in all their periods; the ancestors whose exertions made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us; the posterity to whom we are to transmit what we prize, unstained as we received it; and he who loves his country truly and serves her rightly must act and speak not for the present generation alone, but for all that rightly live, every event in whose history is inseparable from every other. If we pray, as does the seal of Boston, that "God will be to us as he was to the fathers," then we must be to God what our fathers were.

But after Philosophy has forced the vociferous patriot to define what he means by his country, she has a yet more searching question to ask: What will you do and what will you suffer for this country you love? How shall your love be shown?

There is one of the old Greek maxims which says in four words of that divine language what a modern tongue can

scarcely stammer in four times four: "Sparta is thine allotted home; make her a home of order and beauty." Whatever our country needs to make her perfect, that she calls on us to do.

I have run over to you some of the great sacrifices and great exertions which patriots have made to make their dear home perfect and themselves perfect for her sake. But everything done or renounced to make her perfect must recognize that she is not perfect yet; and what our country chiefly calls on us for is not mighty exertions and sacrifices, but those particular ones, small or great, which shall do her real good and not harm.

That her commerce should whiten every sea; that her soil should yield freely vegetable and mineral wealth; that she should be dotted with peaceful homes, the abode of virtue and love; that her cities should be adorned with all that is glorious in art; that famine and poverty and plague and crime should be fought with all the united energy of head and hand and heart; that historians and poets and orators should continue to make her high achievements and mighty aims known to all her children and to the world; that the oppressed of every land may find a refuge within her borders; that she may stand before her sister nations indeed a sister, loved and honored,—these are the commonplaces, tedious, if noble to recount, of what patriotism has sought to do in many ages.

Yet every one of these things, when actually achieved, has had a worm at the core of the showy fruit, which has made their mighty authors but little better than magnificent traitors.

For every one of these has been achieved at the expense of other nations, as ancient, as glorious, as dear to their own children, as worthy of patriotic love as their triumphant

antagonist; and every one has been achieved at the still worse price of corruption and tyranny at home.

Every country has in times mistaken material for moral wealth, and has grown corrupt as she grew great; and every country in time has fancied that she could not be great and honored while her sisters were great and honored too; and has gone to war with them hoping to enlarge her borders at their expense and to gain by their loss.

It is here, again, at this very point, that the philosopher calls upon the patriot to say what he means by his cry, "Our country, right or wrong," the maxim of one who threw away an illustrious life in that worst of wicked encounters, a duel.

If there are such words as right and wrong, and those words stand for eternal realities, why shall not a nation, why shall not her loving sons, be made to bow to the same law, the utterance of God in history and in the heart? Can a king, can a president, can a congress, can a whole nation, by its pride or its passions turn wrong into right; or what authority have they to trifle or shuffle with either?

We are told that if we ever find ourselves at war with another country, no matter how that war was brought on, no matter what folly or wickedness broke the peace, no matter how completely we might oppose and deprecate it up to the moment of its outbreak, no matter how, as truthful historians, we may condemn it after it is over, no matter how iniquitous or tyrannical our sense and our conscience tells us are the terms on which peace has been obtained, we ought, during the war, to be heartily and avowedly for it. "We must not desert the flag." Patriotism demands that we should always stand by our country as against every other.

And what are the patriots in our rival country to be doing the while? Are they to support the war against us whether

they think it right or wrong? Are they cheerfully to pay all taxes? Are they to volunteer for every battle? Are they to carry on war to the knife or the last ditch? Is their love for their country to be as unreasoning, as purely a matter of emotion, as ours?

Certainly, if the doctrine of indiscriminate patriotism, "our country, right or wrong," is the true one. If France and Germany fight, no matter what the cause, every Frenchman must desire to see Germany humiliated, and every German to see France brought to her knees, and it is absolutely their duty to have all cognizance of right and wrong swallowed up in passionate loyalty.

Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Bright were right in deprecating the Crimean War up to the moment of its declaration; history says they were right now, but while the war lasted it was their duty to sacrifice their sense of right to help the government aims. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were right in pouring out their most scathing eloquence against the Mexican War; General Grant was right in recording in his memoirs that he believed it unjust and unnecessary; yet Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay only fulfilled patriotic duty in sending their sons to die, one by the sword and one by the fever, in the same army where Grant did his duty by fighting against his conception of right.

Brethren, I call this sentimental nonsense. It cannot be patriotic duty to say up to 1846 that our country will be wrong if she fights, to say after 1849 that she was wrong in fighting, but to hold one's tongue, and maintain her so-called cause in 1847 and 1848 though we know it is wrong all along.

And, observe, these patriots make no distinction between wars offensive and defensive, wars for aggression and conquest and wars for national existence. In any war, in all

wars in which our country gets engaged, we must support her; her honor demands that we shall not back out.

Oh, Honor! that terrible word, the very opposite of Duty; unknown in that sense to the soldiers, the statesmen, the patriots of Greece and Rome; honor, the invention of the Gothic barbarians, which more than any other one thing has reduced poor Spain to her present low estate.

There was a time when individual men talked about their honor and stood up to be stabbed and shot at, whether right or wrong, to vindicate it. That infernal fiction, the honor of the duel, was on the point, sixty years ago, of drawing Macaulay into the field in defence of a few sarcastic paragraphs in a review which he admitted himself were not to be justified. It was very shortly after that, that Prince Albert came to England with his earnest, simple, modest character: he used all his influence to stop the practice and the very idea of duelling; and now all England recognizes that any and every duel is a sin, a crime, and a folly, and that the code of honor has no defence before God or man. When shall the day come when the nations feel the same about public war? When shall the words of our own poet find their true and deserved acceptance, not as a poetical rhapsody, but as practical truth?

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts.
>
> "The warrior's name should be a name abhorred,
> And every nation that should lift again
> Its hand against its brother; on its forehead
> Should bear forevermore the curse of Cain."

Brethren, if there is anything of which philosophy must say it is wrong that thing is war. I do not mean any particular school of philosophy, ancient or modern. But I mean,

if any one studies the nature of God and man in the light of history, with a view to draw from that study rules of sound thought and maxims of right action, he must say war is wrong, an antiquated, blundering, criminal means of solving a national doubt by accepting the certainty of misery.

I began my address with Cicero's definition of patriotism. I now recall to you his sentence wrung from the heart of a man who had blazoned with his eloquence the fame of many great soldiers, and was not even himself without a spark of military ambition: "Ego sic judico, inquissimam pacem justissimo bello esse anteferendam."—"This is my judgment, that the most unfair peace is preferable to the justest war."

Granting—as I do not—that war is sometimes necessary: so cutting off a man's leg, or extirpating an organ may be necessary; but it is always a horrible thing all the same, and just as the conservative surgery of our age is at work day and night to avoid these destructive operations, so the statesmanship of the day ought to be at work, not specifically to secure arbitration, as if that was anything more than a possible method, but to stop war as an eternal shame.

And granting war is sometimes necessary: if it is ever engaged in for any cause less than necessary, it is wrong; and the country is wrong that engages in it. A doubtful war, a war about which opinions are divided, is for that very reason not doubtfully evil, and the country that makes it is wrong.

Yes, brethren, a nation may be in the wrong, in every war one nation must be in the wrong, and generally both are; and if any country, yours or mine, is in the wrong, it is our duty as patriots to say so, and not support the country we love in a wrong because our countrymen have involved her in it.

In the war of our Revolution, when Lord North had the king and virtually the country with him, Fox lamented that Howe had won the battle of Long Island and wished he had lost it. What! an Englishman wish an English army to be defeated? Yes, because England was wrong, and Fox knew it and said so.

But there is a theory lately started, or rather an old one revived, that war is a good thing in itself; that it does a nation good to be fighting and killing the patriot sons of another nation, who love their country as we do ours. We are told that every strenuous man's life is a battle of one kind, and that the virile character demands some physical belligerency. Yes, every man's life must be to a great extent a fight; but this preposterous doctrine would make every man a prize-fighter.

They say war elicits acts of heroism and self-sacrifice that the country does not know in the lethargy of peace.

Heroism and self-sacrifice! There are more heroic and sacrificial acts going on in the works of peace than the brazen throat of war could proclaim in a twelvemonth. The track of every practising physician is marked by heroic disregard of life that Napoleon's Old Guard might envy. Every fire like that of Chicago, every flood like that of Johnstown, every plague and famine like that of India, are fields carpeted with the flowers of heroic self-sacrifice; they spring up from the very graves and ashes. And these flowers do not have growing up beside them the poisoned weeds of self-seeking or corruption which are sure to precede, to attend, to follow every war.

The dove of peace that brings the leaves of healing does not have trooping at her wings the vultures that treat their living soldiers like carrion. When Lucan has seen throughout the

catalogue of the national miseries that followed the quarrel of Cæsar and Pompey, he winds them all up in the terrible words, "*multis utile bellum*"—"war profitable to many men."

There is now much questioning of the propriety of capital punishment; it is strongly urged that the State has no right to take the life even of a hardened criminal, whose career has shown no trace of humanity or usefulness, and has put the capstone of murder on every other crime.

And yet we are told it is perfectly right to take a young man of the highest promise, a blessing to all who knew him, the very man to live for his country, and send him to be cut down by a bullet or by dysentery in a cause he cannot approve.

But there is a still newer theory come up about war as applied to ourselves. It seems that we share with a very few other peoples in the world a civilization so high, and institutions so divine that it is our duty and our destiny to go about the globe swallowing up inferior peoples and bestowing on them, whether they will or not, the blessings of the American——constitution?—well, no! not of the American constitution, but of the American dominion——and that when we are once started on this work of absorption they are rebels who do not accept the blessings. Now, if this precious doctrine were true, it utterly annihilates the old notion of patriotism and love of country; for that notion called upon every nation, however small or weak or backward, to maintain to the death its independence against any other, however great or strong or progressive.

According to this Mohammedan doctrine, this "death or the Koran" doctrine, the Finns and Poles are not patriots because they object to being absorbed by Russia, and the Ham-

burgers are rebels for not accepting the beneficent incorporation into France graciously proffered to them by Marshal Davoust.

But I will not enlarge upon this delicate subject by modern Americanism. It is bad enough for the nations we threaten to absorb. It is worse for us, the absorbers. I will ask you to remember what befell a noble nation which took up the work of benevolently absorbing the world.

When Xerxes had been driven back in tears to Persia, his rout released scores of Greek islands and cities, in the loveliest of lands and seas, and inhabited by the highest and wisest of men. There is nothing in art or literature or science or government that did not take its rise from them. Their tyrant gone, they looked around for a protector.

They saw that Athens was mighty on the sea, and they heard that she was just and generous to all who sought her citadel. And they put themselves, their ships and treasure, in the power of Athens, to use them as she would for the common defence. And the league was scarcely formed, the Persian was but just crushed, when the islands began to find that protection meant subjection.

They could not bear to think that they had only changed masters, even if Aristides himself assigned their tribute; and some revolted. The rebellion was cut down, Athens went on expanding, she made her subject islands pay money instead of ships, she transferred the treasury to her own citadel; she spent the money of her allies in those marvellous adornments that have made her the crown of beauty for the world forever.

Wider and wider did the empire of the Athenian democracy extend. Five armies fought her battles in a single year in five lands; Persia and Egypt, as well as Sparta, feeling the valor of her soldiers.

And the heart of Athens got drunk with glory, and the brain of Athens got crazed with power, and the roar of her boasting rose up to heaven, joined with the wail of her deceived and trampled subjects. And one by one they turned and fell from her, and joined their arms to her rival, who promised them independence; and every fond and mad endeavor to retain her empire only sucked her deeper into the eddy of ruin; and at length she was brought to her knees before her rival and her victorious fleet, and her impregnable walls were destroyed with the cry that now began the freedom of Greece.

It was only the beginning of new slavery; enslaved by the faithless Sparta, who sold half the cities back to Persia. Patching up once more a hollow alliance with Athens, enslaved by Macedonia, enslaved by Rome, enslaved by the Turks, poor Greece holds at last what she calls her independence under the protection of the great civilizing nations who let her live because they cannot agree how to cut up her carcass if they slay her.

Brethren, even as Athens began by protection and passed into tyranny and then into ruin, so shall every nation be who interprets patriotism to mean that it is the only nation in the world, and that every other which stands in the way of what it chooses to call destiny must be crushed. Love your country, honor her, live for her, if necessary die for her, but remember that whatever you would call right or wrong in another country is right and wrong for her and for you; that right and truth and love to man and allegiance to God are above all patriotism; and that every citizen who sustains his country in her sins is responsible to humanity, to history, to philosophy, and to Him to whom all nations are as a drop in the bucket, and the small dust on the balance.

SPEAKER REED

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, eminent American Republican congressman and thirty-first Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born at Portland Me., Oct. 18, 1839. He received his early education in the common schools of that city, and in 1860 graduated at Bowdoin College. After a few years in teaching school and studying law, he was appointed acting assistant-paymaster in the United States navy, and served from April 19, 1864, to Nov. 4, 1865. On his discharge he returned home, was admitted to the Bar, and began the practice of his profession. Three years later, he was elected as a Republican to the legislature of Maine, and in 1870 became State senator, from which position he passed in the same year to that of attorney-general of the State. Retiring from this office in 1873, he became solicitor of the city of Portland, and after four years of service was elected to the forty-fifth Congress of the United States (1877). In this congress, Mr. Reed came prominently to the fore, taking important parts in several notable measures, and since then has been reëlected to Congress without interruption. In the forty-sixth Congress his skill as a debater became recognized, and each succeeding year his influence as a party leader has become more manifest. The leadership of his party was finally conceded to him, and in the forty-ninth and fiftieth Congresses the complimentary nomination of the speakership was tendered him, and he occupied that position in the fifty-first, fifty-fourth, and fifty-fifth Congresses. In 1896, Mr. Reed was a candidate for the presidential office. Besides being a brilliant orator and able statesman, he has been an occasional contributor to periodical literature.

ADDRESS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

DELIVERED AT OLD ORCHARD, MAINE, AUGUST 25, 1896

IN this great temple of nature, which has so often echoed with the words which teach of a nobler and broader life hereafter which is to be purchased by a manly struggle with evil here below, it is very fitting that we should commence this campaign for the opportunity to labor, which is the opportunity to live; for a sound currency, whereby we gather to ourselves the just and undiminished results of our labor; and for national honor, which is the culmina-

tion of individual honor and the foundation of national prosperity.

What seemed the great primeval curse, that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread, has been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will.

Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people which make up the great Republic the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all of riches to which the glories of the "Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glowworm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work; that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which

begins with the cradle and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

Man alone has mastery of the earth and sea and sky, and by him alone can the hidden treasures be poured into the light of day.

But each individual man is weak and powerless. Only by combination each with the other can great results be had. No more striking proof of this can anywhere be found than in that complex union of men which makes up the modern nation and modern society. But while men must be united for great enterprises, the nature of man craves also liberty and individuality. Modern union and the complex, wonderfully complex condition of modern society has drawbacks and sorrows which are completely its own.

The sachems of New England had no financial troubles, no strikes. The currency question was as simple as a string of wampum. In Central Africa to-day banks never break and checks are never dishonored; for neither banks nor checks are needful for their kind of prosperity. Before the factory system rendered combinations of workmen needful there was less discontent but almost no progress, and there was no sharing, by the toilers, of the profits and the pleasures.

But if you believe, as I do, that the world is better than it was, and that all the discomforts of modern life are but a fair price paid for a higher civilization growing ever higher, then you must with patience try to understand the temporary evils and seek in good temper to rectify wrongs by good sense.

Neither loud indignation nor flowery speech, neither great promises nor wild harangues, will help any man out of disaster or any nation out of hard times. Temper will not even

untie a shoe-string, and the harder you push a rope the more it will not go any whither.

What are the causes of prosperity, and what are the causes of panics? Are they mysterious things beyond human ken? If you will analyze you will find that, whatever the remote causes are,—and they are different every time,—the immediate cause of prosperity is the confidence of all the people in each other and in the situation and in the future. When the people all work together, when they all have faith in each other, then prosperity reigns.

After prosperity reigns for some time, longer or shorter, men think that hard times are permanently done away with, and get wild, and over-prosperity sets in. Then some wise men earlier than others see that the world cannot absorb all that is made, cannot permanently support all the enterprises which the over-confidence of men has set in motion, and begin to doubt, to refuse discounts, to hoard money, and call a halt to speculation. Then the distrust spreads, and panic and hard times follow. Then we set to work to climb out of our troubles, and the process is slow. While we are climbing out we suffer. What a lovely period that climbing out season is for quack doctors in finance and professors of oratory!

How they swarm!

Haven't you and I seen them in this very State of Maine, in this very county of York? How they did pour in upon us in 1878! What a great career Professor Leo Miller had under these very skies. Where is Professor Leo Miller now? His name has perished from off the earth, and with him have passed into oblivion many hundreds of stout orators who vexed the air with the cry that fiat money alone could save the ruined nation. We were saved without fiat money then, just

as we shall be saved now, not by orators or professors, but by the sound sense of an honest nation. These things are not without a parallel. History is full of just such situations as we find ourselves in now.

In 1825 England had one of those paroxysms like the one we are passing through now. Everything there had been prosperous for a long time. The hum of industry was heard all over the land. Men's eyes looked into each other with trust and faith in all mankind. Capital was accumulated in legitimate business, which is the supply of each others' wants. Then accumulated capital, eager for employment, burst the restrains of safety and speculation set in. Companies were formed to do everything under the sun, and lend everybody money, from the Czar of Russia to the King of the Mosquito shore.

Pretty soon, after a slight drain of gold, it occurred to someone to figure up all these contracts, and the astonished nation found that England had agreed to lend more money than there was in the world, twice over. Then the bubble burst. Merchants failed, banks broke, universal distrust poured over the land. For one day trade absolutely ceased in London. Nobody would take anybody's note or buy anybody's securities. Where was the difference between England prosperous and England at a standstill? It was all in the change of one word. Confidence was prosperity. Distrust was ruin.

Then began the slow growth of confidence again, which took years. But England's prosperity did not perish. In our own country we have had many such instances, many more than I mean to mention, for history on that subject is as cheap and abundant as wheat when times go hard. Away back in 1837 the country was overwhelmed by one of the

crises. The great land speculation was the termination of a period of prosperity too much prolonged. Whole families, whole towns and cities were ruined, and the memory of it, long ago as it was, clouds some family histories here in Maine to-day. Prosperity, speculation, hard times, it is the same succession of events all the world over.

The hard times of 1837 are part of history, but at least half this audience can remember 1873. We had then pulled through a tremendous war. Millions of men had been withdrawn from productive industry to try to kill each other. All the rest were busy providing for the wants of those in the field, and running in debt three thousand million dollars to pay the bills. When the army came marching home the men all went to work. The soldier, weaned from his home ties and broadened by his travels and battles, scattered himself all over the land, and the land teemed with enterprises and with vigorous men. Millions had been flung out with such profusion that dollars seemed but dross.

It was the old story over again. We had not contracted, as England did in 1825, to lend the world five times as much money as there was in it. We had done worse. We had piled up importations and spent money as if wealth was but a wish and a rub of Aladdin's lamp. You will find in a book of Professor Cairnes's a prophecy of what would happen to us in 1873, made just before it did happen. Then came five years of struggle back to a sound currency, the restoration of confidence; and then, confidence restored, fourteen years of prosperity, the results of which have never yet been effaced and never will be until the sun ceases to pour its energies upon a productive earth. We had hard times then, but, thank heaven, the American people stood steadfast and listened to no false prophets and no false economics, but

moved steadfastly toward a sound currency, and the long-pent-up energies of the great American people rushed forward in the straight line of progress.

We have just passed through another of those terrible crises and are on our way to other years of wealth with this additional benefit, that the distribution of wealth, when we reach it, will be more even as well as more abundant than ever before. In 1893 we had a great crash as we had in 1873; all the world went with us, but for special causes we had gone farther, and it is for us a longer way back. In 1892 we thought hard times had been banished forever, we were sure that work and high pay were never more to be separated.

But we were mistaken. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. The election of 1892 was a great misfortune. It may be we should have had a collapse then, in any event; no one can be quite sure. But if we had been in skilful hands we should never have gone so far or suffered so much.

I make no harsh criticism on the Democratic party or their President. I plant myself on Abraham Lincoln's text of Scripture, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I do not believe that three Democrats out of ten in the business parts of this country ever meant such a change in the tariff as was made. Many of them were more astonished than we were. I make no criticism of the President. There are many things about him that I admire. He is both strong and brave. Nevertheless there are some things which ought to be squarely stated, not to provoke partisan feeling, but simply as descriptions of errors which we must avoid, not as Republicans, but as citizens of a republic the prosperity of which is under the charge of us all.

Among the arguments which the friends of silver urge to-day is one which was to be anticipated long ago, and which I knew was sure to come. When the Sherman law was struggling to be repealed, the Democratic press, and even some Republicans, told us that repeal alone would be the final remedy, and business would again revive. I never shared that belief; on the contrary, just three years ago to-day lacking a single day, while I was consorting with good Democrats, as I hope to consort with the like in this campaign, I took occasion, in the presence of three thousand men, women, and children, to declare that the repeal of the Sherman law was only one step in the upward march; since then many bad things have happened, plunging us deeper into the mire.

In that very discourse I told the Democrats that "I did not expect the Democratic party to be utterly bad." I have been always very much interested in the Democratic party. I have always been its true friend, tender, affectionate, but always truthful; pointing out its faults in a spirit of meekness, remembering ourselves, fellow Republicans, lest we also should be tempted.

But when I said in 1893 that I did not expect the party to be utterly bad, I had not the slightest idea what the convention of Chicago would do and say in 1896. Since that speech in 1893 we have had a most severe season. When the tariff act proposed by Mr. Bryan and his associates was presented in the House it was certainly a great shock to the business of the country. The change was so radical, and men like Mr. Bryan were so carried away by their own eloquence, that there seemed no limit to the possibilities of evil.

Now I am not here just now to say whether that bill was founded on just principles or not. I have my own opinion, which I propose to express at the proper time. Nor do I

propose to charge Democrats with that bill. The one they finally passed was a vastly different one. But the mischief had been done. The shock had stopped business. Men did not know which way to turn. Money in hand is better than money in a bush, especially when you cannot tell what kind of a bush it will be. Then came the income tax, unconstitutional and destructive, declared so by the supreme court, and then the attendant deficiency.

That deficiency has been a corroding cancer ever since. That deficiency, and the way it has been managed, has scared and frightened our people beyond all reason. What are four hundred million dollars increase of debt to a nation so rich that one of its big railroads on half its lines in six months can lose twice as much as paid the whole revenue of good Queen Bess in the days of her highest glory, and never pass a coupon or refuse a dividend? Why has this four hundred millions frightened us so?

Because the government has refused either to raise revenue or to separate the deficit from the redemption of greenbacks. We have been frightened by talk of an endless chain, which could have been broken like a pipe-stem by providing for the borrowing, on short-time certificates of indebtedness, lawful money directly instead of borrowing it for the gold fund indirectly, and thus creating the false impression of a struggle for gold when we were only borrowing money to pay our debts.

Had the House revenue bill of last session passed Congress and became a law, the country, with full hope of a Republican administration in the near future, would have started upward and onward.

But the condition has been peculiar. We have had a three-cornered triangular government. Everybody has been

in the minority, and hence nobody has had any responsibility, and nobody has been able to take any responsibility, and we have drifted sailless and rudderless, but, thank God, with a stout ship, stouter than all the winds that blow. When next you put the ship into commission, had you not better have a harmonious captain and crew, all of them men who have been to sea? I know that the three gentlemen, Messrs. Bryan, Watson, and Sewall, have been at sea for many years, but that is a different thing.

While I do not propose to offer any remedy—for I have not a powerful imagination and no powers of description of things which have never happened—nevertheless I venture to suggest that what has happened will happen again. The past is for the wise man the only guide for the future. What man has done, man will do.

What we ought to do is to get back to the sound basis of mutual confidence. We have money in our banks. We have capital here in this country, the piled-up riches of fourteen years of prosperity. The capital of all the world is waiting to be our servant. We are to-day richer in all those things which satisfy human wants than ever in our history. Were capital free to operate we should march resistlessly. We have skilled labor to which we can pay just wages. Our crops of wheat and oats and corn and cotton will be immense.

We have paid off a great debt to foreign nations by purchase of our returned securities, and our absorption of them on a falling market deserves the wonder of the world. Of facilities to manufacture goods we are full. Look at the Sunday newspapers. What tons of paper we can furnish every day. We can make all things cheaper than ever before and more of them. What shall we do? Pursue our old course of blundering, shock business some more, or shall

we set capital in motion? But how shall we set capital in motion?

We must restore confidence. How can we restore confidence? First of all by putting anarchy down and all manner of disturbance. Peace and a stable government are the first necessity. This is a borrowing and lending world. That is a fixed fact. No amount of denunciation of money-lenders, no wild talk about Wall Street,—which, by the way, is the greatest money-borrower in the world,—will ever put down the fact.

Enterprises are carried on by the united confidence of men of money and men of brains. Bring this thing home to yourselves, and then you will understand it. If you had money or any other capital you had earned yourself, or your father had left to you, or even money you had won in the luck of a lottery, would you let it out to anybody on earth who was liable to give you back only half of it and want to call it square?

How would you, my farmer friend, like to let your farm to a fellow who by law might turn your story-and-a-half house into a shanty, spread sand over your arable land, and burn up your wood-lot, and then hand it back to you dismantled and half ruined? How quick you would invert such a fellow.

Well, the man who has other capital to let besides farms has just as much sense as you have. The first thing he wants to know is, will he get his capital back? This same idea fills the mind of the business borrower. If Jordan, or Alfred, puts his property into the forest and makes lumber and sells it on credit, he wants to know that he will be paid in as good a dollar as he put into the woods. Else why should he put dollars into the woods at all?

Now, I put it to you as men of sense, plain men of sense,

would you lend money, if you had it, to any man, or set of men, or any nation, which you knew was trying to devise some way whereby you would get back only half of it? You may not, like a silver man, understand currency. You may not be able to dally with statistics, but you do understand that simple proposition. If you were a business man, would you make things on a gold basis and sell them on credit to a people who were trying to see if they could not pay you on a silver basis?

Is it not clear as noonday why men do not lend capital and why men do not undertake enterprises? I do not say that silver agitation is the only lion in the way. I believe that the laws are so made that the American people shall do all their own work. In due time I mean to discuss that. Just now our first duty is with the silver question. My friends, I have said many times and I cannot repeat it too often, experience is the best teacher.

Within this very twelve months we have had an example of what confidence will do and what distrust will do. In December, 1895, this very last year, there was a revival of business hope. The iron business, one of the great indices of prosperity, having in many respects a good tariff schedule, began to revive. Some other industries followed suit, and a temporary hope went over the community. One great steel company had orders six months ahead. Its stock rose from 40 to 80. Men who knew best purchased it at 80 and thought it worth 125. Confidence began to show itself. Then came Venezuela, and then what Senator Brice called the petition in bankruptcy followed. Confidence died. One day the iron mills had business beyond power of supplying wants. The next day they had none. Reasonable certainty makes business; uncertainty paralyzes it.

In 1879 we resumed specie payments. We had suitable tariff laws. The foundation for certainty was laid. We knew we were to do our own work. Capitalists, savings banks, all who had capital to lend at home and abroad, knew there was certainty of honest repayment, and business resumed its onward march.

In 1897, with such change of tariff as will be founded on business principles and have the approval of the people of the United States, we shall again have the certainty of doing our own work. With the defeat of the Bryan-Watson-Sewall combination will come certainty of repayment of capital borrowed at home and abroad; certainty that business enterprises will have a sound foundation; and 1897, with its attendant fourteen years of success, will lift us to another height of success where perhaps another set of misguided citizens, forgetful of the past, will waylay us and we shall have to beat them again. This, then, is the reasonable prospect of the future. I wish I could assure you of a future prosperity that would reign unbroken forever and ever. But history knows human nature too well.

You will see that my statements are not promises without limit. You have seen exhibited many times remedies for all the ills the world is heir to, but did you ever see a perfectly healthy world? You never will.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico is Latin, and pretty old, and of course we all understand it. But I want to give you a free translation,—Everything we do not know about always looks big.

The human creature is imaginative. If he sees a tail disappearing over a fence, he imagines the whole beast, and usually imagines the wrong beast; especially if it is dark, and wild animals abound. I suppose that all the king's

horses and all his armed men never frightened the people of this world half so much as ghosts, and yet there never were any ghosts.

Whenever we take a trip into the realms of fancy we see a good many things that never were. The safe footing in this world is on the things we know. If this nation follows the silver people, what sure foothold is there anywhere? Not one. Has any nation ever failed? Mexico, supported by the great empire of China with 400,000,000 of people, has failed to lift silver above its market value. I am well aware that we are mightier than Mexico or China, or both combined. But we are not omnipotent. We are only part of the world. We cannot add a cubit to any man's stature. We cannot fix the price of wheat. Chicago, standing for the whole country, tried that once, and was worsted in the struggle. We tried to fix the price of greenbacks by calling them a dollar and backed up the promise with a hundred millions of gold.

When gold was at 200, not all the power of this country with two millions of men in arms could make a greenback buy more than fifty cents worth of anything except human labor.

Either the silver men expect silver, under free coinage, to go to par, or they do not. If they do, they have not one single fact upon which to depend. All human history is not only against them, but overwhelmingly so. If overvaluation of the silver dollar by three cents on a dollar drove all the gold out of our country for sixty years once in its history, what will fifty cents overvaluation do? Why, it is as clear as mathematics.

We shall then be on a silver basis, whatever that may be. If we get there, the basis will either be stable or unstable.

If it is stable what improvement will that be? Are there any more potatoes in four pecks than in one bushel? Are 133 seventy-five-cent dollars worth any more than 100 hundred-cent dollars? Does a dollar get any more valuation by changing in its coppers?

But suppose the new standard is unstable, what will happen then? Well, human experience is here to tell you. All uncertainties are a detriment to business. For the last fifty years all the struggle of business has been toward certainties. Business has long ago ceased to be gambling. Small and sure profits often repeated are the foundation of modern wealth. The Suez Canal, the ocean cable, the swift steamships and the swiftest railroads are all harnessed into this service; and whosoever, having a stable currency, swings off into an unstable currency, sets himself against the civilized world and must take the consequences.

But, say some of these men, suppose we do swing off from Europe, we join the great silver-using countries, China and Japan and Mexico, and all the rest, with their 400,000,000 inhabitants. Why not give up the European trade and take the trade of China and Japan? This sounds well. It looks all the larger because it exists in imagination. Do you suppose we could get the trade of these countries by simply having the same money? Such ideas, like the old-time cry of "markets of the world" are of such stuff as dreams are made of. Trade takes decades, nay, centuries, for its growth.

But let us imagine we could have all that trade which would come to us, see how actual experience will cause to dwindle the figures of the imagination. In the first place there are no 400,000,000 of silver-using people. Of these outsiders 150,000,000 are on a paper basis. We could not get them even by giving them greenbacks. How much do

you suppose the remaining people take of our stuffs now? Only $50,000,000. How much do the gold countries take? Only about thirteen times as much,—$765,000,000; Great Britain alone takes $400,000,000 of our products, eight times as much as all the silver countries in the world. We buy of silver countries $117,000,000; of gold countries, $530,000,000. Putting these figures together, our trade with silver countries is $169,000,000, with gold countries $1,300,000,000, one to nine. Do you desire to exchange nine dollars worth of trade for one? Do you want to do anything which will even tend to make such an exchange?

Ah, but we want the prosperity of Japan and Mexico. Really, my friends, we passed that stage of prosperity long ago. Mexico prospers because of silver! A constant fall of the dollar and no rise of wages; and you call that prosperity! For the middleman it may be, and for the manufacturer also, but for the wage-earner not yet. So far as wages are lowered, so far has silver contributed to manufacturers' profits. But not even lowered wages—a thing intolerable for our people—has started production in Mexico. What was Mexico once, and what is she now? Once she was the land of revolutionists, of fratricidal strife, torn asunder by the ambition of any petty chief.

Now, under Porfirio Diaz, representing the growing civilization of his country, she is the land of peace. Not silver and dwindling wages have revived Mexico, but Porfirio Diaz and the civilization he represents.

Let me venture to say just here that neither Mexico nor any other country will ever have true prosperity until she has increasing instead of diminishing wages. We passed Mexico's prosperity long years ago, and no man in his senses will ever want to go back to that. How we shall meet the

competition of the cheap labor of Oriental countries is a problem for the future, but this much we do know, that cutting the dollar in two is no solution whatever, and that the permanent lowering of wages here by any device will never be tolerated by the people of America.

Remember that this contest to-day is not between bimetallism and mono-metallism. That subject would bear discussion. This contest also is not between the East and the West. There can be no such contest. Our interests are identical. With their growth comes our growth. We cannot go on alone. We have sent our children there. Our money is there. No misfortune can happen to them that does not happen to us. We here have full esteem for the pioneers of the West, and rejoice in their prosperity. They are all a brave and vigorous people. As Burke said of the younger Pitt, they are, "not chips of the old block, but the old block itself."

Every wise man agrees that beyond the Mississippi lies the great wealth of the days to come. In the development of this wealth we all are interested, and we in the East are not the unwise men to believe that we are not concerned in the progress and future of the West. Unfounded sectional differences are without excuse, and it will be woe to those who try to foment them. The West is too vigorous not to find out the truth, and is too valiant not to follow it when found. What the West needs is loanable capital which will develop its resources. No part of this Union is so concerned in restoring confidence as the undeveloped territory. The South, too, has a similar interest. But they are busy down there just now asserting their rights and keeping down the negro. If they could be persuaded to look after their interests what a happy country this might be.

John Sherman, whose name will be a great name in history, made a speech the other day and showed that all the demonetization of silver there ever was, was made by the help of Stewart and Jones, of Nevada, and that free coinage of silver by the United States alone will not and cannot cause any surcease of our calamities, but on the contrary would be the cause and summit of further sorrow. It is curious to see what effect that had on the silver men. One of them in Massachusetts lifted up his voice and said, Mr. John Sherman has told us of no remedy for our hard times, therefore the silver remedy which Sherman proves to be no remedy is the only remedy. This calling upon great men to help us is out of place in a land where we help ourselves. Let us do what we all of us know and good result will follow.

Is it true that when this world is badly off we have all got to be in the slough of despond until some great man invents a remedy? Are we all to plunge into foolishness unless some great man hits upon something sure? If the world has got to wait for that panacea let me tell you that the rest of death is a flash of lightning compared with the rest we are going to take. Is there nothing in our idea that the best sense is common sense?

No, no, these things are governed by natural laws and take their course like the rolling of the round earth or the glitter of the stars. Suppose a man were created full grown and set upon a solitary earth facing the dawn. As the panorama of sunrise, the march of the fountain of light across the sky, the red sunset and the black darkness, came over him, what could he make of this termination of the gorgeous pageantry of the skies? Nothing but darkness, desolation, and death, and a wild calling on unknown gods to help him. But the man who has from earliest boyhood seen the sun disappear

into the red West to light up another day may be ignorant of Kepler's laws and of Galileo's fate, but he knows no greater certainty on earth than that the day follows the night. A man who has only seen 1893 might well wonder and call on some great man for rescue, but we who have seen 1873 in England and 1837 in America know that we shall as surely rise again to business prosperity as that to-morrow's sun will rise.

Be not deceived by false prophets. In the West they tell the people that Maine is faltering. You and I know she was never so steadfast. Here in the East they tell us the West is blazing with silver crosses and is crowned with silver thorns, but, when the tug of battle comes, the gallant West, peopled by our children, will show to the world that brothers true and tried, who have fought so many fights shoulder to shoulder in the great conflict of human progress, will never be separated from each other or from that great party around which clusters all the glories of thirty of the most illustrious years of this country's history.

Wm. GILLESPIE EWING

William Gillespie Ewing was born in McLean County, Ill., in 1839. His parents, of distinguished Scotch-Irish ancestry, were natives of North Carolina, his mother, Maria McLelland Stevenson, being a grand-niece of Ephraim Brevard, famed in our colonial history as the author of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Choosing the law as his profession, he was admitted to the Bar in 1861. He located in Quincy, Ill., where he earned considerable reputation for his skill in handling several of the most famous criminal cases of the period. Mr. Ewing's uprightness, his love of his fellow-man, his firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the right,—these elements of character, together with a rare gift of eloquence, a fund of humor and practical experience, and a pathos which touches the hearts of men, fitted him to hold high rank, and as a trial lawyer and jury advocate he has had few equals and no superiors.

In 1882, he removed to Chicago, where he continued to devote himself to the practice of his profession, and to interest himself actively in the political problems of the time. In his first administration, President Cleveland appointed Mr. Ewing United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. In 1892, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, serving his term with signal ability and commanding the respect and esteem of the Bar, the litigants, and the public.

Mr. Ewing's attention was called to Christian Science by an experience of its healing power when *materia medica* offered no aid. Convinced of the truth of this practical exposition and application of the teaching of Jesus, and knowing the world's need of its beneficent ministry, he gladly accepted, in the year 1899, the commission to become a member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, THE RELIGION OF JESUS CHRIST

DELIVERED IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 5, 1899

THERE could be no clearer demonstration of the intelligence and cosmopolitan thought of this community than this magnificent assemblage of men and women, of all phases of religious belief, intent upon a candid investigation of the intellectual, Scriptural, and scientific equipoise of Christian Science. This meeting is an omen of your profound interest in all questions touching the active relationship of the creature to the Creator, and man's present and eternal welfare. I fully appreciate the courtesy of your presence and shall present to you my views upon the

subject of Christian Science, with the earnestness of my convictions, I trust, but at the same time with such due regard for your rights of opinion as will lead us all, as members of a common brotherhood, with one origin and one destiny, to reason together about the things of eternity and with the simplicity and heroism of truth, to "hold fast that which is good," although we stand alone, amid the dismantled beliefs of our fathers.

It is safe to assume that nine-tenths of this audience are Christian religionists of some school; that you are honest and sincere in your church association and your religious tenets; wherefore, it must not be expected that you will surrender the convictions you have concerning God and your duty to Him, unless your reason is convinced and your conscience satisfied that to do so is at once your greatest privilege and highest duty.

I am here to throw, if I can, a ray of light upon your pathway; to add, if I may, something to the joy and sweetness of your life and not to lessen your denominational strength, or add to my own. If you are happy, contented, satisfied, in your present religious beliefs, God forbid that I should disturb them; for I know of no power, human or divine, that can add a joy to satisfaction. In the early morning of the world the Psalmist sang as his highest eulogy of the glory and fulness of God: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

My mission is to talk to those who are not satisfied; who deem it within the range of human possibility that there is a light in reserve that may gild with a sublimer splendor and crown with a sweeter and tenderer love man's appreciation of the infinite fatherhood of God and "His ways to man." To all such I wish, simply and earnestly, to talk;

not to preach to you a sermon—I am not a preacher; not to soothe you into a brief dream of content by flowers of speech —I am a stranger to the pleasing, but ephemeral, devices of the orator; I simply want to talk to you as man to man, as friend to friend, brother to brother; my only art will be the simplicity and courage of conviction; my only argument, a statement of facts, and after all, how resistless is the potency of a fact! The sole purpose of inquiry in every court of justice in Christendom is, and ever has been, to invoke facts; the world is weary of theories, it longs for facts; it is surfeited with dogmas, arguments, and platitudes, and cries out for facts.

BELIEFS OF OUR FATHERS.

The great difficulty in presenting any new phase of religion to the world is the people's inherited religious beliefs, the opinions of their fathers. No one thinks it strange that we should discard our fathers' thought respecting dress, habitation, or form of government; yet the idea seems to be almost universal that filial duty demands that the child shall think religiously, think of God, only as his fathers thought. And yet we know indeed that our fathers questioned the beliefs of their fathers and made us happier by it; that their fathers questioned the beliefs of their own fathers and made the world brighter by it.

No one can know better than I how very difficult it is for one to forsake the traditions of his fathers; I speak from experience, for my ancestors were Scotch-Irish Calvinists, with much of the assertive impetuosity of the Irish; with some of the solemn piety, and all the dogged stubbornness of the Scotch; in that faith I was born and educated, and have yet the profoundest respect for the learning, high char-

acter, sublime faith, and sincere, though awfully solemn, piety of the great Presbyterian Church; in infancy I received its baptism; for more than a quarter of a century I was in its communion, and so tenaciously do the teachings of youth abide with the man that it was years after I had been rescued from the cold clutch of death, by Christian Science, before I could give up the early lessons learned of God, life, death, hell and heaven. My mother's sublime and beautiful faith in the measureless goodness of God I have not surrendered, nor shall; its simple memory is an abiding benediction, jeweled with joy and luminous with love. My own experience awakens the profoundest sympathy for the man or woman who struggles with a sense of present duty in conflict with adhesion to long-cherished ancestral opinion. However, reflection satisfied me, and doubtless will satisfy you, that every advance in religion, as in liberty and morality, for centuries, is the result of the children battling the beliefs of their ancestors. If John Calvin had not questioned the beliefs of his fathers, there would have been no Presbyterian Church; if Martin Luther had not raised his mighty voice against the beliefs and practices of his fathers, the world would never have rejoiced in the light and glory of the Reformation; if the Wesleys had not forsaken the tenets of their fathers, the sublime devotion and heroic sacrifice of the Methodist circuit rider would never have gladdened, purified, and sanctified the humble homes of England and America. God be praised, say I, for the moral courage, the intellectual integrity, that places duty before sentiment. The history of the Christian era is replete with demonstration that rebellion against the religious beliefs of the fathers, not less than "the blood of the martyrs," is "the seed of the church."

I do not undervalue the effect of our ancestors' thought upon the civilization and Christianization of the world; but clearly its worth rests in the patent fact of the indestructibility and resistless progression of good, and the further fact of the good in the experience and knowledge of each generation furnishing vantage ground to its successor for something better. We are stupid, indeed, if we are not wiser than our fathers; we have the accumulated knowledge of years that they did not have. Of all the countless dead at the beginning of this century, not one, if he should revisit the scenes of earth, could understand even the simplest nomenclature of the great discoveries in the practicality of electricity and steam that have girdled the earth with light, brought the distant places near, and make a conversational convocation of the nations as speedy and practical as was the assemblage of a presbytery or diocesan convention in their day.

God be praised for the moral courage, the intellectual integrity, that enables men and women to discharge the duties of to-day in the light of to-day, rather than by the mere pride of ancestral opinion; for the important question is not what was our fathers' concept of the mission of Jesus, but what, in fact, was that mission, and what duty does it impose upon us.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

I cannot explain Christian Science to you in an evening's interview, or in many times the limit of a lecture; and my opinion of the legitimate length of a lecture is quite in keeping with the great Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge's, who, when asked in class by a theological student how long he thought a sermon should be, promptly replied: "Thirty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

In the limited time at my command, I can, at best, in the simplest form of expression, tell you but a little part of what this wonderful revelation of Truth has done, and is capable of doing, for a sin-burdened world; give you some suggestion of the infinite "Principle of Life" upon which Christian Science depends, with the hope that you may be induced to make such investigations as will enable you to determine for yourselves, after careful and faithful research of all the avenues of Truth, whether Christian Science brings to you "Dead Sea fruits that turn to ashes with a touch," or rather a beautiful and abiding hope, born of understanding and radiant with the love of God. But you can only become an accomplished Christian Scientist by earnest, honest and persistent study and demonstration of its truth.

POINTS UPON WHICH ALL CHRISTIANS AGREE.

Doubtless there are many points involved in Christian belief and conduct, respecting which you and Christian Scientists are in perfect accord; a brief reference to these will, I think, bring us a little closer together, possibly inspire in us mutual confidence, and enable us, at least, to prosecute the inquiry of the hour in the pleasing assurance that we are equally earnest and honest in our search after the ultimate good—a knowledge of God—"Whom to know aright is life everlasting."

I certainly am safe in assuming that you are in favor of whatever makes men and women better, happier, purer, more loving and lovable? So are we. You will aid whatever will lessen the burdens and sorrows of men: whatever will banish superstition and minimize fear? So will we. You, I am sure, will encourage whatever will destroy avarice, selfishness, and lust; whatever will exalt manhood, sanctify the home, enthrone virtue, affection, sympathy, and love? So

will we. You, I trust, believe in one God and Father of all, infinite in wisdom, justice, goodness, mercy, truth, and love —a divine, spiritual, incorporeal Intelligence, without "form or parts, beginning of days or end of years;" Who fills all space; is omnipresent and omniscient; Who made all that was made, and pronounced it good. You believe in love, worship, and adore such a God? So do we.

You believe in Jesus Christ. the only begotten Son of God, who taught in the Temple; preached the gospel; healed the sick; made the lame to walk; gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, purity to the sinful; was crucified, buried, and on the third day arose triumphant over death, and with the radiant splendors of the transfiguration, spanned the heavens with a bow of promise, and dispelled forever the shadows of earth by the demonstrated truth of life immortal as God. You believe in this dear, compassionate, loving, healing Christ as your Lord, your Saviour, your exemplar? So do we. You believe the Bible is the divinely inspired revelation of God to man? So do we. You believe the Ten Commandments are God's laws of requirement and restriction, to be resolutely and absolutely obeyed, one not less than another? So do we. You believe that prayer is both a privilege and a duty? So do we. You believe in the great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and the second, which is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"? So do we.

Thus it is found that we are substantially in accord upon the essential requirements of the religion of Christ as you understand it. And is this not sufficient to establish the conclusion that we should not antagonize each other, even if we have different ways of reaching the same Omnipotent Good, we in common profess to love?

Now let me tell you in the most general way something of what Christian Science is, in the hope that upon reflection and investigation we may agree upon the essentials of Christ's religion, as Christian Scientists understand, believe, and practise it.

Christian Science was discovered and revealed to the world some thirty odd years ago, by the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, a native of New Hampshire, and now a resident of Concord in that State. The whole philosophy and practice of Christian Science is published to the world in Mrs. Eddy's book, entitled "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." The latter part of the title, "with Key to the Scriptures," of this marvelous book, is very significant; for in fact the great value of Mrs. Eddy's work, or, as I believe and am pleased to call it, revelation, is found in the light she has thrown upon the real, reasonable, and demonstrable meaning of the Scriptures, the divine revealment of God to man; and it seems to me that all merely captious objections, by Christian people, to Christian Science should be silenced by the fact that Mrs. Eddy distinctly announces how in her search after the Truth, she took the Bible as her only guide, and I am sure that she does not announce any doctrine or practice of Christian Science that she did not find, and that you may not find, in the Bible. Let us therefore start out with the distinct announcement that Christian Science offers to the world no new Bible, and no vague or mythical construction of the old one; it enthrones no new Divinity; but the "one only living and true God," so long ignorantly worshiped; Him, Christian Scientists re-enthrone and proclaim unto you. Indeed the very substratum of Christian Science, its initial principle, the premise of all its reasoning, is the declaration of, and insistence upon, the patent fact that

"God is all in all." This premise, I venture to say, no intelligent believer in God will presume to question; and yet, if conceded the genius of Bacon or Locke could not imperil the logic of Mrs. Eddy's conclusion, namely, Christian Science.

WHAT IS THE HEALING POWER?

The older Christian Churches urge as an objection against what they conceive Christian Science to be, that it is sheer impiety for any person to assert that he is clothed with the power of God to heal the sick. The striking weakness of this objection is that Christian Scientists do not profess any such thing. As it was in the time of Jesus, so now the power that heals the sick is the power of God.

Christian Scientists assert that the beneficent God of nineteen hundred years ago, who so loved the world that He gave His son to suffer whatever might be necessary for him to suffer to reconcile man to God, to enable man to know God, is our God to-day, with all the power, all the tenderness, all the love, all the sympathy for man that he manifested nineteen hundred years ago, and that it is the same power and love that now makes the lame to walk and the blind to see.

The only argument that Jesus ever used to establish his divinity was the one he sent to the questioning John: Go tell John "the blind receive their sight and the lame walk"; and that is the argument we use to-day to establish the divine origin of Christian Science. The lame do walk and the blind do see, and all the logic in the world cannot lessen the force of this fact.

If, as Christian religionists, you believe that God by the word of His power created all the worlds, whirled them into space, and set them "forever circling round the sun," you must believe that He has the power to keep His creature,

man, in the image in which he was created, free from sorrow, sickness and suffering, as well as from sin; you must believe that He who fashioned the eye and the ear, and strung to exquisite harmony what you call the marvelous association of human nerves, has the power to remove a film from the eye He created, a thickness from the drum of the ear He made, and inharmony, discord, or jarring, from the nerves created for song and joy and not for aches and groans. Now you really believe, or think you believe, that God has the power to do this, and you also believe that God is willing to exercise that power, and heal the sick, give joy for sorrow, peace for crying, roses for ashes. I say this because, in your churches every Sabbath, and at your family altars daily, I trust, you pray to God for the sick and suffering. It is yet fresh in the memory of us all that the whole civilized world was redolent with the prayers of Christian people for Grant and Garfield in their hours of dreadful anguish; and yet I cannot be so harsh as to presume that Christian people would indulge the impiety of petitioning God for relief which they questioned either His power or His willingness to bestow. It is true you come a little tardily to the Great Physician with your cherished sick, and somewhat, it must be confessed, in the spirit of the old elder who prayed, "O God, we come to Thee because we have no other place to go." It is only after the doctors, patent nostrums, seven-bark liniment, mud baths, electrical shocks, blue glass, pig-nut bread, cod liver oil and tepid water have left you desolate and hopeless, that you go to God, the infinite fountain of light, joy and life, with your loved sick ones, and even then, not trusting God for the relief you ask, for the chances are many to one that you pray with medicines in your pocket and doctors at your call.

All of you say, have said a thousand times, "In God we live, move and have our being"; but do you really believe this? For it is simply equivalent to saying, "In God we live, have our health and immortality." I sometimes doubt whether you do believe it, for you act as if this beautiful declaration of the Allness of God were a promise made to the ear, to be broken to the hope; and that, in fact, your life and health rest in human aids, material things, the dull, unpitying clods of earth. This will not do; a moral belief that does not find expression in act is not an intellectual conviction; you may deceive others, possibly yourselves, but you cannot deceive the Infinite. I submit to you this simple proposition: If you believe you live and move in God, should you not, as a mere act of intellectual integrity, of common honesty, trust your life and health to their infinite Keeper?

Really, your lack of trust in God's healing power is not very strange; it is the natural result of the ancestral opinion I spoke of a moment ago. Our fathers believed, and taught us to believe, that God makes us sick; that God makes us blind and deaf and lame, and therefore we can easily understand how reluctantly and doubtingly one who believes that God is the fruitful source of all his sorrow and heartache, would go to Him with a confiding petition for relief from the very sorrows He has wrought. And here is the marked distinction between the old churches' thought of God and our thought of Him. Christian Scientists do not believe that God makes you sick or blind or deaf or halt, but we do believe that God is infinite love, "the Great Physician who heals all our diseases."

You ask for help as a last resort, but you do not expect it. Perhaps I can illustrate the thought I am trying to enforce.

A few years ago, in a New England district, the drouth was so great that all the churches agreed that on a given Sabbath there should be united prayer to God for rain. As the people from one country home were starting to their place of worship, a little girl said, "Wait for me a moment, I have forgotten something," and ran to the house and brought out an umbrella; whereupon her mother, her pious mother, her God-fearing but not God-trusting mother, said, "Why, child, what on earth do you want with an umbrella to-day? The prospect of rain was never so distant." The little girl, with the confiding and abiding trust of a child, replied, "I thought you were going to pray to God for rain."

The fact is, my friends, our respective concepts of God are wide apart. Christian Scientists do not believe that Infinite Goodness filled the world with reprobates and sinners simply to give Himself occupation in pardoning their sins "to the praise of His glorious grace," or in torturing them with sickness, anguish and flame "to the praise of His glorious justice"; but they do believe, and act upon the belief, that God is infinite Love, the bountiful Source and Preserver of all life, the Great Physician who heals all our diseases.

THE MISSION OF JESUS.

Christian Scientists believe that when Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and read from the prophecy of Esaias, respecting the "office of Christ," where it is written, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised," and, closing the book, declared to

the congregation, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." Christian Scientists insist that when Jesus did this he thereby solemnly made proclamation to all men, of all time, of his God-sealed ambassadorship, not only to preach the gospel, but also to heal the sick, break the shackles of the bound and usher in "the acceptable year of the Lord." And thus we have clearly defined by prophecy and by the unequivocal words of Jesus, the substance, spirit and practice of the religion he established; a religion of faith, works, freedom—freedom from man's oppression, from sickness, sin and death; a religion of ministry, cheer, and love. And Jesus literally fulfilled his high commission, preached the gospel, healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, broke the fetters of sin, and gave liberty to the bound. He taught his disciples to emulate his example and told them that the mighty works he did, and greater, they should do. Who in the old churches will be so recklessly bold as to assert that Jesus did not mean what he said?

It must be remembered that the "works" of which Jesus spoke, were his so-called miracles, his ministrations to suffering, stumbling, cringing, crying men; the restoration of health, sight, hearing, strength, courage, hope, happiness, life, to men; and all without the aid of any drug, manipulation, diet, change of climate, mechanical contrivance, mesmerism, hypnotism, or effect of mortal mind upon human ills; but all, from the withered hand to the raising of Lazarus, by the power of God—the supreme majesty of the all-pervading Spirit of Good.

This was what Jesus did, and in his last admonition to the Eleven, his chosen faithful disciples, is found the crowning cheer of his sublime ambassadorship, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. . . . And

these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

I submit that it is not within the range of intellectual operation to apply this last command and blessed promise of Jesus to the Eleven only, and not to all generations of men forever and aye; and consequently to us, to you and to me; Jesus the Christ has spoken it, spoken it to you and to me, "If you believe, in my name you shall cast out devils; if you believe, in my name you shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Christian Scientists accept this call to duty as addressed to them, and by the most crucial tests, by thousands upon thousands of absolute cures, covering the whole range of mortal affliction, have demonstrated the efficacy of metaphysical healing, and therefore the absolute truth of Christian Science.

From what I have said, it must be apparent to you that Mrs. Eddy with perfect propriety named her great discovery "Christian Science;" Christian, because it is the Christ system, the Christ practice; and Science, because it is demonstrable Truth, infallible Principle.

WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

May I tell you some things Christian Science has accomplished in the fifteen years last past? It has drawn to its loyal support more than five hundred thousand adherents; has organized more than four hundred congregations; has built, during the last five years, many churches, ranging in cost from one thousand to two hundred thousand dollars; it

was more than ten thousand practitioners, devoted to healing the sick; it has restored to health, happiness and hope, more than seven hundred and fifty thousand of your fellow-men and mine, most of whom had hopelessly exhausted the remedies usually known to medical learning. The membership of the Christian Science denomination has been drawn from all the churches, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, and from all the respectable professions and callings in life. There is not a religious denomination in the world that has in its membership a larger percentage of educated, refined and cultured people than Christian Scientists have; and nowhere on earth, I am sure, and I say it not boastingly, but as a simple statement of fact, will you find people freer from the cares and worries of life, more contented in their business and their homes, more devoted to the duties of home, state and church, prompter in discharging their obligations to neighbor and to God, stricter moralists, closer observers of the proprieties, more munificent abettors of every good work, or people richer in the graces and amenities of pure manhood and womanhood, than Christian Science has given to the world.

I submit to the candid judgment of my fellow-men the simple proposition that an organization showing such results cannot flippantly be ignored, and by all the tests of common candor, demands your serious, earnest thought.

I will not discuss the stock objections urged against Christian Science. They are in fact so contradictory that they are self-destructive. For instance, I noticed in an iconoclastic newspaper a series of interviews with prominent people, respecting Christian Science. A prominent Doctor of Medicine said, "Christian Science is a beautiful religion; it is spiritual, devotional, and uplifting in its thought; but

it is impotent and imbecile as a curative of human ills." Immediately following this a no less prominent Doctor of Divinity said, "Christian Science does effect wonderful cures of disease; the evidence of this is too patent to be denied; but it has no semblance of religion."

The destructive clash of these two opinions has, to my mind, a forcible illustration in a law-suit I had the pleasure of hearing when quite a small boy at my old home in Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. Lincoln, the great President, was defending a case brought upon a written guaranty of a horse, the guaranty being that the horse had good eyes and sound lungs. The plaintiff in his declaration alleged that the horse's eyes were not good and his lungs were not sound, and to maintain his contention introduced two witnesses, Doc. Lindlay and Cap. Ferguson, supposed experts on all questions relative to the horse.

Lindlay first took the stand and testified: "I know the hoss the suit is about, and have examined his eyes and lungs. So fur as his lungs is concerned they are as sound as a blacksmith's bellows, but sure as you're born the horse is moon-eyed."

No questions were asked this witness on cross-examination, and Capt. Ferguson took the stand and testified: "I know the horse very well; I think his eyes are all right. They are just as good as were ever put into a horse's head; he can see in daylight and in dark and in any of the moon's phases, but his wind is a little shaky; he haint got good lungs."

This witness also took his seat without any questions from the defendant's counsel.

Mr. Lincoln introduced no witness for his client, and went to the jury upon the testimony of the plaintiff's witnesses;

and made the briefest and most logical argument that was ever made in a court of justice in my state. This is what he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if these witnesses are creditable, then the plaintiff has proven for my client by one of them that the horse's eyes are good; and for my client he has proven by the other that the horse's lungs are sound; now if the witnesses are not creditable, then the plaintiff has not proven anything for himself, or anything against my client, and in either event my client is entitled to judgment for costs." It is needless to say that the plaintiff paid the costs.

I will not offend your sense of "fair play," of warfare "in the open," your love of justice, exalted character and high endeavor, by entering upon a seriatim defence, in this magnificent presence, of Christian Science, that has gladdened the world with such surcease of Sorrow, or the beneficent woman who in hope and prayer and love revealed Christian Science, and applied it to the daily needs of men,—against the wanton assaults of malevolence, ignorance, or greed, made upon either. As one of the tens of thousands of beneficiaries of metaphysical healing, with love unalloyed I say of Mrs. Eddy, that time to its utmost bound will be too brief for the world to discharge to her its debt of gratitude. Her life of devotion to God and humanity, her sacrifice of self for others, her ministrations to weary, suffering, dying men, her long years of fearless and faultless association with perfect good are her invincible panoply against every shaft of envy, ingratitude or malice. And of the science of life, immortal life, she has revealed, it is enough to know that, if it is true, all the powers of earth and hell cannot prevail against it. No detraction can mar it, and no eulogy can compass the sum of its infinite greatness.

In the opening splendors of this dawn of truth, shall we not with sublime courage keep pace with the march of good manifest to-day? Alas for him who constantly looks mournfully into the future and depreciates the present. I believe in the progress of good in the sublime and beautiful Now; in its breadth of intellect, its conscience, its morality, its reach after God.

I champion this day as the brightest and best since the world began. Every yesterday was but the dawn of a grander to-day, and each to-day will pale in the sublimer splendor of to-morrow. There is more refinement, learning, gentleness, and genius; more estheticism and common sense, more contempt for hypocrisy; there is more truth and courage, homely honesty, simplicity and virtue, more unfaltering Christian faith, more devoted Christian piety, more affection, love and charity in the world to-day than ever blessed humanity in any yesterday in all the tide of time.

The world has learned that its great need is not a more intimate acquaintance with microbes and germs; not a science that will more accurately measure the sun and weigh the stars; not a loftier walk with the muse, or a more exquisite touch of brush or chisel, but rather a realization of the promise that flashed in splendor upon the world with the advent of the humble Nazarene, a knowledge of the true God, to be adored, worshiped, and loved, but not feared.

Christian Science is hastening the fruition of that promise. Its apprehension enlarges the moral stature of man, quickens the kindlier sentiments of his nature; makes the husband and father more devoted and affectionate; the wife and mother more tender and loving; works the negation of self and the development of love for our kind; moves the heart

to pity, spreads the mantle of charity, and lifts the weary children of earth nearer to the great loving heart of God.

Strangely enough, the objection to Christian Science is made that it is the work of a woman. I say strangely, because to my mind this fact is the sign-manual of its integrity and purity. It seems to me that to the most careless observer it must be apparent that by the exercise of mental and moral forces, woman gladdens to-day, and hastens the dawn of the brighter to-morrow. In the republic of letters; in every forum of intellectual combat; in every profession; in all the arts, in all the sciences; in every walk of human learning; on every field where humanity struggles for humanity; woman, panoplied with Truth and Love, moves to the shining goal of every laudable human ambition, confessedly the guardian of the "Holy of Holies," the spiritual thought of the world. Surely, the beautiful to-morrow is dawning, when enlightened justice will have one code of morals for all God's children, and not, as now, one for the man, and another for the woman; when man will be more just to woman, and woman will be more just to herself; when she will not shrink with loathing from her poor, tempest-tossed sister, who, in the uneven struggle for existence has fallen, and leave her a helpless and hopeless waif upon a remorseless human sea; but in the spirit of the pitying Christ, will take the hapless one in her loving arms, and with that "Touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin," lift her up into the sunshine, the gladness, the effulgent glory of redeemed womanhood. For let it never be forgotten that it was a woman, a sadly sinning but sweetly repentant woman, who bathed Jesus' feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and of whom the Saviour said, "She is most forgiven because she hath loved most."

In the sublimity of that broader and better allegiance, into which the Science of Being leads us, every good man and woman will be an integral part of its glory, just as every blade of grass, impearled by the dews of heaven, lifts its jeweled crest to kiss the dawn, and to reflect the splendor of the rising sun.

As woman was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre; as woman was the holy messenger to proclaim a risen, triumphant Saviour, so now, in the opening splendors of his kingdom on earth, a woman, another Mary, is the sweet messenger of "glad tidings" and

"Her clear voice is heard in the van
Proclaiming the dawn, when all nations
Shall echo the Great Heart's pulsations,
And God be reflected in man.

"She guards the Christ love in her keeping;
By her are the Christmas chimes rung;
She rekindles the yule-fire's glory,
And all the world over, the story
Is written, and spoken, and sung.

"And all the world over the people
Are spreading the blessing abroad;
Are cleansing the depths of the fountain;
Are climbing the heights of the mountain;
Are waiting the coming of God."

ÉMILE ZOLA

ÉMILE ZOLA, eminent French novelist, whose championship of Dreyfus, the Alsatian Jew, captain of engineers in the French army, brought him prominently before the public in connection with that remarkable case, was born at Paris, April 2, 1840. The ostensible charge against Dreyfus was that he had sold military information to a foreign government. Three days after the acquittal of Major Esterhazy on the charge brought by Dreyfus's brother that the former was the real author of the *bordereau* which Captain Dreyfus was accused of having prepared, Zola published his famous "J'accuse" letter to President Faure, which, as he had anticipated, resulted in his own arrest. He was convicted of libel, and sentenced to banishment. He did not, however, cease to promote the agitation in Dreyfus's behalf, and his efforts did much to bring about a re-trial of the case, and to prove how antiquated, and sometimes farcical, are French modes of justice. He was accidentally killed by asphyxiation Sept. 28, 1902.

HIS APPEAL FOR DREYFUS

DELIVERED AT PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1898, AT THE ZOLA TRIAL FOR LIBEL

IN THE Chamber at the sitting of January 22, M. Méline, the Prime Minister, declared, amid the frantic applause of his complaisant majority, that he had confidence in the twelve citizens to whose hands he intrusted the defence of the army. It was of you, gentlemen, that he spoke. And just as General Billot dictated its decision to the court-marshal intrusted with the acquittal of Major Esterhazy, by appealing from the tribune for respect for the *chose jugée,* so likewise M. Méline wished to give you the order to condemn me "out of respect for the army," which he accuses me of having insulted!

I denounce to the conscience of honest men this pressure brought to bear by the constituted authorities upon the justice of the country. These are abominable politi-

cal practices which dishonor a free nation. We shall see, gentlemen, whether you will obey.

But it is not true that I am here in your presence by the will of M. Méline. He yielded to the necessity of prosecuting me only in great trouble, in terror of the new step which the advancing truth was about to take. This everybody knew. If I am before you, it is because I wished it. I alone decided that this obscure, this abominable affair, should be brought before your jurisdiction, and it is I alone of my free will who chose you, you, the loftiest, the most direct emanation of French justice, in order that France, at last, may know all, and give her decision. My act had no other object, and my person is of no account. I have sacrificed it in order to place in your hands, not only the honor of the army, but the imperilled honor of the nation.

It appears that I was cherishing a dream in wishing to offer you all the proofs, considering you to be the sole worthy, the sole competent judge. They have begun by depriving you with the left hand of what they seemed to give you with the right. They pretended, indeed, to accept your jurisdiction, but if they had confidence in you to avenge the members of the court-martial, there were still other officers who remained superior even to your jurisdiction. Let who can understand. It is absurdity doubled with hypocrisy, and it shows clearly that they dreaded your good sense—that they dared not run the risk of letting us tell all and of letting you judge the whole matter. They pretend that they wished to limit the scandal. What do you think of this scandal—of my act which consisted in bringing the matter before you—in wishing the people, incarnate in you, to be the judge?

They pretend also that they could not accept a revision in disguise, thus confessing that in reality they have but one fear, that of your sovereign control. The law has in you its complete representation, and it is this chosen law of the people that I have wished for—this law which, as a good citizen, I hold in profound respect, and not the suspicious procedure by which they hoped to make you a laughing-stock.

I am thus excused, gentlemen, for having brought you here from your private affairs without being able to inundate you with the full flood of light of which I dreamed. The light, the whole light—this was my sole, my passionate desire! And this trial has just proved it. We have had to fight step by step against an extraordinarily obstinate desire for darkness. A battle has been necessary to obtain every atom of truth. Everything has been refused us. Our witnesses have been terrorized in the hope of preventing us from proving our case. And it is on your behalf alone that we have fought, that this proof might be put before you in its entirety, so that you might give your opinion on your consciences without remorse. I am certain, therefore, that you will give us credit for our efforts, and that, I feel sure, too, that sufficient light has been thrown upon the affair.

You have heard the witnesses; you are about to hear my counsel, who will tell you the true story, the story that maddens everybody and that everybody knows. I am, therefore, at my ease. You have the truth at last, and it will do its work. M. Méline thought to dictate your decision by intrusting to you the honor of the army. And it is in the name of the honor of the army that I too appeal to your justice.

I give M. Méline the most direct contradiction. Never have I insulted the army. I spoke, on the contrary, of my sympathy, my respect for the nation in arms, for our dear soldiers of France, who would rise at the first menace to defend the soil of France. And it is just as false that I attacked the chiefs, the generals who would lead them to victory. If certain persons at the War Office have compromised the army itself by their acts, is it to insult the whole army to say so? Is it not rather to act as a good citizen to separate it from all that compromises it, to give the alarm, so that the blunders which alone have been the cause of our defeat shall not occur again, and shall not lead us to fresh disaster?

I am not defending myself, moreover. I leave history to judge my act, which was a necessary one; but I affirm that the army is dishonored when gendarmes are allowed to embrace Major Esterhazy after the abominable letters written by him. I affirm that that valiant army is insulted daily by the bandits who, on the plea of defending it, sully it by their degrading championship—who trail in the mud all that France still honors as good and great. I affirm that those who dishonor that great national army are those who mingle cries of "Vive l'armée!" with those of "A bas les juifs!" and "Vive Esterhazy!" Grand Dieu! the people of Saint Louis, of Bayard, of Condé, and of Hoche, the people which counts a hundred great victories, the people of the great wars of the Republic and the Empire, the people whose power, grace, and generosity have dazzled the world, crying "Vive Esterhazy!" It is a shame the stain of which our efforts on behalf of truth and justice can alone wipe out!

You know the legend which has grown up: Dreyfus was

condemned justly and legally by seven infallible officers, whom it is impossible even to suspect of a blunder without insulting the whole army. Dreyfus expiates in merited torments his abominable crime, and as he is a Jew, a Jewish syndicate is formed, an international *sans patrie* syndicate disposing of hundreds of millions, the object of which is to save the traitor at any price, even by the most shameless intrigues. And thereupon this syndicate began to heap crime on crime, buying consciences, precipitating France into a disastrous tumult, resolved on selling her to the enemy, willing even to drive all Europe into a general war rather than renounce its terrible plan.

It is very simple, nay childish, if not imbecile. But it is with this poisoned bread that the unclean press has been nourishing our poor people now for months. And it is not surprising if we are witnessing a dangerous crisis; for when folly and lies are thus sown broadcast, you necessarily reap insanity.

Gentlemen, I would not insult you by supposing that you have yourselves been duped by this nursery tale. I know you; I know who you are. You are the heart and the reason of Paris, of my great Paris, where I was born, which I love with an infinite tenderness, which I have been studying and writing of now for forty years. And I know likewise what is now passing in your brains; for, before coming to sit here as defendant, I sat there on the bench where you are now. You represent there the average opinion; you try to illustrate prudence and justice in the mass. Soon I shall be in thought with you in the room where you deliberate, and I am convinced that your effort will be to safeguard your interests as citizens, which are, of course, the interests of the whole nation. You may make

a mistake, but you will do so in the thought that while securing your own weal you are securing the weal of all.

I see you at your homes at evening under the lamp; I hear you talk with your friends; I accompany you into your factories and shops. You are all workers—some tradesmen, others manufacturers, some professional men; and your very legitimate anxiety is the deplorable state into which business has fallen. Everywhere the present crisis threatens to become a disaster. The receipts fall off; transactions become more and more difficult. So that the idea which you have brought here, the thought which I read in your countenances, is that there has been enough of this and that it must be ended. You have not gone the length of saying, like many: "What matters it that an innocent man is at the Ile du Diable? Is the interest of a single man worth this disturbing a great country?" But you say, nevertheless, that the agitation which we are carrying on, we who hunger for truth and justice, costs too dearly! And if you condemn me, gentlemen, it is that thought which will be at the bottom of your verdict. You desire tranquillity for your homes, you wish for the revival of business, and you may think that by punishing me you will stop a campaign which is injurious to the interests of France.

Well, gentlemen, if that is your idea, you are entirely mistaken. Do me the honor of believing that I am not defending my liberty. By punishing me you would only magnify me. Whoever suffers for truth and justice becomes august and sacred. Look at me. Have I the look of a hireling, of a liar, and a traitor? Why should I be playing a part? I have behind me neither political ambition nor sectarian passion. I am a free writer, who has

given his life to labor; who to-morrow will go back to the ranks and resume his interrupted task. And how stupid are those who call me an Italian—me, born of a French mother, brought up by grandparents in the Beauce, peasants of that vigorous soil; me, who lost my father at seven years of age, who never went to Italy till I was fifty-four. And yet I am proud that my father was from Venice—the resplendent city whose ancient glory sings in all memories. And even if I were not French, would not the forty volumes in the French language, which I have sent by millions of copies throughout the world, suffice to make me a Frenchman?

So I do not defend myself. But what a blunder would be yours if you were convinced that by striking me you would re-establish order in our unfortunate country! Do you not understand now that what the nation is dying of is the darkness in which there is such an obstinate determination to leave her? The blunders of those in authority are being heaped upon those of others; one lie necessitates another, so that the mass is becoming formidable. A judicial blunder was committed, and then to hide it, it has been necessary to commit every day fresh crimes against good sense and equity! The condemnation of an innocent man has involved the acquittal of a guilty man, and now to-day you are asked in turn to condemn me because I have cried out in my anguish on beholding our country embarked on this terrible course. Condemn me, then! But it will be one more error added to the others—a fault the burden of which you will hear in history. And my condemnation, instead of restoring the peace for which you long, and which we all of us desire, will be only a fresh seed of passion and disorder. The cup, I tell you, is full; do not make it run over!

Why do you not judge justly the terrible crisis through which the country is passing? They say that we are the authors of the scandal, that we who are lovers of truth and justice are leading the nation astray and urging it to violence. Surely this is a mockery! To speak only of General Billot—was he not warned eighteen months ago? Did not Colonel Picquart insist that he should take up the matter of revision, if he did not wish the storm to burst and destroy everything? Did not M. Scheurer-Kestner, with tears in his eyes, beg him to think of France, and save her such a calamity?

No! our desire has been to make peace, to allay discontent, and, if the country is now in trouble, the responsibility lies with the power which, to cover the guilty, and in the furtherance of political ends, has denied everything, hoping to be strong enough to prevent the truth from being revealed. It has manœuvred in behalf of darkness, and it alone is responsible for the present distraction of the public conscience!

The Dreyfus case, gentlemen, has now become a very small affair. It is lost in view of the formidable questions to which it has given rise. There is no longer a Dreyfus case. The question now is whether France is still the France of the rights of man, the France which gave freedom to the world, and ought to give it justice. Are we still the most noble, the most fraternal, the most generous of nations? Shall we preserve our reputation in Europe for justice and humanity? Are not all the victories that we have won called in question? Open your eyes, and understand that, to be in such confusion, the French soul must have been stirred to its depths in face of a terrible danger. A nation cannot be thus moved without imperilling its

moral existence. This is an exceptionally serious hour; the safety of the nation is at stake.

When you have understood that, gentlemen, you will feel that but one remedy is possible—to tell the truth, to do justice. Anything that keeps back the light, anything that adds darkness to darkness, will only prolong and aggravate the crisis. The duty of good citizens, of all who feel it to be imperatively necessary to put an end to this matter, is to demand broad daylight. There are already many who think so. The men of literature, philosophy, and science are rising in the name of intelligence and reason. And I do not speak of the foreigner, of the shudder that has run through all Europe. Yet the foreigner is not necessarily the enemy. Let us not speak of the nations that may be our opponents to-morrow. But great Russia, our ally; little and generous Holland; all the sympathetic nations of the north; those countries of the French language, Switzerland and Belgium—why are their hearts so heavy, so overflowing with sympathetic suffering? Do you dream, then, of an isolated France? Do you prefer, when you pass the frontier, not to meet the smile of approval for your historic reputation for equity and humanity?

Alas! gentlemen, like so many others, you expect the thunderbolt to descend from heaven in proof of the innocence of Dreyfus. Truth does not come thus. It requires research and knowledge. We know well where the truth is, or where it might be found. But we dream of that only in the recesses of our souls, and we feel patriotic anguish lest we expose ourselves to the danger of having this proof some day cast in our face after having involved the honor of the army in a falsehood. I wish also to declare positively that, though, in the official notice of our list of wit-

nesses, we included certain ambassadors, we had decided in advance not to call them. Our boldness has provoked smiles. But I do not think that there was any real smiling in our Foreign Office, for there they must have understood! We intended to say to those who know the whole truth that we also know it. This truth is gossiped about at the embassies; to-morrow it will be known to all, and, if it is now impossible for us to seek it where it is concealed by official red tape, the government which is not ignorant—the government which is convinced as we are—of the innocence of Dreyfus, will be able, whenever it likes and without risk, to find witnesses who will demonstrate everything.

Dreyfus is innocent. I swear it! I stake my life on it—my honor! At this solemn moment, in the presence of this tribunal which is the representative of human justice, before you, gentlemen, who are the very incarnation of the country, before the whole of France, before the whole world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By my forty years of work, by the authority that this toil may have given me, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By all I have now, by the name I have made for myself, by my works which have helped for the expansion of French literature, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. May all that melt away, may my works perish if Dreyfus be not innocent! He is innocent. All seems against me—the two Chambers, the civil authority, the most widely-circulated journals, the public opinion which they have poisoned. And I have for me only an ideal of truth and justice. But I am quite calm; I shall conquer. I was determined that my country should not remain the victim of lies and injustice. I may be condemned here. The day will come when France will thank me for having helped to save her honor.

SIR ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU

HON. SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K.C.M.G., LL.D., an eminent Canadian politician and orator, was born at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, Terrebonne Co., Quebec, Nov. 9, 1840, and died at Montreal, June 13, 1898. He was called to the Bar in 1861, and practiced at Montreal, being made a queen's counsel by Lord Dufferin in 1873. In 1867, at the Confederation of the Provinces, he entered the Quebec legislature as member for Terrebonne; became solicitor-general in the Ouimet administration, in February, 1873; and was subsequently Provincial Secretary under M. de Boucherville, January, 1875. This position he retained until March, 1878, when Lieutenant-governor Letellier de St. Just dismissed the ministry. Sir Adolphe was then chosen leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Quebec Assembly, and acted as such up to the period of his appointment as Provincial Premier in October, 1879. In July, 1882, he exchanged places with the late M. Mousseau, who was then Secretary of State at Ottawa. After Sir John A. Macdonald's death, in June, 1891, Sir Adolphe continued in the Abbott ministry, first as secretary of state, and afterwards, for a short time, as minister of customs. He was appointed to the office of Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Quebec in December, 1892, a position he held until February, 1898, when he retired, being replaced by the Hon. Judge Jetté. In 1884, he served as a commissioner for the purpose of investigating into and reporting on the subject of Chinese immigration into Canada. In 1881, Sir Adolphe received at Rome the decoration of St. Gregory the Great, and in 1882 was made a member of the Legion of Honor of France.

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL

SPEECH BEFORE THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 11, 1886

MR. SPEAKER,—A newspaper having announced last evening, that I had become suddenly a penitent, that I was very near abjuring the errors which, with my colleagues in the government, I had been suffering under of late, and that I was, in the near future, going to bid adieu to political life—I only wish that could be true—and that I would retire repenting; and as the paper wished I should employ the last days of my life in prayer, so as to be forgiven by God and man, I thought I would take this first opportunity of making my last confession of the great crime of which I

have been accused during several months past, and I hope I shall make it as plain, as complete, as full as possible, so as to satisfy both friends and foes.

I do not know, Mr. Speaker, whether I can do justice to this debate. I know it is, perhaps, out of place for me to apologize for not speaking in the language which is my mother tongue; but every time I rise in this House, every time I have to express what I feel deeply and vividly in my heart, I have to express it in a language which is not my own, I think it is necessary for me to apologize; for the English language, that has taught the world the great lessons of liberty, does not give me that full freedom of expression which I would have in my own language.

What a change a year can make in the ideas of men, in the feelings of men! What differences do we remark when we look over the proceedings of last session, as I did yesterday! Read over "Hansard" and compare dates with this year. The 19th of March last year, St. Joseph's Day, the day named after that great saint whose name is synonymous with fidelity and loyalty, was chosen by Louis Riel for the outbreak of his rebellion in the Northwest. On the 19th of March Louis Riel inaugurated his revolt, in acts, in his official declaration, in his open opposition to both civil and spiritual power in the Northwest.

On the following days the rebellion was in full blast, and the day after to-morrow will be the anniversary of one of the sad events of our history—the anniversary of the Duck Lake fight—when some of our bravest soldiers, some of the good men of the Northwest, fell under the bullets of traitors and rebels, led by Louis Riel, fell victims to the treachery of a criminal band, who, after destroying government property, after ransacking and plundering the stores of industrious

citizens, after having seized and taken prisoners the men who were doing their duty under the laws of their country, in the protection of the Canadian and the British flag, had torn down the flag of her Majesty and had begun that rebellion of which I hope we will have to-day the last recollection. I hope that the memories of men will not recollect it, after we have done our duty to-day and said that the country cannot countenance those who would like this House—representing the interests, the desires, and the wishes of the people,—to say that that event was one which would be excusable and justifiable in the eyes of true Canadians.

We all remember the feeling that pervaded this House when, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of March, the news arrived that really a rebellion was existing in the Northwest, and that the agitation which had begun many months before had taken the form of an open revolt. We remember the feeling that existed in this House.

It is true that then, as since the beginning of this session, some gentlemen on the other side, exercising their rights as members of Parliament, had been asking for information, had been clamoring for papers, but still the House went on with the performance of its duties until the day we heard the sound of rebellion, and learned that the sons of Canada, at the call of the government, had to go up and fight that revolt.

Sir, when the news of the Duck Lake fight arrived, there was not one man to be found here who would not have said frankly and openly that those who had commenced that rebellion, those men who were ignoring the laws of the country and rebelling against them, were deserving the severest punishment of the law.

I remember a few days later, when a newspaper in Ontario had had the audacity, as it was then styled, to say that my

honorable friend sitting on our left had been actually giving countenance to the rebellion, that he had been aiding the conspirators against the peace and integrity of the country, that the honorable members sitting on that side of the House were accomplices of those in the Northwest who were trying to take those large territories away from their allegiance to our Sovereign, I remember what took place in this House.

I remember seeing the honorable leader of the Opposition rising in his seat, his features altered, trembling with emotion and saying, with tears in his voice, that there never was such a slanderous insinuation cast upon him and his party as to say that he and they might be called accomplices or even sympathizers with the rebellion in the Northwest. We all remember the honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] stating that he had a relation whose blood had already stained the snow of the prairies, that he had a nephew whose life was in danger, that his son and his brother's son were ready to shoulder their muskets and go to the Saskatchewan and fight against those who wanted to commit that attempt against the liberties of the empire and the good name of the people of Canada.

At that time we responded to the expression of those feelings; and I remember the right honorable Premier in this House getting up in his seat and saying that whatever differences of opinion there might be between him and honorable gentlemen opposite, he thought the article in question was an ill-advised one—that we all here in this House sympathized together in supporting the laws of our Dominion, and keeping in its integrity the fine country which we are now administering to the glory of those who acquired it, and the glory of the Sovereign who rules over us.

Who would have said then a word of justification of that criminal band that was beginning a rebellion on the shores of the Saskatchewan? Who would have thought, when the honorable gentlemen who left this House to take upon themselves the arduous task of leading their men to the field of battle,—who would have thought when we were all shaking hands with them,—who would have thought when we said good-bye and farewell to the late lamented and regretted member for East Durham, whose name has been revered and cherished, and loved amongst us, since he lost his life in the defence of his country,— who would have thought then that in this House, twelve months afterwards, we would have been asked to vote regret for the lawful execution of the leader of that rebellion?

When Colonel Williams left us here, shaking hand with us, and telling us: "Yes, gentlemen, I am going, and I am proud and happy to perform my duty to my Queen and country, proud to leave you while you are doing your duty here," who would have said to him, "Oh! yes, you are going there to risk your life, but twelve months after this, from his seat in Parliament, a member will rise and say: "I want to declare by my vote that those who killed you and your brothers deserve the sympathies of Canada, and that we regret their punishment!"

Mr. Speaker, I regret the execution of the late rebel leader, Louis Riel, because I cannot find in my heart a place for a feeling of pleasure or rejoicing at the ignominious death of a fellow being. I regret the execution of Louis Riel as I regret those painful occasions when a sacrifice of human life has to be made for the vindication of the law or for the protection of society. I regret, sir, the execution of Louis Riel because of the unhappy trouble he has caused in one of the

finest Provinces of this Dominion. I regret the execution of Louis Riel because of the occasion it has given, for discussion in this House, in which, to use the expression of the honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake], "words have been said that should not have been said, things have been uttered that should not have been uttered, and sentiments have had room for expression which should not have been expressed in this House." I regret the execution of Louis Riel for those reasons; but I cannot condemn the punishment of his crime.

Providence, sir, suffers the mysterious agencies of human passions and the free will of men to mark dark hours in the history of nations. Louis Riel has written with his own hand and with his own deeds the darkest pages in the history of the Northwest of this Dominion; he has signed those bloody pages, and sealed them with his blood on the scaffold.

Outside of the insurrection, one of the reasons that prevented clemency being exercised in Riel's case, was his inciting the Indians to warfare. Upon that I might also claim the authority of my honorable friend from West Durham, who said that there was a most aggravating character to the rebellion in the fact that Riel had incited the Indians to warfare.

That aggravating feature, the greatest of all the crimes that Riel has committed in the Northwest, has not been answered by anyone in this House except the leader of the Opposition. He said, also, that we should not hold our heads very high with regard to that accusation of inciting the Indians to warfare, because the Indians had been pressed into war centuries ago to assist brave soldiers and humane men in wars against other nations.

I would ask, however, if there is any similarity between the

case of soldiers fighting in the citadel of Quebec, the walls of Montreal, or of the forts of the old Province of Upper Canada, having Indian allies in their struggles, and the case of Louis Riel? No, sir, there is not, and we have proof of it.

Let me remind the House of the letters which Riel wrote to the Indians telling them to come and plunder, as was stated in the case of the Indians who were put on trial before Judge Rouleau, and that before the 1st of June the order was given to the Indians to rise, and the whole of the white race was to be exterminated in the Northwest. What is the answer of the Indians to the messengers that Louis Riel sent to them? Their answer proves the demand, and proves the intent of the man who sent these messengers with presents to the Indians.

Here is a letter which was written by a number of Indians to Louis Riel:

"Mr. Louis Riel:

"I want to hear news of the progress of God's work. If any event has occurred since your messengers came away let me know of it. Tell me the date when the Americans will reach the Canadian Pacific Railway. Tell me all the news that you have heard from all places where your work is in progress. Big Bear has finished his work; he has taken Fort Pitt. 'If you want me to come to you let me know at once,' he said, and I sent for him at once. I will be four days on the road. Those who have gone to see him will sleep twice on the road. They took twenty prisoners, including the master of Fort Pitt. They killed eleven men, including the agent, two priests and six white men. We are camped on the creek just below Cut Knife Hill, waiting for Big Bear. The Blackfeet have killed sixty police at the Elbow. A half-breed who interpreted for the police, having survived the fight though wounded, brought this news. Here we have killed six white men. We have not taken the barracks yet, but that is the only entire building in Battleford. All the

cattle and horses in the vicinity we have taken. We have lost one man, a Nez-Percé, killed, he being alone, and one wounded. Some soldiers have come from Swift Current, but I don't know their number. We have here guns and rifles of all sorts, but ammunition for them is short. If it be possible, send us ammunition of various kinds. We are weak only for the want of that. You sent word that you would come to Battleford when you had finished your work at Duck Lake. We wait still for you, as we are unable to take the fort without help. If you send us news, send only one messenger. We are impatient to reach you. It would encourage us much to see you, and make us work more heartily."

There is the demand and the answer. It is a proof that the Indians were asked to rise, and that all the white settlements should be defaced from the prairie and the white men exterminated.

The laws of nations have declared within the last century that alliance with Indian was not only unwise and imprudent but inhuman and outside the pale of international law.

The United States government, which has been quoted as a model for us, have decided it very quickly because of the risings in their Northwest, the risings near Mexico, and the risings during the building of their railways. There they have given fomenters of Indian wars and hostile Indians no kind of trial except the bringing them before the military authorities, shooting them, or hanging them by the dozen or the four dozens, as was done after the Custer massacre. The government of the United States, that model government, do not allow any scruple to interfere; but when an Indian war is raised, the law of the land is enforced and executed by the military hand.

It is useless for my honorable friends on the other side to try to make of this rising, as my honorable friend from Quebec-East has been trying to make it, an insurrection that might

be justified and excused. It is of no use for them to try to make of Riel a martyr, as my honorable friend from Maskinongé [Mr. Desaulniers] said he did, or a hero, as my honorable friends opposite have tried to prove him, or even an insane man, as some of my friends on this side have been disposed to think him, giving the benefit of any doubt they had, not to the law, but to that humane tenderness which exists for a man who is condemned to the gallows.

No, sir, history in its impartiality, shall not decree him a hero. The *bonum commune*, the interest of the nation was not the motive of his actions. He had dreamed of being a Napoleon, but he was ready and willing to be the chief of a guerilla band, ruling by violence and terror over the region of his exploits, living on plunder and waiting for the accident of a fortunate encounter to secure a heavy ransom with the safety of his own life.

Here is my opinion, and I speak with the sincerity of my heart and of my conscience, here is my opinion of Louis Riel's campaign, surrender, and death. Riel was not an ordinary criminal, who, under the impulse of strong ruling passions, and for lucre, lust, and revenge, committed murder, arson, and pillage, with "malice aforethought." Riel has been an unscrupulous agitator, getting up a rebellion against the Sovereign for the sake of personal ambition and profit under the color of redressing public grievances. Riel was a born conspirator, a dreamer of power and wealth, frustrated in his design but not subdued by his former defeat, which had shaken his brains without eradicating the germ of his morbid ambition, he had been patiently watching his opportunity to come to the surface, until that opportunity came to him; fully cognizant of the nature of the insurrection he was planning and preaching; fully aware of the grave consequences of that

movement, ready to accept the full responsibility of the loss of his life in the prosecution of his design.

He considered the alleged grievances of the Half-breeds more in the light of the opportunities it would give him to resume power in the Northwest, than with the view of redressing those wrongs. He had always advocated that the Hudson Bay Company's privileges and government were an usurpation, and, as a consequence, that the Canadian government, who had acquired them from the Hudson Bay Company, were not the legitimate rulers of the Northwest and the Half-breeds. He was a convinced, although an extravagant, pretender. He believed in his mission, and to accomplish it, he wilfully agreed, with his conscience, to kill or to be killed.

He measured the distance between his ambition and the success that could crown it, and he deliberately consented to fill the gap, if necessary, with the corpses of his enemies or even of his friends. Devoid of the courage of a soldier, he believed in his own shrewdness as a plotter. He expected success by a surprise, not from a regular battle. He was a wilful and dangerous rebel. If rebellion, with the sacrifice of human life, with the aggravating circumstance of having incited to an Indian war, deserves the penalty of death, Riel deserved it as a political offender in the highest degree.

It has been pretended that, in his extravagant career, Riel was not sound in his mind and could not reason, although he accepted the responsibility of his actions. After the most careful examination of all the evidence which came before us, I cannot help saying that Riel, from the moment he left his home in the United States for the avowed purpose of assisting the Half-breeds in their demands for redress of alleged grievances, until the end of the Northwest insurrection, has deliberately pursued the object he had in view, namely,

to obtain full control of the Northwest Half-breeds and Indians. To obtain this object, he aroused in himself, and communicated to others, to an intense degree, a sort of national and religious fever. This was a comparatively easy work with an excitable and credulous people. Having thus subdued the Half-breeds, his next effort was directed toward alienating them from the government and from their clergy. When he had succeeded in doing this, he sought the alliance of the Indians and of the American sympathizers.

All that, he planned with a great amount of sagacity and with great pains. But the extravagant confidence he showed in his success, the smallness of the means he collected, his absolute impassiveness when reverse came, the unfeigned faith he had in what he called his mission, all point out to the conclusion that he was the prey to exaltation, to hallucination.

Though not insane, in the legal sense of the word, he was, to use a common expression, a "crank," but a crank of the worst kind, knowing well what was good and what was bad, what was wicked and what was kind, what was the value of life and what was death; but his notions of what was right and what was wrong had been distorted and altered by the determination and fixity of his purpose, by an ardent and selfish ambition, leading to injustice and cruelty. He was certainly, and without affectation, convinced that what he did was permitted by divine and moral laws, and that his treason was justifiable.

Up to the last moment he supported himself with the fixed expectation that the heroism of his struggle, the stoicism he had displayed when arraigned by the law, would bring him a timely deliverance. The death knell alone, that supreme shock which usually increases the nervous irritability of the maniac, when not subdued by illness, had the effect to bring

him back from the exalted atmosphere which he had purposely selected for himself. He then seems to have carefully put aside his fantastic character and resumed the collected and solemn demeanor of a Christian at the threshold of eternity.

That kind of delusion is natural to political fanatics and to religious maniacs. It is the paroxysm of a prejudiced mind, which has wilfully distorted in itself the true notions of law and of right. It cannot excuse a criminal act. The perversity of the intelligence is as much punishable as the perversity of the heart in its wrongful direction of the will for the performance of criminal acts. The ruling passion has for its origin the criminal purpose which the perverted intellect has consecrated and transformed into a sense of duty.

In this case the purpose was supreme power, both civil and religious. The redress of grievances on one part, and the desire of personal pecuniary advantages on the other, do not seem to me to have been the principal motives of Riel's actions, though they certainly were important factors in his conduct. But that object, supreme power, was criminal and could not qualify, could not excuse him. It is a wrong theory, and it would be a dangerous doctrine to excuse and leave without punishment crimes committed with the conviction that the act accomplished is one calculated to redress a wrong or to bring good results to the community.

I am not a free thinker. I believe that free thinking is the most pernicious evil of this country. It has engendered the worst utopies against moral, social, and religious order. But those who claim the right to the most absolute liberty for human thought, will restrict that liberty to the theoretical regions, and they are ready to punish it when it comes in con-

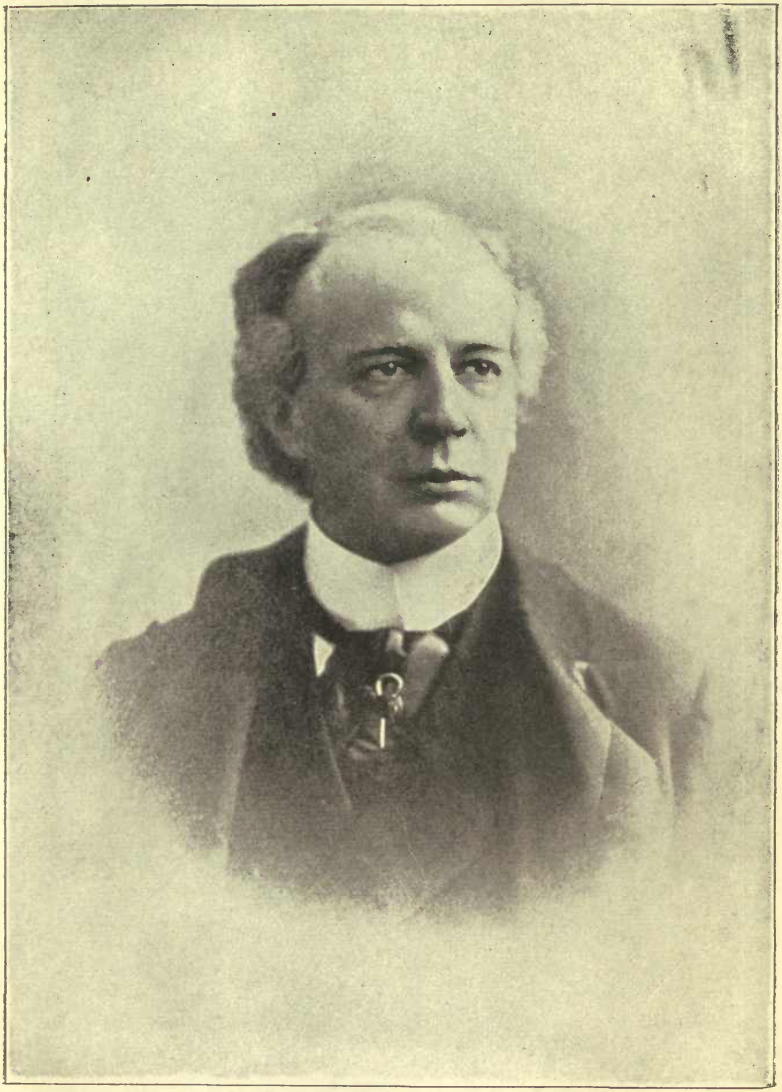
flict with existing laws. They will punish the manifestation of the idea after having given to that idea the freedom of the world. I agree with their conclusion in that respect; but I am logical, and I believe in the right, nay in the obligation of punishing the perversity of the doctrine. I believe that a man is guilty when he does not preserve his intelligence from the contagion of false doctrines; in the words of one of the most eminent Catholic writers of this age, in speaking of those whose guilty leniency toward the errors of the mind, gives an excuse to revolution and socialism:

"They go so far as to say that error is no guilt, that man is not bound to search the inmost of his soul to see whether there are not some secret causes that lead him away from the path of truth. They declare that in the spheres of human ideas, all human and divine laws are useless and out of place. What insanity! As if it was possible to exempt from any rule the highest and the most noble portion of human nature! As if the essential element, which makes of man the being of creation could be dispensed from the rules of that divine harmony of the various parts of the universe together and of that universe with its divine maker; as if that sublime harmony could exist or even be conceived with man, unless the first of human obligations be the constant accord with truth, that eternal attribute of divinity!"

This is the solid and only logical foundation for the legitimate punishment of a number of crimes which otherwise would find their excuse in the erroneous but firm convictions of their perpetrators. In such cases the law is at liberty to admit that the criminal was actuated by a wrongful notion of his intelligence, but it declares guilty the idea which has brought that erroneous conviction in them; and if the accused invokes the testimony of his own conscience, the law reminds him that it was his duty to keep his conscience right or to rectify it.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, P. C., G. C. M. G., LL. D., a brilliant Canadian statesman and orator, Prime Minister of the Dominion, was born at St. Lin, Province of Quebec, Nov. 20, 1841, and was educated at L'Assomption College. In 1860, he began the study of law at Montreal, following the law course at McGill University, and was called to the Bar in 1864. For a time he resided at L'Avenir, in the Eastern Townships, where he assumed the editorship of "Le Défricheur," a Reform journal. He soon opened a law office at St. Christophe — now Arthabaskaville — which had been made the seat of the new judicial district of Drummond and Arthabaska. There he continued to reside until his removal to Ottawa as Prime Minister of Canada in 1896. At this period, he was known as an able and skillful counsel alike in civil and in criminal cases. In recognition of his professional eminence he was in 1880 created a queen's counsel by the Marquis of Lorne. His first laurels as a speaker were won in the halls of the Institut Canadien, Montreal, of which body he was elected a vice-president. He entered active public life in 1871, being then returned to the Quebec Assembly for Drummond and Arthabaska. His début in the legislature is said to have produced a sensation by the finished grace of his oratorical abilities and by the boldness and authority with which he handled the deepest political problems. The effect of "his fluent, cultivated, and charming discourse" is described by Frechette, the poet, as magical. At the general election of 1874 he resigned his seat in the legislature and was returned by the same constituency in the Dominion House of Commons. When Parliament met he was chosen to second the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, the late Chief-Justice Moss being the mover. His speech on that occasion, it has been said, marked him for early appointment to the Cabinet. Indeed, an authority at this time pronounced him "the most remarkable parliamentary orator now possessed by Lower (French) Canada." In November, 1876, he entered the Mackenzie administration as Minister of Internal Revenue. On returning to his constituents for reëlection he met with defeat, but he was at once returned for Quebec-East, which constituency has since been his political foster-mother. At the last general election he was returned for both Quebec-East and Saskatchewan, but preferred to sit for his old constituency. When the Mackenzie government was defeated at the polls, in 1878, he had been for some years the acknowledged leader of the Liberal party in the Province of Quebec. He accompanied his friends into Opposition, and there for eighteen years awaited the change in political sentiment which was to restore the reins of power to the Liberal party. The change came at the general election in 1896, Mr. Laurier having then been leader of the Opposition at Ottawa for a period of nine years. In June, 1896, he proceeded to England, at the invitation of her Majesty's government, to take part in the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. He was there sworn of the Privy Council, was appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and was received in audience by the Sovereign. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred honorary degrees upon him, and the Cobden Club admitted him to honorary membership and awarded him its gold medal.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Proceeding to France he visited President Faure at Hâvre, and was appointed by his Excellency a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. Later he was received at the Vatican by his Holiness the Pope. As an orator Sir Wilfrid takes a first place everywhere, the London "Daily Mail" comparing him with some of the foremost British statesmen, and expressing a wish that it were possible to place him side by side with them in the Imperial Parliament. While in England he succeeded in having the commercial treaties between Britain and Germany and Belgium denounced, with a view to freeing Canada from the restraint placed upon her by those treaties, which prevented her from granting to Great Britain any trade favors denied to the treaty Powers. On his return to Canada, Sir Wilfrid received from Toronto University, and from Queen's University, Kingston, the honorary degree of LL. D. He was also elected an honorary life member of the National Liberal Club, London, England. While in Opposition, Mr. Laurier was engaged for some years in writing a History of Canada from the Union of 1841, but this has not yet appeared. A collection of his chief speeches appeared in 1890, under the editorship of Ulric Barthe.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 4, 1898

THE Jubilee celebration was remarkable chiefly for two distinct and characteristic features. In the first place it was above all things a tribute of devotion and personal attachment to the Sovereign, to the noble woman who, during the course of a long life in the most exalted station, has ever displayed those qualities which grace her sex, gentleness and generosity, and who at the same time has shown that she was possessed of those sterner attributes which made her the model of sovereigns, as she was already the model of women, and which have so much endeared her to so many millions of subjects.

Of all the touching scenes which were witnessed on Jubilee Day, none was more touching than the singularly warm, singularly sincere expressions of devotion, of love, and of affection, which spontaneously went forth to her Majesty from her subjects in the poorer quarters of the great metropolis.

From another point of view the Jubilee celebration was as suggestive as it was impressive. It was a revelation of the wonderful development which has been attained by the British Empire, a revelation of its strength, of its extension, of its cohesion. Those who saw the Jubilee procession from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral of St. Paul's could not but have their minds carried back to the ancient days of Rome, to those famous pageants where the victorious general ascended the Via Sacra in a blaze of glory and triumph.

It was a triumph, indeed, was that procession from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral of St. Paul's; but it was a triumph how different, how widely different, from the triumphs of ancient Rome. Here was not a warrior coming after a campaign, laden with the gory spoils of many provinces or many kingdoms, or with thousands of slaves and prisoners fettered to his chariot—the triumphant in this case was a woman, a woman no longer in the flower of youth, but already marked by the hand of time, and in her cortège were the men of many lands and of many religions—men from the black races of Africa, men from the yellow races of Asia—men from the mixed races of the West Indies—Christians, Mahommedans, Buddhists—but free men all.

Free men all, some of them wearing the uniform of the British army and proudly marching to the strain of England's martial airs. And when in front of the noble temple, under the canopy of heaven, the vast throng reverently invoked the blessing of Almighty God for the aged Sovereign and her vast dominions, a thrill passed over every one present, and each felt in his heart the conviction that, as the Roman Empire had been built up by force and violence, so it had been destroyed by force and violence; but that the British

Empire lived, and could live ever, upon the eternal laws of freedom and justice.

And as it is for the British Empire as a whole, so it is for every component part of that Empire. That is the inspiration which shall ever guide us in the discharge of the duty which the Canadian people have entrusted to our care, and it is with this resolve that we on this day meet the Commons of Canada.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 8, 1901

MR. SPEAKER,—I rise to move the resolution of which I gave notice yesterday, which seems to be eminently called for by the fatal occurrence under which we have met. We have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration; they are the literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which which extend the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the mansions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the Queen, in her long reign had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe, for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the many qualities of Queen

Victoria, those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighboring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom at all times and under all circumstances her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the Civil War, when the relations of the two countries were strained almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier well expressed the feeling of his countrymen when he exclaimed:

> "We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
> To England's Queen, God bless her."

There is wailing and lamentation among the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the Great Mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Aye, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farm-houses of South Africa, which have been lately and still are devastated by war, for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice, and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration,

where it is not possible to find a single discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the splendor of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of good.

But this is not, in my estimation at least, the highest conception of greatness. The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, and it must be admitted that her reign was of the grandest in history, rivalling in length and more than rivalling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV, and, more than the reign of Louis XIV, likely to project its lustre into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts,

at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity.

The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Of course, of many facts and occurrences which has contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendor which has created such an impression upon her own country, and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, many took place apart and away from her influence. Many events took place in relation to which the most partial panegyrists would, no doubt, have to say, that they were simply the happy circumstance of the time in which she lived. Science, for instance, might have obtained the same degree of development under another monarch.

It is also possible that literature might have flourished under another monarch, but I believe that the contention can be advanced, and advanced truly, that the literature of the Victorian age to a large extent reflected the influence of the Queen. To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said, that it was pure and absolutely free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of the literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle; that it can be placed by the mother in the hands of her daughter with abundant assurance that while the mind is improved the heart is not polluted. Such is the literature of the Victorian age. For this blessing, in my

judgment, no small credit is due to the example and influence of our departed Queen. It is a fact well known in history, that in England as in other countries, the influence of the sovereign was always reflected upon the literature of the reign. In former ages, when the court was impure, the literature of the nation was impure, but in the age of Queen Victoria, where the life of the court was pure, the literature of the age was pure also. If it be true that there is a real connection between the high moral standard of the court of the sovereign and the literature of the age, then I can say without hesitation that Queen Victoria has conferred, not only upon her own people, but upon mankind at large, a gift for which we can never have sufficient appreciation.

But there are features of the reign of Queen Victoria which are directly traceable to her influence, and if I were to give my own appreciation of events as they have made their impression upon my judgment, I would say that in three particulars has the reign of Queen Victoria been most beneficent.

It has been stated more than once that she was a model constitutional sovereign. She was more than that. She was not only a model constitutional sovereign, but she was undoubtedly the first constitutional sovereign the world ever saw—she was the first absolutely constitutional sovereign which England ever had, and England we know has been in advance of the world in constitutional parliamentary government.

It may be said without exaggeration, that up to the time of the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne, the history of England was a record of a continuous contest between the sovereign and the parliament for supremacy. That contest was of many centuries' duration, and it was not terminated

by the Revolution of 1688, for although after that revolution the contest never took a violent form, still it continued for many reigns in court intrigues and plots; the struggle on the part of the sovereign being to rule according to his own views; the struggle on the part of parliament being to rule according to the views of the people.

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal — impersonal politically I mean. Whether the question at issue was the abolition of the Corn Laws, or the war in the Crimea, or the extension of the suffrage, or the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule in Ireland, the Queen never gave any information of what her views were upon any of these great political issues. Her subjects never knew what were her personal views, though views she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed public events with great eagerness. We can presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her Prime Minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved or sometimes, perhaps, dissented.

But whether she approved or disapproved no one ever knew what her views were, and she left the praise or the blame to those who were responsible to the people. That wise policy upon the part of our late sovereign early bore fruit, and in ever-increasing abundance. The reward to the Queen was not only in the gratitude and affection of her people, but in the security of her throne and dynasty. When the terrible year of 1848 came; when all the nations of Europe were convulsed by revolution; when thrones were battered by the infuriated billows of popular passions, England, England alone, was absolutely calm and peaceful. Thrones crumbled to pieces like steeples in an earthquake,

but the throne of the sovereign Queen of England was never disturbed; it was firm in the affection of her subjects.

As the reign advanced, it became the pride of her subjects that there was more freedom in monarchic England than under any democratic or republican form of government in existence. That being true, the Queen rendered her people a very great service indeed. She saved them from socialistic agitation, and so the great prosperity of England to-day is due not only to wise and economic laws, but due also to the personality of the Queen, and to her prudent conduct all through the sixty years of her reign.

But that is not all. The most remarkable event in the reign of Queen Victoria—an event which took place in silence and unobserved—the most remarkable event in the reign of the late Queen was the marvellous progress in colonial development, development which, based upon local autonomy, ended in colonial expansion.

Let us remember that in the first year of the Queen's reign, there was rebellion in this very country. There was rebellion in the then foremost colony of Great Britain; rebellion in Lower Canada, rebellion in Upper Canada; rebellion—let me say it at once, because it is only the truth to say it—rebellion, not against the authority of the young Queen, but rebellion against the pernicious system of government which then prevailed. This rebellion was put down by force, and if the question had then been put: "What shall be the condition of these colonies at the end of Victoria's reign," the universal answer would have been: "Let the end of the reign be near or let it be remote, when that end comes these rebellious colonies shall have wrenched their independence, or they shall be, sullen and discontented, kept down by force."

If, on the contrary, some one had there said: "You are all mistaken; when the reign comes to an end, these colonies shall not be rebellious; they shall not have claimed their independence; they shall have grown into a nation, covering one half of this continent; they shall have become to all intents and purposes one independent nation under the flag of England, and that flag shall not be maintained by force, but shall be maintained by the affection and gratitude of the people."

If such a prophecy had been made, it would have been considered as the hallucination of a visionary dreamer—but, sir, to-day that dream is a reality, that prophecy has come true. To-day the rebellious colonies of 1837 are the nation of Canada—I use the word "nation" advisedly—to-day the rebellious colonies of 1837 are the nation of Canada, acknowledging the supremacy of the Crown of England, maintaining that supremacy, not by force of arms, but simply by their own affection, with only one garrison in Canada at this present moment, and that garrison manned by Canadian volunteers.

What has been the cause of that marvellous change? The cause is primarily the personality of Queen Victoria. Of course the visible and chief cause of all is the bold policy inaugurated many years ago of introducing parliamentary constitutional government, and allowing the colonies to govern themselves.

But, sir, it is manifest that self-government could never have been truly effective in Canada had it not been that there was a wise sovereign reigning in England, who had herself given the fullest measure of constitutional government to her own people. If the people of England had not been ruled by a wise Queen; if they had not themselves possessed parlia-

mentary government in the truest sense of the term; if the British Parliament had been as it had been under former kings in open contention with the sovereign, then it is quite manifest that Canada could not have enjoyed the development of constitutional government which she enjoys to-day. It is quite manifest that if the people of England had not possessed constitutional government in the fullest degree at home, they could not have given it to the colonies; and thus the action of the Queen in giving constitutional government to England has strengthened the throne, not only in England, but in the colonies as well.

There is another feature of the Queen's reign which is but little taken notice of to-day, but which, in my judgment, has an importance which we have not yet fully realized, and perhaps the term of which we have not yet seen. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, all the colonies of England in America, with the single exception of the French colony of Quebec, claimed their independence, and obtained it by the force of arms. The contest was a long and arduous one. It left in the breast of the new nation which was then born a feeling of—shall I say the word?—yes, a feeling of hatred, which continued from generation to generation, and which extended into our own time.

Happily we can say at this moment that this feeling of hatred has largely abated. I would not say that it has altogether disappeared. Perhaps we can still find traces of it here and there; but that feeling has so largely abated, that there is to-day between England and the United States of America an ever-growing friendship. What are the factors which have made this possible? Of all the factors which have made reconciliation possible, the personality of the Queen is doubtless the foremost. It is a matter of history

that from the day of her accession to the throne, the Queen exhibited, under all available circumstances, an abounding and lasting friendship toward that country which but for the fault of a vicious government would still have formed part of her dominions—a friendship which could not fail to touch the minds and hearts of a sensitive people. This was manifest in times of peace, but still more in time of war, and especially in the supreme hour of trial of the United States during the Civil War.

In the early months of the Civil War, as perhaps few now remember, an event took place which almost led to hostilities between Great Britain and the United States. An American man-of-war stopped a British merchant ship on the high seas, and forcibly abducted from it two envoys of the Confederate government on their way to Europe.

That act was a violation of the territory of England, because England has always held the decks of her ships to be part of her territory. It not only caused excitement in England, but it caused excitement of a different kind in the United States. The action of the commander of the war-vessel in making the abduction aroused a great deal of enthusiasm among the people of the United States, which was reflected even on the floor of Congress, and evoked many meetings and resolutions of commendation. Lord Palmerston was at that time the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and he was not the man to brook such an affront. He had a despatch prepared by the Foreign Minister, who, if I remember rightly, was at that time Lord Russell, peremptorily demanding the return of the prisoners and an apology.

The despatch which had been prepared was submitted to the Queen; and then was revealed the good sense and the kind heart of the wise and good woman at the head of the

British nation. She sent back the despatch, remarking that it was couched in too harsh terms, and that it ought to be modified to make possible the surrender of the prisoners without any surrender of dignity on the part of the United States. This wise counsel was followed; the despatch was modified accordingly; the prisoners were released, and the danger of war was averted. That act on the part of the Queen made a most favorable impression on the minds of the people of the United States.

But that was not all. Three years, or a little more afterward, at the close of the Civil War, when the union of the United States had been confirmed, when slavery had been abolished, when rebellion had been put down, the civilized world was shocked to hear of the foul assassination of the wise and good man who had carried his country through that ordeal. Then the good heart and sound judgment of the Queen were again manifested. She sent a letter to the widow of the martyred president—not as the Queen of Great Britain to the widow of the President of the United States; but she sent a letter of sympathy from a widow to a widow, herself being then in the first years of her own bereavement. That action on her part made a very deep impression upon the minds of the American people; it touched not only the heart of the widowed wife, but the heart of the widowed nation; it stirred the souls of strong men; it caused tears to course down the cheeks of veterans who had courted death during the previous four years on a thousand battlefields.

I do not say that it brought about reconciliation, but it made reconciliation possible. It was the first rift in the clouds; and to-day, in the time of England's mourning, the American people flock to their churches, pouring their blessings upon the memory of Britain's Queen. I do not hope,

I do not believe it possible, that the two countries which were severed in the eighteenth century, can ever be again united politically; but perhaps it is not too much to hope that the friendship thus inaugurated by the hand of the Queen may continue to grow until the two nations are united again, not by legal bonds, but by ties of affection as strong, perhaps, as if sanctioned by all the majesty of the laws of the two countries; and if such an event were ever to take place, the credit of it would be due to the wise and noble woman who thus would have proved herself to be one of the greatest of statesmen simply by following the instincts of her heart.

Sir, in a life in which there is so much to be admired, perhaps the one thing most to be admired is that naturalness, that simplicity in the character of the Queen which showed itself in such actions as I have just described. From the first day of her reign to the last, she conquered and kept the affections of her people, simply because under all circumstances, and on all occasions, whether important or trivial, she did the one thing that ought to be done, and did it in the way most natural and simple.

Thus, on the day of her accession to the throne, when she had to hold her first Council of State, when she had to meet veterans of the army and dignitaries of the church and the state, she performed all her duties in such a way as at once to win the hearts of all present. The Duke of Wellington expressed his gratification in the blunt language of an old soldier by remarking that if she had been his own daughter he could not have expected her to have done better. So it was on the first day, so it was every day, so it was on the last day of her reign.

She was a queen, she was also a wife and a mother. She had her full share of the joys and sorrows of life. She loved,

she suffered. Perhaps, though a queen, she had a larger share of the sorrows than of the joys of life, for, as Chateaubriand somewhere says, we have come to know how much there is of tears in the eyes of queens. Her married life was one of the noblest that could be conceived. It can be summed up in one word: it was happy. But death prematurely placed her cold hand upon her happiness by the removal of the noble companion of her life at an early age. From that moment she never was exactly the same. To the end of her life she mourned like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be consoled. After the lapse of forty years time may have assuaged but it did not remove her grief; we can apply to her the beautiful language of the French poet:

"Dans sa première larme elle noya son cœur." [1]

She is now no more—no more? Nay, I boldly say she lives—lives in the hearts of her subjects; lives in the pages of history. And as the ages revolve, as her pure profile stands more marked against the horizon of time, the verdict of posterity will ratify the judgment of those who were her subjects. She ennobled mankind; she exalted royalty—the world is better for her life.

Sir, the Queen is no more, let us with one heart say, Long live the King!

I propose to the House that we should unite in a resolution to his Majesty the King, to convey to him the expression of our sorrow at the loss he has suffered—a loss which, we may say with every respect, is ours also.

I propose that we should unite in conveying to the King the expression of the loyalty of his Canadian subjects.

[1] "In her first tear she drowned her heart."

Only a few days ago his Majesty sent a message to his broad dominions across the sea, in which he said it would be his aim in life to follow in the footsteps of his great and noble mother. Sir, we did not want that assurance on the part of his Majesty to know that the wise policy and the wise conduct of the great Queen whom he has succeeded on the throne would be his guide. We have believed from the first that he who was a wise prince would be a wise king, that the policy which has made the British Empire so great under his predecessor would also be his policy, and that the reign of King Edward the Seventh would be simply a continuation of the reign of Queen Victoria.

On our part let us offer to his Majesty the King the expression of our loyalty—a loyalty which does not spring from any sycophancy or fetichism— but from grateful hearts, who duly appreciate the blessing of living under British institutions. Let us wish him godspeed, and let us hope that his reign may be as fruitful of good as was that of his wise predecessor.

THE BRITISH POLICY IN AFRICA

[Speech delivered in the Canadian Parliament, March 12, 1901, in reply to the pro-Boer speech of Henri Bourassa.]

I MUST confess, Mr. Speaker, that it is with a great deal of regret and with some surprise that I have seen my honorable friend persist in his determination to move the motion of which he gave notice some few days ago, and which he has now placed in your hands.

Well remembering the uncompromising hostility which he showed to our policy, nearly two years ago, of sending contingents to South Africa, well knowing from a long acquaint-

ance and a long friendship the logical mind of my honorable friend, remembering also that he had on more than one occasion announced himself as entirely opposed to what he called "imperialism," remembering also that he had somewhat ostentatiously and most persistently refused assent to the policy we advocated of sending to South Africa for the prosecution of the war, I must say I was little prepared for the present attitude of my honorable friend. I would have supposed that he would be a stalwart to the end, and that, having refused to send troops to South Africa, he would not ask us to send advice to England, but he has taken an attitude altogether different from that.

He would not allow us to offer troops; he now wants to send advice. He would not fight for the cause of England, but he is willing to sit at the council board in discussing the cause of England to-day. If this conduct is in keeping with his former well-known views it is a problem as to which I shall offer no opinion of my own, but which I shall leave for his own pondering.

As to the right on our part, asserted in this motion, of making representations to the Imperial authorities on all questions that may affect the British Empire in whole or in part, this is a right which is no longer in question. We asserted it now nearly thirty years ago, when, on the 20th of April, 1882, we passed a resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. We asserted it again a few days ago, when we passed a resolution on the Coronation declaration.

The fact that we sent contingents to South Africa almost two years ago does not in any way affect our right in this respect. It is to-day what it was before. It has not been altered in any way. It is no larger and not smaller than it was. We have a perfect right to offer advice, and we claim

we have the privilege of making representations to the Imperial authorities. Therefore we can approach the question submitted on its merits and on its merits alone. The question which we have before us is not so much the speech of my honorable friend, which has no bearing on the motion which he has presented, but upon the motion itself. Shall we adopt this motion, or shall we not?

Before I approach this subject let me say that I care not to go into the long speech which my honorable friend has made to us. Eloquent, as all his speeches are, it yet has no relevancy to the question placed before the House, I care not to go into the question of the significance of the late election. I care not as to the attitude of any portion of the community, and certainly it is not fair nor right to judge any of the issues which have been involved in the last election simply by the comments of isolated newspapers. Why, my honorable friend himself has given us an idea of the little value which we must attach to the comments of interested newspapers on one side or the other as when he told us at the very outset of his speech that he has been misrepresented on both sides of the question—that on the very motion which he has now brought before us in which on one side he was represented as a demagogue and on the other as an imperialist. That being the case, he will permit me to say we can dismiss all the arguments he has brought forward to prove a thesis which he has not brought before the House.

The question before the House is: Should we adopt this motion? The conclusions of it are to be found in the last two paragraphs.

[Sir Wilfrid read these and continued:]

As to the first conclusion of this proposition, that there is no necessity for sending Canadian troops to South Africa, I

must say I altogether agree with him; not for the same reasons that have prompted him, but for the reason that the war is at an end. There may be still some guerilla warfare, there may be still some brigandage under the name of war, but the war is not longer at issue. Though he pretends to be very much in doubt as to the issue of the war, for my part, I am ready to leave the issue in the hands of the men who have it in hand now, and to say, with my honorable friend, that there is no necessity for sending Canadian troops to South Africa.

As to the other portion of the conclusion, that enlistment of recruits for the constabulary should not be allowed to take place in Canada, I ask him what reason can there be why the enlistment of men for this force should be put an end to in Canada? If there are men in Canada—I care not for what motive, whether high or low, whether dignified or undignified, whether because they desire to get a living, or from a spirit of adventure, or from the nobler impulse of fighting for their Sovereign—who wished to take service in the South African constabulary, on what principle should a Canadian government interfere and prevent their liberty being so exercised?

My honorable friend has spoken well and eloquently upon the cause of liberty, of which he has constituted himself the champion in this House, and almost alone. But I must ask him what kind of liberty is it which will not permit a British subject, if he so chooses, to offer his King to serve him, no matter what the capacity? I am a Liberal, as my honorable friend declares himself to be, but my idea of liberty does not agree with one that will not allow that freedom to every British subject in Canada.

But, sir, the gist of the motion is in the last paragraph but one, which reads in this way:

"This House, therefore, expresses the hope and desire that his Majesty's government will endeavor to conclude in South Africa an honorable peace founded in the law questions, which guarantees independence to all civilized people, and upon the true British traditions of respect to all national and religious convictions and to the spirit of colonial autonomy."

If this means anything it means that we are to invite the British authorities to restore the two republics, the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, to their independence. My honorable friend will not deny that this is the meaning that he has in his mind, but, strange to say, he never said a word as to that proposition.

I would have expected him to deal at length with this point which, after all, was a noble, worthy subject to consider, and which, after all, might invite discussion. I would have expected him to give his reasons and arguments why the British authorities should be invited by the Canadian Parliament to undo what they have done and to restore to the two republics the independence which they forfeited on the 9th of October, 1899. My honorable friend did not speak a word upon that subject, and, sir, perhaps I might sit down and not utter another syllable upon this subject, and I would do so and not utter another syllable upon the subject, were it not for the fact that my honorable friend in some of his arguments has been so unjust, so unfair, to the British government that I feel constrained to place before the House the other side of the question.

If he means anything, he means this: that the two republics, the republic of South Africa and the republic of the State of Orange, should be restored to their independence, should be restored to the position they occupied on the 9th of October, 1899, that the supreme arbitrament of war which

they themselves invoked should be satisfied; that all the blood which had been shed should count for nothing; that all the suffering which has been endured should be forgotten, and that Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn should be restored to the position of which they made such an abuse.

My honorable friend spoke eloquently of the miseries of war, of the destruction of farms, of the burning of houses, and I agree with him. I take no exception to what he said in that respect. Miserable, indeed, is the condition to-day of the once proud South African Republic; miserable by reason of its ruined farms, its closed mines, its cities arrested in their growth, its people impoverished, and its aged president a fugitive in Europe, a fugitive from the misery which he brought upon his own country. Miserable, indeed, is the condition of the once happy State of Orange, which had no quarrel with Great Britain, but which was precipitated into the horrors of war and of invasion by the man to whom it had entrusted its destinies, himself to-day a self-constituted outlaw in his own country.

These men appealed to the God of battles, and the God of battles has pronounced against them. They invaded British territory, their territory was invaded in turn, and it was annexed to the British domain in consequence of the terrible logic of war. If I understand him aright to-day, he would have the government and Parliament of Great Britain undo what has been done and bring the rebellious Boers back to the position which they occupied on the 9th of October, 1899, and which they had forfeited.

My answer is a very simple one. Whether he will agree with me or not, I am sure everybody else will agree that in the terrible uncertainties of war, in the series of successes and reverses which generally make up the history of war, the

leader of the defeated people has no right to complain if he receives from his victorious opponent the same treatment which he had previously applied to his opponent in the hour of victory.

Now he knows very well that when Lord Roberts invaded the State of Orange and raised the British flag in Bloemfontein, and when subsequently he invaded the Transvaal and again raised the British flag in Pretoria, and when he annexed the State of Orange and the Transvaal to the British Dominions, he knows very well that Lord Roberts then and there applied to the vanquished the very same law which had been proclaimed as a law of war by the Boers in the first stages of that war.

Sir, he is aware that the following day the State of Orange, which had no quarrel with England, joined hands with the Transvaal Republic, and that President Steyn called upon the Free State burghers to stand shoulder to shoulder against what he called the oppressor. My honorable friend is aware that that very same day the Boers invaded the British Colony at Natal; that within the following week they invaded several other places, they invaded Newcastle, Laing's Nek, and Honing Spruit.

He is aware also that within a week of that time the Free State burghers invaded the British colony of the Cape, that they occupied no less important a place than the district of Kimberly; and that by a series of proclamations, which I have here, from the commandants of the invading army, they annexed the district of Kimberly and the State of Orange.

Well, sir, these things took place in the beginning of the war. He pities to-day and laments the condition of the Dutch citizens. Sir, I have here in my hand the evidence of British subjects in the district of Kimberly, who were forced

to serve in the Dutch army, and when they appealed to President Kruger, were told that the district of Kimberly henceforth would be part of the State of Orange.

I will quote for the information of the House upon this subject a most suggestive affidavit which has appeared in the last bluebook of this subject and which I think he will agree with me affords a justification to the British government for all that they have done.

Well, sir, those were the first stages of the war. But the tide turned. The Boers who invaded British territory were repulsed and their own territory was invaded and annexed to the British territory. They again invaded British territory and were again repulsed. Now, I ask what injustice can the Boers urge against the British government when the British government treated them exactly as they had treated British subjects and British territory? What injustice can they urge in receiving exactly the same treatment as they had meted out to their opponents when they were in the ascendant? Mr. Speaker, I believe that there was logic in the method followed by the burghers. In the opening stages of the war they laid down the principle that South Africa has to be either Dutch or British, and the verdict of the God of armies has been that it should not be Dutch, but that it should be British. I could go on multiplying these examples.

Let me give another argument. If I understood him aright, and I think I did, in that respect, he would like the British government to go back to the policy of Mr. Gladstone in 1881. Mr. Gladstone was magnanimous toward the Boers in 1881, magnanimous, perhaps, to a fault. When he had the Boers in his power he treated them with the greatest generosity, expecting that when they had British subjects in their power they would treat them with the same generos-

ity. That was a mistake. He measured the men with whom he had to deal with the measure of his own great soul. If magnanimity be a fault, and if that was a fault with Mr. Gladstone, everybody must admit that magnanimity has never been a fault of Mr. Kruger.

If Mr. Kruger had had the slightest amount of the magnanimity of Mr. Gladstone there would have been no war. If Mr. Kruger had shown toward British subjects the principles of justice, there would have been no war. If Mr. Kruger had simply kept his pledge toward Mr. Gladstone and his commissioner there would have been no war.

What are the facts upon this question? They must be recalled in the face of the speech we have heard to-day from the member for Labelle. In 1881, when the Boers had gone to war against England, and, after their ephemeral success at Majuba Hill, the government of Mr. Gladstone filled the country with British troops. Lord Roberts was ready to take the field, and the issue could not have been in doubt, but Mr. Gladstone, in his great soul, resolved to give the Boers another chance, to give them their independence, retaining only for the British Crown suzerainty. Commissioners were appointed to settle the terms of peace.

The commissioners were Sir Hercules Robinson, Chief Justice de Villiers, a Boer of French descent. Like my friend and myself, he is of Huguenot descent. The third commissioner was Sir Evelyn Wood. This commission had to settle the terms of peace, and the terms of peace implied the independence of the Transvaal, and the independence of the Transvaal implied that there were British subjects who would become Dutch citizens. Naturally the commissioners were anxious as to what should be the position of these British subjects under the new régime. And naturally the

British commissioners negotiated upon this point. There were negotiations and Mr. Kruger was questioned as to what would be the fate of the British subjects who then became Dutch citizens, and here is the answer which was given by Mr. Kruger:

Sir Hercules Robinson, addressing himself to Mr. Kruger, said: "Before annexation, had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal? Were they on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal?"

Mr. Kruger. "They were on the same footing as the burghers; there was not the slightest difference, in accordance with the Sand River Convention."

Sir Hercules Robinson. "I presume, you will not object to that continuing?"

Mr. Kruger. "We make no difference as far as burgher rights are concerned. There may, perhaps, be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country."

That was on the 10th of May, 1881, and a few days later, on the 26th of May, Dr. Jorissen explained what was meant by a young person: "According to our law, a newcomer has not his burgher rights immediately. The words 'young person' do not refer to age, but to the time of residence in the republic. According to our old Grondwet, you had to reside a year in the country."

There, you see, all the rights of citizenship were reserved for British subjects and a residence of one year was enough to entitle them to these rights. But he knows that this pledge given by Mr. Kruger was not kept, that the rights of British subjects were abridged, that the period of probation which prevailed at that time was extended from one year to five years. Naturally this caused a great deal of comment and of complaint on the part of the men who had gone into the Transvaal, at the instance, afterward, of Mr. Kruger, to de-

velop the country, who were taxed mercilessly, who founded cities over which they had no control whatever, and who, when they asked for the privileges of citizenship, were told that they would not have any. It is no wonder that the best men in the Transvaal and in South Africa protested against that treatment.

My honorable friend has laid the blame of the war upon Mr. Chamberlain and the British government. It is not part of my duty to defend Mr. Chamberlain, who has shown that he can take care of himself upon every occasion. It is not part of my duty to defend the British government, but I may say to my honorable friend with all frankness—and he knows the great friendship that I have for him—that, notwithstanding that friendship, the attitude which he has taken is so unfair and unjust to the British government that I deem it my duty to place the facts which he had left to oblivion when he brought that question up before the House.

Who is responsible for the war, I deplore it as much as he does, but I ask him again: Who is responsible for the war? Is it the government of Great Britain? Sir, the man who is responsible for the war is Mr. Kruger himself. He was the President of the South African Republic. A great deal of light has been shed upon the Transvaal question by the correspondence found at Pretoria after its occupation by Lord Roberts. Among the ablest men in South Africa to-day is Sir Henry de Villiers, chief justice of Cape Colony. Amongst this correspondence letters written by Sir Henry de Villiers proved that in the summer of 1899, when negotiations were going on between Mr. Kruger and Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry de Villiers went almost on his knees to Mr. Kruger to induce him to make concessions to the Outlanders.

This is a letter which he wrote on the 21st of May, 1899,

addressed to Mr. Steyn, President of the Orange Free State. He goes on to say, and I call the attention of the House to this part of Sir Henry de Villiers's letters:

"I am quite certain that if in 1881, it had been known to my fellow commissioners that the President would adopt his retrogressive policy, neither President Brand (Orange Free State) nor I would have induced them to consent to sign the convention. They would have advised the secretary of state to let matters revert to the condition in which they were before peace was concluded; in other words to recommence the war."

I ask the honorable member for Labelle to-day: Is not the conduct of the British government justified when Chief Justice de Villiers, himself a Boer, told President Steyn in 1899 that if he had conceived, when he was acting as peace commissioner in 1881, that Mr. Kruger would so abuse the power vested in him, that, instead of advising the independence of the Transvaal, he would have advised the British government to go to war again? There never was a greater justification of the policy maintained by the British government than this letter of Chief Justice de Villiers.

I could go on multiplying these letters. There are four or five published in the same book, which I have now in my hands. But I will give simply the letters of a man who is a friend of the Boers, Mr. Merriman, a member of the government of Mr. Schreiner, himself an Afrikander of extreme views. In 1888 Mr. Merriman wrote to President Steyn in these words:—

"I sometimes despair of the peace of South Africa when I see how irritating and unjust the press is on the one side and how stubborn the Transvaal government is on the other. On my recent visit to Pretoria, I did not visit the President, as I considered it hopeless to think of making any impression

on him, but I saw Reitz, Smuts, and Schalkburgher, who, no doubt, would be amenable to argument, but I fear that either my advice had no effect on them, or else their opinion had no weight with the President. I urged upon them to advise the President to open the Volksraad with promises of a liberal franchise and drastic reforms. It would have been so much better if they had come voluntarily from the government instead of being gradually forced from them. In the former case they would rally the greater number of the malcontents around them; in the latter case no gratitude will be felt to the Republic for any concessions made by it. Besides there can be no doubt that as the alien population increases, as it undoubtedly will, their demands will increase with their discontent and ultimately a great deal more will have to be conceded than will now satisfy them. The franchise proposal made by the President seems to be simply ridiculous.

"One cannot conceal the fact that the great danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger, and his vain hope of building up a state on a foundation of a narrow, unenlightened minority and his obstinate rejection of all prospects of using the materials which lie ready to his hand, to establish a true republic on a broad, liberal basis. The report of recent discussions in the Volksraad on his finances and their mismanagement fill one with apprehension. Such a state of affairs cannot last; it must break down from inherent rottenness, and it will be well if the fault does not sweep away the freedom of all of us."

If the Republics had not made the fatal mistake of sending the ultimatum when they did, things would have gone differently; but it is no use going back on what might have been. There was the mistake. It was the sending of this fatal ultimatum which brought all these calamities upon the Boers, which Mr. Bourassa deplores now. Let me tell him that the responsibility for this does not lie upon any other head than on the head of the President of the Transvaal Republic, who has been the first victim of his own doings. And notwith-

standing all his faults, and notwithstanding that he has brought all this on his own head, considering his great age, I cannot help feeling for Mr. Kruger a great deal of sympathy.

Mr. Bourassa deprecates the war. I do not deprecate it as much as he does, but I believe, perhaps, it is the greatest calamity which has befallen England within the last forty years or so, because it places on England the burden and the duty of governing South Africa with its two races estranged, perhaps for generations, by the cruel memories of war.

The problem of South Africa is this:—That you have in that country two races so mixed and so intermingled that it is not possible to separate them. These two races must be governed by the same power and the same authority and that power has either to be the power of England or the power of the Dutch. It has either to be the liberal and enlightened civilization of England of to-day, or the old bigoted and narrow civilization of the Dutch of two hundred years ago.

Let Mr. Bourassa forget for a moment that he and I are British subjects: and in the name of civilization, in the name of humanity, I ask him which is the power that ought to govern in that distant land? Is it the enlightened power of England or is it the semi-barbarous civilization of the Dutch?

There is but one future for the Dutch. They have been conquered, but I pledge my reputation and name as a British subject that if they have lost their independence they have not lost their freedom.

MINOT J. SAVAGE

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE, D.D., a prominent Unitarian clergyman and author, was born at Norridgewock, Me., June 10, 1841. He attended Bowdoin College and the Bangor Theological Seminary, from the latter of which he graduated in 1864. In the same year he proceeded to California, as a missionary from the Congregational denomination from which, later on, he withdrew to enter the Unitarian body. In 1867, he was called to the pastorate of a church at Framingham, Mass., and in 1869 took charge of a parish at Hannibal, Mo. In 1873, he became pastor of a Unitarian Church at Chicago, and in 1874 accepted a call to the Church of the Unity, Boston, Mass., where he remained until 1896, when he was called to his present pastorate, at the Church of the Messiah, New York. He has published a number of works on religious, social, and psychological subjects, and has also written a volume of verse. His more important writings embrace: "Christianity, the Science of Manhood"; "The Religion of Evolution"; "The Religious Life"; "Social Problems"; "These Degenerate Days"; "Four Great Questions concerning God"; "The Evolution of Christianity"; and "Jesus and Modern Life."

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

IF ONE were to judge by the claims of ministers, of ecclesiastical associations, denominational newspapers, and reviews; if one were to judge from the creeds,—he would suppose that Christianity came suddenly and full-grown into the world; that it leaped from the thought of God as Minerva was fabled to have leaped, fully developed and in complete armor, from the forehead of Jupiter.

You would suppose that in the time of Jesus and his apostles the creed, the ceremony, the practice, the entire Christian system, were developed. You would suppose that it had been recognized that the world was in a special condition of loss, and that this plan of salvation, definitely and

fully outlined, was suddenly revealed to men. And yet we are face to face with a curious fact if that be true.

The Church of Rome claims to be the only and original church, and regards the Greek Church and all Protestants as so absolutely astray as to have no right to the name of Christian; the Greek Church regards the Church of Rome and all Protestants as in a similar hopeless condition; while all the Protestant churches regard the Church of Rome and the Greek Church as departures from the primitive simplicity of Christianity, and as being mixed up with and overloaded by forms and ceremonies and doctrines which have been borrowed from pagan sources.

If there was a clear, a consistent, a definite revelation of those things that are essential to Christianity at the very outset, is not this confusion and contradiction a little strange and hard to understand.

Let us inquire, then, for a little, as to what are the facts, the historic facts, the facts which are not questioned by anybody who is simply looking to find what is true.

We shall discover, then, that Christianity is in line with evolution, is an illustration of evolution. Instead of its coming into the world fully developed, full-grown, we shall recognize the fact that a seed was planted, and that it grew year after year, century after century, gathering material on every hand from pagan and Christian sources, and that, instead of its having reached a fixed and final form during the first century, or the fifth or the tenth or the eighteenth, it has never reached a fixed and final form, never will reach it, never can reach it, in the nature of things. For everything in this universe is undergoing either one of two processes: it is growing, or it is decaying. And in either case it is not standing still; it is changing.

In spite, however, of these obvious facts and principles, you will find the most extravagant claims made in certain directions.

For example, the Roman Catholic Church says that it believes that which has always been believed by all men everywhere. So it claims to be catholic, or general, or universal in its belief. All Protestants make a similar claim, so far as the completeness and finality of revelation are concerned.

But let us now look for a little, glancing along the line of historic advance, and see what we really discover; and then at the end we will try to see, if we may, what are the essential things in Christianity.

And first I wish you to note the growth of belief concerning the nature and the authority of Jesus himself.

"The Disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." This, of course, was a good many years after the death of Jesus. It was applied to them, undoubtedly, as a nickname,—a name of opprobium, contempt. A great many of the grandest names of the world have been applied in a similar way, so that we need not be ashamed of it on that account. But what did it mean? What was a Christian, for example, in the time of Paul?

And here let me suggest to you, if you wish to read the New Testament in its order, so as to get the growth of thought, read Paul's epistles first, beginning with Galatians. For these were the first parts of the New Testament, and were written years and years before either of the Gospels came into its present shape.

Now, what was a Christian during the time that Paul was writing these epistles? Only one single thing was necessary to convert a Jew into a Christian. The Jew believed

that a Messiah was to come; the Christian believed that the Messiah the Jews had been looking for had come, and that Jesus was he.

That is all that constituted a Christian during the first century, and you will find that it is the burden of Paul's preaching. He went up and down the world proclaiming —what? If you have even a superficial knowledge of the writings of the New Testament, you will recognize the echo of this verse. The one thing that Paul drove home by argument and appeal to the understanding, the consciences, the hearts of his hearers, was that this Jesus who had been crucified was the Christ; and "Christ," you know, is only the Greek "Christos," the Greek translation of the Hebrew word Messiah.

Paul preached, then, that Jesus was the Messiah; and accepting this is what constituted a Christian. But the process of development in regard to the Christian thought about Jesus had only now begun.

And let me ask you to remember, if you think it strange that such a process should have gone on,—remember that Christianity was born in the midst of a time and conditions when it was the commonest thing in the world to deify men. Greek and Roman hero after hero had been deified by the popular imagination and lifted up into the heavens. There was no god in all the Roman Empire so widely worshipped during the reign of Augustus, and for a hundred or two years after his time, as was the Emperor Augustus himself. His image, his shrine, lined all the roads and highways, and was found in the peasants' cottages throughout the Roman Empire.

So then it was not a strange thing among the Greeks and among the Romans that this process of deifying should

take place. It was, or would have been, a very strange thing among the Jews. They held such a spiritual conception of God, and regarded him as withdrawn by nature and distance so far from his world, that it would have seemed to them nothing short of outright blasphemy to compare with him any creature born of woman. So that this doctrine never could have sprung up among the Jews. And, as you know, it never found any lodgment among the Jews; the Jews never became Christians.

It grew up among the Greeks and the Romans, where, as I have said to you, this process was one of the commonplaces of the time. But it was not in the first century. First was the thought that he was the Messiah. The next step was the belief that he was the second Adam. You will find Paul teaching this. The first Adam was the head of this fallen humanity of ours. Christ, Paul believed, was divinely appointed to be the head of a new and spiritual order of humanity that was to supersede the old and carnal order of the past.

Then after that came another step. Jesus came to be regarded as a pre-existent being, the Lord or Master from heaven, the first-born of every creature,—but, remember, creature still, infinitely removed from the divine source of all.

Then at last the final step was taken, and Jesus was elevated to the position of sharing with the Father his own divine nature. But how long did it take for this process to culminate?

As you look back down the ages, facts and movements get massed together in such a way that you do not notice how far they are apart. . . .

So, as a matter of fact, it was more than three hundred

years before the belief in the deity of Jesus became a test of orthodoxy.

If it became necessary, then, to believe in the deity of Jesus in order to be a Christian, in order to be saved, then there were no Christians in the world for three hundred years, and none of the church members of all that time had any chance of being saved. For the doctrine of the deity of Jesus was not promulgated as an orthodox doctrine until the year 325 at the Council of Nice, at the time that the Nicene Creed was formed.

And how was the decision reached at that time? We ought to know some of these primary facts. Was it reached because the people had any new evidence on the subject that they did not have while Jesus was walking in the fields of Galilee? Was it reached because the people were wiser? Was it built out of evidence?

Nothing of the kind. It was simply the result of philosophical speculation; it was the attempt to bridge over an imaginary gulf supposed to exist between God and his world. And the bishops fought over it not in a very Christian temper. There never was a bitterer factional fight in Tammany Hall than that which finally decided the doctrines of the Nicene Creed; and they were not decided until the Emperor Constantine threw in the weight of his imperial decision against Arius and in favor of Athanasius. . . .

Thus the Nicene Creed was born, born after the struggle of three hundred years and more.

Now, as to the other two great creeds of Christendom, let me say a word or two concerning them.

The chancellor of the University of New York, two or three weeks ago, published in one of our great Sunday newspapers the statement that the Apostles' Creed was written

eighteen hundred years ago. I do not know whether the chancellor was napping at the time he wrote it. I cannot think that he was ignorant. I cannot think that he would purposely take advantage of the supposed ignorance of his readers. You would suppose, to hear people talk,—there are twelve clauses in the Apostles' Creed,—that the apostles stood up in a row, and one of them recited one clause and another another until they finished the creed, and that it dates back to their time.

As a matter of fact, the Apostles' Creed was never heard of for five hundred years after the birth of Jesus. Nobody knows who wrote it, or whether there is any authority connected with it or not. We know that the people of that time were very ignorant about this world, and I for one do not know why I should suppose they knew everything about the other. It is a purely anonymous production, of absolutely no authority whatsoever.

If, however, let me say, it be necessary in order to be a Christian that one should accept the Apostles' Creed, then what becomes of the people who lived after the birth of Christ for five hundred years before there was any Apostles' Creed?

Now for the other great Christian symbol, as it is called, —the Athanasian Creed. And let me remind you right here, for it is a matter of a good deal of importance, that the doctrine of the Trinity is not fully developed in either the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene Creed. It does not come to its last explicit statement until the promulgation of the Athanasian Creed.

I do not know why it should be called the Athanasian Creed. Athanasius lived in the fourth century, and was the great adversary of Arius in the struggle out of which

came the Nicene Creed. Yet this creed is named for him. As I say, I do not know why—unless it is supposed that it represents what Athanasius would have believed if he had lived at the time the creed was formed.

This Athanasian Creed has been dropped out of the Prayer Book of the American churches, but it is still binding on every Anglican, and must be subscribed to by all the clergy of the Anglican Church. It is very long, metaphysical, and goes into a particular definition of the Trinity. But when was it promulgated?

Not until the ninth century. More than eight hundred years had gone by in the history of the Church before the Athanasian Creed appeared. And this creed has attached to it what is called the "damnatory clause," very famous in theological discussion.

What is that clause? It declares that unless a man believe every part of this Athanasian Creed he shall no doubt perish everlastingly.

Again let me ask, if it be absolutely necessary to believe the Athanasian Creed in order to be a Christian, if it be necessary to believe it in order to be saved, what becomes of not only the world for several hundreds of thousands of years, but what becomes of the first eight hundred years of the Christian Church before the Athanasian Creed was heard of?

Such strange claims and such strange alternatives!

Now I want to ask you to note a few facts concerning the real teaching of Jesus and his apostles.

The great contribution to the world which Christianity has made, which is original, which is unique, which is precious to every loving and tender heart, is the ideal of the life, the character, the spirit, the teaching of the Nazarene;

Jesus, his spiritual attitude, his love, his human sympathy, his tenderness, his sacrifice, his willingness to help.

These are the essential things in Christianity, and these alone.

The doctrines as they have been held in the past are all of them destined to pass away. The thing that we cling to in this modern world and are going to cling to more and more is simply the ascertained truth of the universe as fast and far as it can be discovered. This is to be the external form and framework of things; here is the material out of which we are to construct our theological theories,—for theological theories we shall construct in the future as men have constructed them in the past.

But the one thing that grows brighter, and fairer, and sweeter, age after age, is this,—the Christ ideal, that luminous, leading star of human hope and of divine helpfulness. There is nothing to match it in any other religion, nothing so sweet, nothing so fair, nothing so tender.

The spiritual attitude of Jesus seems to me simply perfect. I cannot understand how in any age in the future it can be outgrown. I am not referring to the limited thought of Jesus,—Jesus shared with his age many of the intellectual theories which the world has already outgrown,—I am referring now to his spiritual attitude. Was there ever anything diviner in the history of man than that simple, childlike, perfect trust in the Father? Trust for every day, trust for every night; a trust when he was hungry, a trust when he was lonely and sorrowful; a trust when the great hopes of his life had been dashed and seemed to be passing away.

I think there is nothing so sublime in the history of all the past as that figure of Jesus on the cross that Friday afternoon outside the walls of the city, surrounded by the

Roman soldiers and the mob,—he, the gentle teacher, he who loved his friends and who so loved his enemies that, as he was swooning into death, he said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Hanging there with all of his hopes an apparent failure, wondering whether God himself had not forgotten and let go his hand, and yet with a trust that still clung in the darkness and the weakness, so that he fainted through death into immortal triumph. The victory over the thought, the love, the reverence, the worship of mankind, such as has never been won by any other historic figure in all the world! This perfect trust in the Father.

I know of nothing finer that this spiritual attitude of Jesus.

And then that other side of his nature, his relation towards his fellow-men. A service unstinted! Nothing grander was ever said about any man that ever lived than was said about Jesus: "He made himself of no reputation;" he cared nothing for fame or human greatness; "he went about doing good;" he sacrificed time, strength, love, gave himself utterly that he might help one of the least of these his brethren.

I say, then, that the Christianity of the future is to be made up of these two elements: all truth for the theological side, however gained and through whatever source; then the spiritual attitude towards God and towards man of Jesus.

Now if the churches can ever prove that these two are not Christian, then it will be the saddest day that Christianity has ever seen. For they will have proved that there is something in the world that is better than Christianity. For there can be nothing finer than this:—truth for the thought side; the spirit and temper of Jesus for the feeling, the aspiration side.

There can be nothing finer than that, nobler than a combination like that.

Now let us at the end, just one moment, notice the one solemn utterance of Jesus on this subject. If he be correctly reported, he is setting forth for all time what in his judgment are the conditions of entrance into heaven. Here is this solemn scene of judgment, the sheep on his right hand, the goats on his left. He sends one of them into outer darkness, and the other into eternal felicity.

I am not discussing the question of future punishment now; I simply wish you to fix your attention on the conditions of admission to heaven as Jesus sets them forth.

Now, when he speaks to those on his right hand, that he calls the blessed of his Father and who are to inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world, what does he say?

Does he catechise them as to what they believed? Not one single syllable of belief in any doctrine whatsoever. Nothing about foreordination; nothing about the Bible; nothing about the Trinity; nothing about his own character or authority. Simply as to whether they have been good. Good, that is all! Have they helped, have they tried to lessen the sum of human misery? Have they cared for their fellow-man? Not a word about ceremony, about membership in a church; not a word about any priesthood; not one single thing that all the churches today are declaring to be absolutely essential to Christian character and Christian life,—not one word about any of them!

Those who have tried to be good and help their fellow-men are the ones before whose feet the door of eternal felicity opens with welcome. And the others are condemned, not for lack of belief, but simply for lack of character and conduct, nothing else!

AMOS J. CUMMINGS

AMOS JAY CUMMINGS, American congressman and journalist, was born at Conkling, N. Y., May 15, 1841, where his father was a printer. At an early age he began to learn the same trade, and worked at the compositor's case until he joined the army during the Civil War, retiring as sergeant-major from the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Infantry. He then engaged in journalism and filled editorial positions on the New York "Tribune" and New York "Sun." In 1887, he was elected member of Congress from the Tenth New York District and has served continuously since that time. He has written several books, among which are: "Sayings of Uncle Rufus," and "The Ziska Letters." In politics, Mr. Cummings is a Democrat.

ON THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1900

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I would be untrue to myself if I did not congratulate the gentleman from Illinois who has just taken his seat upon the masterful showing which he has made in his report, and upon the conclusion of the arduous labors in committee that have accompanied the birth of this bill. That the committee itself did not come to a unanimous agreement is to me a matter of regret. I myself agree in some things with the minority and agree in others with the majority. But I believed it to be my duty, if I had any fight to make, to make it upon the floor of this House, as I have heretofore done, and I declined to sign the minority report.

Mr. Chairman, the past shows that a powerful navy for the American nation is a vital necessity. Without it we may become the prey of the robber nations of the earth; without a great navy, I will undertake to say, we to-day might be at

war with Great Britain over the Alaska boundary. Her rapacity toward the Boers is due to her greed for gold; and there is as much gold in Alaska as in the Transvaal. It is the fact that we are prepared for war that saves us from trouble with the powers of Europe. From the days of the battle of Salamis down to the present a strong navy has been the safety of a maritime nation. It was the battle of Salamis that drove Xerxes from Greece, not the fight at the pass of Thermopylæ. It was the battle in the bay that sent him whirling back across the Hellespont into Asia, where he belonged.

When Hannibal invaded Italy and maintained himself there for seventeen years without re-enforcement, it was not the Roman legions that drove him to Africa; it was the Roman ships which conveyed Scipio's army there and forced Hannibal to follow it in a vain effort to defend Carthage. It was the navy that made Venice the supreme mistress of the commerce of the world for centuries. The Mediterranean Sea was practically a Venetian lake because of the Venetian navy.

It was her navy that afterward made Holland the mistress of the sea. And it was not until the English navy had been built to proper proportions that Van Tromp was compelled to pull down his broom and acknowledge its supremacy.

It was our navy that won the most brilliant victory in the Revolution. Admiral Paul Jones, in his fight with the "Serapis" and the "Countess of Scarborough" gave the Revolution an impetus that put behind our forefathers not only the sympathy of Europe, but substantial aid in the way of dollars and of French battle-ships.

Paul Jones, an American admiral, was the only man in either army or navy who had invaded England since the days

of the battle of Hastings. The whole British coast was in alarm. He landed at different places and drew in plunder the same as the English themselves drew it in when they sacked the city of Pekin.

It was by the aid of the French navy that we achieved the final triumph of the American Revolution—the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Without the activity of the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, Cornwallis would have escaped. A British fleet was hastening to his succor; but when its commander learned that a French fleet of superior force was already in the Chesapeake, it turned back to New York.

It was Nelson, and not Wellington, who was the leading factor in the downfall of Napoleon. The victories of the British navy at Aboukir, Copenhagen, Cape St. Vincent, and Trafalgar destroyed all his hopes. France was practically cut off from the rest of the world. Her commerce was utterly ruined, and she was compelled to feed upon herself until her resources were exhausted.

It was the American navy that gave us peace in the treaty of Ghent in the war of 1812. Hull had surrendered an American army at Detroit. Commodore Perry, within one hundred miles of that city, demolished a British fleet—the first time that American vessels had met an English fleet—and sent to Washington the immortal despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Scott had been driven back at Niagara and Lundy's Lane; Wilkinson had made a fiasco on the northern border; but the guns of the American navy were heard on Lake Champlain, where Commodore McDonough sent the English fleet to the bottom.

Washington, your own proud capital, had been captured by the British, and this building burned, our monuments de-

faced, the White House destroyed, your President became a fugitive in the forests of Virginia; but the victories of Decatur, of Commodore Stewart, of Bainbridge, and of old Isaac Hull in the " Constitution " were a sufficient recompense for the destruction of the city of Washington.

In only one instance in that war did the army achieve a victory, and that was at the Saranac, for the battle of New Orleans, it will be remembered, was fought long after the treaty of peace was signed.

The total destruction of the Turkish navy by the allied fleets at Navarino rescued Greece from the clutches of the followers of the Prophet and restored to her her freedom.

It was the American navy that gave us the victory in the war with Mexico. Taylor had marched across the Nueces, across the Colorado, across the Rio Grande; he had taken Monterey; he had reached the plains of Buena Vista and wiped out Santa Anna's army; but it was Scott who went to the city of Mexico through the aid of the American navy, which bombarded the castle of San Juan de Ulloa and gave him a landing place at Vera Cruz.

It was the American navy that sounded the knell of doom for the Confederacy when gallant old Farragut broke the iron barrier, passed the forts of Jackson and St. Philip, and captured the city of New Orleans. And it was all done before McClellan left the Peninsula. The Confederacy was split in twain when the Mississippi was opened. The fate of the Confederacy was sealed the instant the ports of the South were declared under blockade by President Lincoln. If the Confederacy had had a navy, and if things had been more equal both on sea and on land, we should have had two nations in existence to-day where there is only one.

It was the navy, I may add, that won the Spanish war. I

believe that if Schley and Sampson had been left to their own inspiration, or had received the orders that Dewey received, they would have gone into Santiago harbor without sending an army down there to storm San Juan and El Caney.

It was the navy, under Dewey, that destroyed the Spanish fleet and won the empire in the East; and it was the navy that finally brought proud Spain to her knees with her hands held upward, acknowledging her subjugation.

So, Mr. Chairman, I say that the navy is a vital necessity to the United States as well as to all other maritime nations. This vital necessity is recognized by the people of the country—north and south, east and west. The people to-day are clamoring for an increase of the navy because they know its usefulness, because they know it is a never-failing defender, because they know it is a never-failing aggressor, when war breaks out. In a multiplicity of ships there is safety.

Now, what have we done, and what are we doing, to carry out the wishes of the people? We have three battle-ships on the stocks, and no method of procuring armor for them. We have three more battle-ships and three armored cruisers authorized, and a string attached to each in the shape of a provision that they shall not be even contracted for unless the best armor manufactured can be obtained at $300 a ton. We propose to authorize in this bill the building of two more battle-ships, three more armored cruisers, and three protected cruisers. Shall there be a string attached to them also? Can men face their constituents after authorizing the construction of these battle-ships and cruisers, and then refusing to provide the money for furnishing the armor for them? Why, sir, it seems to me like voting for a declaration of war and refusing the funds necessary to carry on the war. I believe that the

people demand to-day, not only the prompt construction of the ships already authorized, but also the construction of as many more vessels.

For nearly five years have some of these ships remained without armor. I well remember speeches on this floor in which we were told that we could get armor for $200 a ton. Very well; we tried it. No ships were built. The man wanted a twenty-year contract, with a pledge that a fleet of ships should be built each year, and went back on his promise; he could not furnish armor at $200 a ton. Then we reached a point where, after authorizing the construction of ships, we attached a string to the authorization in another manner—this was June 10, 1896:

Provided, That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby directed to examine into the actual cost of armor plate and the price for the same which should be equitably paid, and shall report the result of his investigation to Congress at its next session, at a date not later than January 1, 1897; and no contract for armor plate for the vessels authorized by this act shall be made until such report is made to Congress.

That was the condition then, and a similar condition exists to-day. The ships are authorized by you, and then you attach a string and by pulling it get no ships at all. The ships are still unbuilt. We have gone through a war since then, and not one of these ships was built before war was declared, and not one was available during the war. . . .

Mr. Chairman, at the next session of Congress you provided that the price should not exceed $400 per ton for armor inferior to the Krupp armor, but at the last session of Congress you provided that superior armor should not be obtained unless it could be had at $300 a ton—an impossible price. If you pay $400 a ton for the old harveyized armor,

certainly the new Krupp armor is worth at least as much, and yet you limited the price to $300 a ton. In other words, you provide that the best armor shall be furnished at $100 per ton less than the sum you have expressed yourselves willing to pay for inferior armor. You practically determined, as I said before, that you would authorize the ships, but you took special care to prevent the building of them. . . .

I think that it is time, Mr. Chairman, that this country understood that the lives of its sailors, its marines, and others connected with the naval service have been endangered and menaced when this government found itself involved in war by the action of Congress in regard to this question of armor plate. I say that the men who fought with Dewey at Manila and with Schley at Santiago are entitled to the best protection the government can give, by placing the best armor on its battle-ships that can be made, by metallic furniture, and by all other life-saving devices.

We authorize two battle-ships here to-day, and six cruisers, and here is the same old story and the same old string over and over again. We will not contract for them, gentlemen say, until we build an armor-plate factory and can manufacture the armor for them ourselves. We will delay the construction three years more, taking in the three battle-ships and three cruisers authorized in the last session, and the three battle-ships under contract, authorized in the first session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, thus making a total delay of eight years in the construction of some of these ships. On the score of alleged economy you are opposing expenditure that the world recognizes as an absolute necessity. . . .

Now, Mr. Chairman, I disagreed with the policy of the Naval Committee in some respects, but I propose to stand by it as far as my conscience will allow. I disagreed with the

committee when they refused to provide for the building of gunboats. The Secretary of the Navy had asked for the construction of thirteen gunboats. When Admiral Dewey came before the committee he testified that he thought he would rather have battle-ships than gunboats. We had captured four Spanish gunboats when Manila was taken—that is, Dewey had raised the wrecks. Since then we have bought a lot of little gunboats—some not as large as canal-boats—from the Spanish government. Admiral Dewey, while before the committee, said he thought we did not want any more gunboats, and he would take two or three battle-ships in the place of them. Well, the committee gave him two battle-ships, although the Secretary had not asked for them; but while Secretary Long was before the committee he said he would have asked for them if he had thought he could get them.

Now, I believe in gunboats. I think that boats the size of the "Helena" and vessels of that class are the very thing that the nation needs. We must continue a protectorate over Cuba at least until they form a government, and it looks to me now as though they would not be able to form one for the next five years, and we must have ships for service on the coast of Porto Rico and among the islands of Hawaii. There is nothing so useful in such waters as gunboats. We certainly need them for the Philippines. Those bought and captured from the Spaniards may suffice for the present, as Admiral Dewey suggests. I am in favor of keeping these gunboats in the Philippines just as long as there is a rebel in arms in those islands.

When the islands are conquered, I am in favor of treating them exactly as we treat Cuba. They were both in rebellion against Spain, and of the two possibly the Filipinos were a

little more gallant in fighting the Spaniards—at least fully as gallant as were the Cubans—and they are entitled to the same treatment. Sure it is that Aguinaldo and his Tagals supported Dewey's attack on Manila as heartily as did Garcia the assault of Shafter and Wheeler on Santiago. Gunboats are needed there, and are certainly needed elsewhere. I think it unwise to lop them off entirely in view of the recommendation of Secretary Long. We ought at least to split the difference with him and give him half of what he asked for.

I differed with the committee on the question of sheathed ships. While they took Dewey's word with regard to the battle-ships and gunboats, they refused to take his word as to sheathed ships. He said that a sheathed ship would run two years and maintain her speed without docking, whereas an unsheathed ship had to be docked at least once in every nine months. He acknowledged that the "Charleston" was lost on a sunken reef in the Philippine Islands because she was not sheathed. When asked whether, in his opinion, she could have been saved if she had been sheathed, he replied that at that same time a British war-vessel ran upon an unknown reef and was pulled off in safety because she was sheathed. That seemed to me conclusive evidence that the battle-ships which we were authorizing in this bill should be sheathed.

But I compromised. We agreed to leave the matter to the Secretary of the Navy, and if the Secretary thinks it best to have them in the docks once in nine months instead of once every two years he may sit down upon the project. I am willing to trust John D. Long, and I believe the people are willing to do so. . . .

Now, Mr. Chairman, the committee was unable to agree as to the question of building ships at the navy-yards. Well, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question.

I thought that with three battle-ships and three armored cruisers not contracted for, and with two more battle-ships and six more cruisers, armored and protected, but not contracted for, we could afford at least to again try the experiment of building them in the navy-yards. It is a favorable time for doing so.

The Secretary of the Navy, however, is opposed to it. He says they will cost twice as much as vessels built elsewhere and take twice the time for construction. He also thought the yards would be more or less susceptible to political influences.

Possibly he is right. He undoubtedly knows far more about that than I do. I have no doubt that it will cost more to build these ships in the navy-yards than it would to build them under contract, and for this reason: The work of the government is done under the eight-hour system; the contractors work their men from nine to ten, eleven to twelve hours. So that of necessity it must cost more to build the ships in the navy-yards than it would under contract. But I took occasion to get a statement from Captain Sigsbee concerning the construction of vessels in the English, the French, and the German navy-yards. The period covered is approximately five years for France and Germany, and a little less for England, but in all cases the period for dockyard and private construction is the same. The rate of wages was comparatively the same in both the government and private yards. It took much longer to construct the vessels in the government than in the private yards. . . .

My friend from Illinois referred to the German navy. That navy is to-day within 2,700 tons of the strength of the American navy, and that is what made Admiral Diedrich so cocky in the Bay of Manila.

The Emperor of Germany is "some pumpkins;" he "feels his oats." For two years he has been struggling to surpass this country in the size of its navy, and to-day in the German Riechstag a bill is pending, which will undoubtedly pass, doubling the size of the German navy—increasing her tonnage over 400,000 tons. I think that is a strong argument in favor of our building the ships we have already authorized as soon as possible, and of authorizing the building of as many others as we afford to pay for.

I was not unsusceptible to the inquiry made by the chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, while my friend from Illinois was occupying the floor. He is one of the men who hold the purse-strings of the nation. He takes account of stock in every session of Congress, and in view of the great volume of appropriations made at each session he wants to cut his cloth according to its length. He wants to know where "he is at," and he received the desired information, and in the same breath told you he was not opposed to your bill.

Nor are the people opposed to it. They will tolerate no more delay in this armor-plate matter. You can not take up a newspaper from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande or from Puget Sound to Key Biscayne Bay without finding paragraphs advocating the prompt increase of the navy. They recognize the fact that the bombardment of New York by an enemy would entail treble the cost of our entire navy. . . .

If we are to have an increased navy it is time to stop talking and begin work. Authorizing it will not build it; you must provide armor and do it promptly. Either do this or stop the authorization of vessels. Do one thing or the other. I believe that the people of the country, ten to one, demand a decrease in the army and an increase in the navy; and as long as I remain in this House I intend to voice that demand.

C. H. PARKHURST

CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST, D. D., LL. D., American Presbyterian clergyman, prominent as a social reformer, was born at Framingham, Mass., April 17, 1842, and graduated in 1866 at Amherst College. He studied theology abroad, at Halle, 1869–70, and Leipsic, 1872–73, and in 1874 was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Mass., where he remained for six years. He was called in 1880 to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, and has been pastor of it now for over twenty years. He has ever taken an active interest in social and municipal questions, and in 1891 became president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. In the exercise of this latter duty he discovered so much evidence of corruption in the police department of New York city that he publicly asserted the existence of complicity between the department and the criminal classes. This led to an investigation of the metropolitan police department, in 1894, by a committee of the State senate, with the result that his statement was sustained by the facts elicited. He has published "What would the World be without Religion?" (1882); "The Blind Man's Creed" (1883); "Three Gates on a Side" (1891); "The Swiss Guide"; "Our Fight with Tammany" (1896); "Talks to Young Men" (1897); "Talks to Young Women" (1897); and in 1870 issued "Forms of the Latin Verb Illustrated by the Sanskrit."

SERMON ON GARFIELD

DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 25, 1881

"Almost all things are by the law purged with blood." — Hebrews ix, 22.

EVERYTHING that is great and good has to be paid for. There is hardly anything in life that is pure gratuity. Life is toilsome, and if we are upon a path of ascent almost every step has to be taken irksomely and with pain. It is so arranged. The cross and then the crown.

That is God's thought, and so we find it wrought everywhere into the structure of life, individual and associate. In the market of the finer spiritual as well as in that of the

coarser material commodities everything is stamped with its cost-mark.

Our prayers are sometimes only an attempt to obtain God's benefits at special rates, or to evade payment altogether. We court the health which the cup can give, but pray to be spared the cup: "Let this cup pass from me."

We want to be clothed in robes of white, but pray to be spared that tribulation out from which the white-robed saints of apocalyptic vision were come: purged (we ask to be), but by something other than blood. But "almost all things are by the law purged with blood."

That is one of those far-reaching thoughts of God, lodged away back in the old altar-ritual of the Hebrews, finer and truer than either priest or layman knew. Nowhere so true, of course, as upon Calvary: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." But the world is full of its little Calvaries. Every good thing is obtained by purchase, and every best thing is paid for in blood. Almost all things are purged with blood, and the pathway of life and the highway of history leads continuously over a new Golgotha.

There are qualities of character, individual and national, that are not wrought out by prosperity. Even "the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings." "Before I was afflicted I went astray."

Life gets continually broken in upon, therefore invaded, startled. Nothing ought so little to surprise us as a surprise. It keeps men's thoughts at a tension, and makes hearts plastic. Said Jeremiah: "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." "Hath settled on his lees."

It is a part of the holy discipline of God, then, to trespass

upon the quiet of individual life and the serenity of national life. It makes men think, think deeply, think seriously; and serious thought easily becomes devout, and devout thought is redemption. It is not often that a joy reaches so deep a place in men's hearts as a sorrow does; defeat touches men in a way that victory does not. More heart, for some reason, gets put into a devout sigh than into a doxology. "Sorrow is better than laughter," said the Preacher, "for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

That is the meaning of tribulation; that is the deep philosophy underlying the event around which our thoughts cluster tearfully and prayerfully this morning. "Tearfully and prayerfully:" you see how easy and natural the sequence. Of course, we can do but a little in the way of understanding what in particular God means by this or by any other of his afflictive dispensations.

God is his own interpreter, not you or I. Each event has references forward and backward too reticent for us to detect or trace. We do not want to belittle the event or the holy author of it by translating it all out into the terms of our common thinking. We love to think of the sea as sloping down into the globe without trying to picture the deep, mysterious bottom upon which it rests; and of the mountains as spiring up into the everlasting blue without attempting to delineate that utmost finial of rock where the nether firmament passes into the upper.

And so of this great mountainous sorrow, for which our hearts, even more than our streets and churches, are craped: we want to lay no profane hands upon its vastness, nor to make the event small by trying to make it near and intelligible.

An event, so vast that under the shadow of it the whole

civilized and Christianized world to-day stands tearful and devout, is one whose truest meaning it lies beyond the scope of our ken either to detect or suspect. It lies deeply locked in the counsels of God. We do not understand it. "God is his own interpreter and he will make it plain." "*Will* make it plain." Not now, but then and there. And so we are content to leave it unexplained, inscrutable. We yield ourselves to the mystery of it, to be softened and chastened by it.

And yet the chastening, in order to be chastening, must lie along side of the thought of the divineness of this strange tragedy. A human and bad element there was in it certainly. But to have a holy discipline wrought in us by it, we shall have to recognize with exactly the same distinctness a divine and righteous element. We have got to feel that in it God teaches us, and stand face to face with him in the transaction. If it is explained as the pure outcome of impersonal historic forces, it fails to touch that spot in us when we cherish the sanctities.

Equally so if we treat it only as the fruitage of Guiteau's crazed brain or depraved heart. This is for us an infamous tragedy because man was in it, but a holy tragedy because God was in it. And our hearts cannot be sufficiently grateful that it is in this latter character, more than in the former, that men are feeling it and contemplating it, now in just these plaintive days through which we are moving; that the sense that God's hand was in the act has sweetened our hearts from all the bitterness incident to the remembrance that Guiteau's hand was in it.

And if, when the turf has begun to grow green over the dust of the dear and honored dead, if then with seriousness, but without show of malignity or of spite, and by quiet process of law, wisely applied and soberly executed, the

criminal shall suffer what he shall then be adjudged to deserve, it will be the consummating touch put to a picture which in point of grandeur and moral sublimity is unmatched in the history of this or of any people. And so we have brought this matter in our hearts and in our discourse into the House of God this morning, for the reason that God is in the event and we want to find and feel him there.

Such a visitation as this, as we have seen, is the means by which God works in men tenderness of heart, and so opens the way for the cleansing and strengthening of character, individual and national. The months that have elapsed since the 2d of July have been long ones and tender. They have been strange months. They have worked strangely.

I do not know how to explain the temper of mind that prevails to-day, here, elsewhere. I looked, that waiting Monday afternoon, upon the cottage at Elberon without understanding why I was unmanned by it. I have read the sad story from day to day, gathering as it has each morning a new burden of pathos, without understanding the unbidden tears.

And it is so everywhere. Men are full of heart: their thoughts work quietly and deeply. I do not think there have been any two months in history that quite parallel them. Feelings have greatly fluctuated; and so our spirits have been strangely limbered, mellowed by them. We have become less and less embittered, but more and more burdened and stricken. Each new aspect of the case seems only to have been shaped in a way to let the blade down a little farther into the quick: no feature but what has given a little added tension to the strained chords of our sympathy.

For almost three months God has been steadily holding us all against the grinding-stone of a grave and anxious un-

certainty. Mr. Garfield and his wife and children have somehow slipped, each of them, into a dear sort of membership in our own families. The sick-bed has been set up in each household.

We have also watched with him. In his affliction we have been afflicted. Our spirits have stood under his, trying to buoy it up. These months have in this way wrought in us a tenderness that only the eloquence of an event could have availed to do.

And now, friends, this singular mellowness of mind into which the tearful persuasiveness of the weeks has been gently leading us is capacity for all kinds of beautiful outgrowth. When, to-morrow afternoon, the world turns back once more from the newly-made grave in Lakeview the critical question will be What will the world do with its sorrow?

What is going to become of its sorrow? Nothing dries sooner than a tear. Of course, the sorrow cannot remain sorrow. It is not in the nature of things. The heart could not bear it. Even nature is wise enough to dress in green its crumbling tenements of vegetable and stone. The decaying trunk converts itself into moss, and so frames life out of death and beauty out of despair.

And decayed hopes ought certainly to do as much. The sorrow cannot remain sorrow, but it can pass over into shapes that shall be fixed, and crystallize into jewels of high resolve and firm loyalty that shall be a permanent possession and a perpetual joy. And the vast possibilities of our sorrow are evidenced by certain practical results that the sorrow has already yielded. For our encouragement I want to notice two or three of these.

These last years have been a season in which irreligion and unfaith have been displaying themselves with rather more

than usual resoluteness and bravado. Christian scholarship has taxed itself to the utmost to dislodge this unfaith. You have seen, perhaps, what is sometimes called a cloud-banner: a little pennon of mist that in certain conditions of the atmosphere will gather above a mountain summit, and cling there in the face of the boldest attempts of the sun to dissolve it or of the winds to dislodge it. It will not be brushed away. Shadowy and almost impalpable it maintains itself on its bleak watch-tower with a pertinacity at once grim and defiant.

But by-and-by subtle and invisible influences begin to pervade the sky: the wind shifts, perhaps, or the temper of the air is in some silent and stealthy way modified; and now the shapes of floating vapor soften their edges, their borders are combed out into a fleecy fringe, the cloud-banner is noiselessly furled, and the bare mountain peak stands out under the sunshine and the blue.

That is the very sublimity of gentleness. And it is in that way that God works, and has been working all about among us during these disciplinary months. He has not met scepticism with theism, as we do in our arguing; but the climate that was in men, and that by its very nature condensed into unfaith and unreligion, he gently displaced by another climate, in which unfaith just as easily dissolved.

And so by the breath of his spirit and the baptism of an event, he has accomplished by a persuasion aimed at the heart what Christian scholars have not availed to do with their noisier logic addressed to the head. "Man's necessity has been God's opportunity."

And so in the hour of their sad exigency, at the bidding of the government, at the instigation of the press, secular as well as religious, but most of all at the impulse of a holy and devout longing for God's deliverance, men slipped into the

churches—even those to whom the church was an unwonted place—or in a still and unostentatious way cried "O God!" in the solitary sanctuary of their own spirits. And that is what the boasted atheism of the nineteenth century does! Cries up to God that he would save the sick man by the sea! There is gladness enough in that fact, of a nation bowed in prayer before our Christian God, almost to turn our Requiem into a Te Deum, and to make of our churches temples of thanksgiving, even though sable with the trappings of our woe.

Nor (most significant of all) has God's refusal to answer the nation according to the specific form of its request chilled by one degree the religious fervor with which the request was presented. If we can accord any confidence to the countenances that men are wearing, to the words they are speaking, to the thoughts to which they are giving expression through the medium of the press, home and foreign, the bitter cup has only chastened men into profounder devoutness, and, so far from embittering them toward God and belief in God, has only strengthened the texture of their faith and drawn them yet further beneath the shadow of the divine wing.

As it seems to me, it was one of the most thrilling passages in the whole dramatic story, that holy hush in the thronged streets of Washington, as the funeral cortège was moving toward the Capitol, when the Marine Band began slowly to play, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" And we shall turn away from the grave to-morrow, reflecting how blessed and profound is even the unconscious Christianity of the American people.

And then there are other results that have been already wrought that only show how the sweetest of flowers may unfold from the bitterest of buds. It has been an immensely

nationalizing event. Around Mr. Garfield's bedside, and now around his grave, is no North, no South, no East, no West. Not since the war, and not since a long time before the war, have all the sections of our country come so distinctly under the pressure of one heart-beat. All the life-currents of our people, just now, are driven by a single pulse. We have prayed for him as a nation, we have watched with him as a nation, we are weeping over him as a nation, and now that he has passed yonder he shines with purest light among the stars of our national firmament.

In this way chords of national sympathy and fellowship have been struck that had almost forgotten to vibrate. We have learned that the music is not all out of the strings, and have discovered, it must seem, that if we are all to become thoroughly, permanently, and nationally one again it must be not along the avenue of our lower but along the avenue of our best impulses, tuned as now to a key-note high and grand enough to stir the best music that slumbers in every several heart of the nation.

And we have gotten a little closer to one another in a religious way, also, in these days of tender supplication and cross-bearing. There has been no sect in our prayers. We all came before the throne of mercy with only the thought of him we were praying for and Him we were praying to. For the time that was all there was in our religion. In these two facts we all touched one another. We all became in an unusual way members of one another. "To pray together" (so some one has said) "is the most touching paternity of hope and sympathy which man can contract on earth."

We have felt, kneeling together around our national altar, that there are lines along which even Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile draw into coalition with one another. We

have been reminded that cathedral, synagogue, and church all build down into the same soil, and all spin up into the same heaven.

The continents, too, have been made nearer. The bells on both sides of the Atlantic are tolling one requiem to-day, and the American and the English heart are drawing near to God in one prayer and one psalm. We lament sometimes the slow extension of the Kingdom of Christ, but when we contemplate the relations subsisting between nations, as a matter of course, in the old savage centuries, we are made to realize something of the achievements of the Gospel of Peace, that the subjects of one realm can with cordial tears supplicate the Throne of Grace in behalf of another realm, foreign to it, and rival with it.

And then this stress of mind, too, has been working within us deep and holy contempt for all kinds of political impurity. These months have been to us, in our political relations and ambitions, months of schooling. The country had been staggering under the burden of an army of office-seekers, scrambling for preferment. The shot fired in the depot at Washington was God's voice calling the nation to order. It was recognized as such, recognized abroad and recognized at home.

Business has gone on as usual since the 2d of July, but there has been very little politics. The people are not in a mood to bear it. The people have had a revelation; they have heard a voice. We have learned to recognize that the 2d of July was the legitimate outcome of what was just as actually existent before the 2d of July, only without having come yet to its final and loathsome demonstration. We have only been eating the fruit. It is bitter, and in that fruit we have learned to understand the essential quality of the tree.

There are some things that do not advertise their essential badness till they have come to their growth.

Guiteau is simply the naked, filthy incarnation of political place-seeking. His case simply publishes the possibilities of evil that lurk in every man that has a mind to make country servant to his private interest. The air has been cleared. Eyes have been opened. We see in Guiteau the untinseled deformity of this whole breed of political cormorants. In him the fact has been shown to us without its disguises, and the fact has been burned into the heart of the American people by eighty days of waiting and weeping. "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood." The precious blood has been shed, may it be applied by us to the end that we may be cleansed.

And may this tenderness of the general heart go on issuing—as it has already begun to do—go on issuing in completer consecration to country and to God, prompting us to regard our civil obligations in the light of Christian duties, to controvert every kind of political evil with Christian bravery and resoluteness, to range ourselves with Christian alacrity on the side of every force that makes for national righteousness, to carry the interests of our country in tender and devout hearts; especially to accord our hearty fellowship and to yield our warmest sympathies to our new Executive in the position of delicacy and difficulty in which he now finds himself placed—these months have disciplined him just as they have disciplined us all—and to prayerfully expect from him great and good things, and to stand by him cordially in every effort of his to administer this country justly and in the fear of God.

JOHN FISKE

OHN FISKE, eminent American historian, philosopher, and lecturer, was born at Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842, and died at Gloucester, Mass., July 4, 1901. Though he was the only son of Edmund Brewster Green, of Smyrna, Del., his family name being Edmund Fiske Green, he later took the name of his maternal great-grandfather, John Fiske, and was afterwards known by the latter name. He graduated from Harvard College in 1863, and from the Law School in 1865, having been already admitted to the Bar in 1864. Mr. Fiske never practiced law, but began his literary career in 1861, by writing a notable article in the "National Quarterly Review," and from that time until his death was a frequent contributor to American and British periodicals. In 1869–71, he was university lecturer on philosophy at Harvard; in 1870 instructor in history, and in 1872–79 assistant librarian. For a number of years he was a member of the board of overseers of Harvard College, and in 1884 was appointed professor of American history at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. The greater part of Mr. Fiske's life was devoted to the study of history, and he delivered numberless lectures, mainly upon that subject, in the chief cities of the United States and at the Royal Institution and University College, London, England. He made an elaborate study of the doctrine of Evolution, and published many works on the subject. His "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" is deemed the best interpretation of the Spencerian doctrine of evolution; while his "Idea of God" and his "Destiny of Man" supply, from the evolutionary point of view, an admirable defence of Theism, as well as of faith in personal immortality. In history, also, he was a luminous interpreter and expositor, as those know who are familiar with his writings, such as: "The Discovery of America," "The Beginnings of New England," "The American Revolution," "The Critical Period of American History—1783–89," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," and "The War of Independence." His other writings embrace, besides those above mentioned, "The Unseen World," "The Destiny of Man," "Darwinism, and other Essays," and "Through Nature to God." In 1901, a posthumous work appeared from Dr. Fiske's pen, entitled "Life Everlasting."

ORATION ON COLUMBUS

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, OCTOBER 21, 1892

WE HAVE met here this morning to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest events in the history of the world. The first crossing of the ocean by Christopher Columbus was an achievement of which Americans are not likely to underrate the importance, and which no one with a due sense of the relation of cause and effect in human affairs can for a moment fail to recognize as supremely important. When we duly consider what America already means to the world while the development of European civilization upon this fresh soil is still in its earliest stages, when we take sober thought of what the future must have in store if this early promise is only partially fulfilled, we shall be inclined to pronounce the voyage that led the way to this New World as the most epoch-making event of all that have occurred since the birth of Christ.

But I do not propose to take up your time with glittering generalities. The best way to do homage to Columbus, or to show our appreciation of the real grandeur of his achievement, is to try to understand it in its relations to what went before it; and that is a kind of understanding which people surely do not commonly show when speaking or writing on the subject. In order to appreciate the significance of any historical event we must look at it in perspective, and the greater the event the more is the need of such perspective.

Now, the discovery of America was simply a part of a great and sudden outburst of maritime activity the like of

which had never been seen before, and which within the limits of a single century discovered not only America, but nearly all the rest of the world outside of Europe. Down to that time the great wanderings of mankind had been by land; no people but the Northmen had ventured far into the trackless ocean, and the knowledge of civilized Europeans extended but little way beyond their own continent. Perhaps it is not always remembered that the first European ship crossed the Equator in 1471, when Columbus was a man grown, and that no European ship ever sailed to the eastern coast of Asia until 1517, after Columbus had been eleven years in the grave. When that great navigator was in his childhood, European knowledge of the surface of our planet was bounded on the south by the Tropic of Cancer, and to the east it was extremely hazy about everything beyond the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. The globe made in 1492 by Martin Behaim, one of the most learned geographers of his time, may still be seen in the Town Hall of Nuremberg. It cuts off two-thirds of Hindustan and puts in place of it an island of Ceylon magnified ten-fold. But within half a century after 1492, the Antarctic ocean had been visited, the earth had been circumnavigated once, the flag of Portugal was supreme in the East Indies, and the Spaniards ruled in Mexico and Peru.

It is an interesting question, why should this wonderful outburst of maritime activity have come just at that time? why should the discovery of America by Columbus have happened in the fifteenth century? and why did Europe have to wait until then for such an event? The answer is easy to find; but first we shall do well to ask another question, and then we may answer the two together. There is no doubt that toward the end of the tenth century people from Iceland

founded a colony in Greenland, or that ships from Greenland a few years later made voyages along the American coast, chiefly for the purpose of cutting timber, and in all probability came as far south as Massachusetts Bay. Icelandic chronicles have fortunately preserved the story of these interesting voyages, but Europe took no heed of them whatever, and they lapsed into utter oblivion until about the time of Henry Hudson,, when the Arctic world began again to be explored, and long after the death of Columbus. Now, why was this? What was the difference between the eleventh century and the fifteenth, such that in the latter case a visit to the western shores of the Atlantic ocean soon led to the revelation of a new world, while in the former case it did not? The differences between the two ages were many, but the chief difference with which we are concerned is this: in the time of Columbus there was a propelling power at work which in the earlier time was absent, and that propelling power was furnished by a great and unprecedented disturbance of trade between Europe and Asia. That disturbance was caused by the Ottoman Turks. There is one other date in the fifteenth century almost as famous as 1492; that is, 1453, that year of mourning and humiliation when the grandest city of Christendom was captured by the robber bands whose descendants to this day have been allowed to hold it. But for nearly a century before Constantinople fell, the Turks had been strangling trade on the eastern shores and in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. Their aggressions closed up old routes of trade and forced Europe to seek new routes; and thus I say it was chiefly and primarily the Turks that set in motion the current of events that carried Columbus across the Atlantic.

In the thirteenth century the Mongol conquests brought

the whole vast territory from China to Poland, from the Yellow Sea to the Euphrates, under the sway of a single monarch; the Mongol policy was liberal to foreigners, and in the course of a hundred years, from 1250 to 1350, a good many Europeans—chiefly merchants and Franciscan monks—visited China. Now came the first step toward the discovery of America. Soon after 1250 it became positively known, as a matter of personal experience, that China was a maritime country with seaports looking out upon an open ocean. By those Europeans who pondered upon this information it was at once assumed that this ocean must be the Atlantic, because of the spherical shape of the earth. Here I must pause for a moment to remark upon a gross historical blunder which vitiates most of the talk and a good deal of the popular writing about Columbus. It is evidently supposed by many people that the spherical shape of the earth was a new idea in his time; some seem to think that he originated it, or that it was opposed and ridiculed by most of his learned contemporaries, and especially by the clergy. Nothing could be further from the truth. The globular form of the earth was proved by Aristotle, and after him accepted by nearly all the ancient philosophers; and seventeen hundred years before the time of Columbus the geographer Eratosthenes declared that it would be easy enough to sail from Spain to India on the same parallel were it not for the vast extent of the Atlantic ocean. But that vast extent was all a matter of guess-work, and other ancient writers, such as Seneca, maintained that the distance was probably not so very great, and that with favoring winds a ship might make the voyage in a few days. This question of distance, as we shall see in a few moments, was the main

difficulty which Columbus had to meet. Objections arising from a belief in the earth's flatness were made by ignorant clergymen, as by uneducated people in general; but learned clergymen, familiar with Aristotle and Ptolemy, did not for a moment call in question the roundness of the earth. Knowledge of such scientific points, however, was in those days apt to lie stagnant, and some striking experience was needed to vivify it. When the news of Chinese seaports was first brought to Europe, that far-sighted monk, Roger Bacon, in 1267 suggested that a ship might sail westward across the Atlantic to China, and he fortified his opinion by extracts from Aristotle and other ancient writers. There is nothing to show that Columbus ever saw Roger Bacon's book; but in 1410 a certain archbishop of Cambrai, named Pierre d'Ailly, wrote a book called "The Image of the World," which was widely circulated in manuscript and was printed in 1483; and in this very popular book that passage about sailing westward to China was cribbed—or perhaps it would be more amiable to say quoted—from Bacon. This book was diligently read by Columbus, and his own copy of it, with marginal notes in his own handwriting which show how powerfully it influenced him, may be seen to-day in the Columbian library at Seville.

Thus we see that Roger Bacon's suggestion, though it found no practical response in his own time, was transmitted to Columbus two centuries later and sank deep into his heart. Things changed greatly between the thirteenth century and the fifteenth. So long as Asia was more accessible than ever by the old routes, men had no motive for undertaking the strange and difficult work of finding new ones. Such new and strange work must wait until men were in a measure driven to it. Meanwhile, among the educated Euro-

peans who found their way to the eastern ocean, there was one, the Venetian Marco Polo, who lived in the service of the Mongol emperor for five-and-twenty years and made journeys to and fro in the heart of Asia. In 1299, after his return to Europe, he wrote down his experiences in what is doubtless the greatest book of travels that has ever been written. It carried European thought still farther eastward than the Chinese seaports, for Marco Polo had heard a good deal about Japan, an island kingdom a thousand miles out in the ocean, which he called Cipango, and about which he told things which led many of his readers to set him down as a liar, but which we now know to have been for the most part true.

During the next century Marco Polo's book was widely read.

Thus upon men's minds began to dawn the question whether an outside route, an indirect path over the ocean, could be found to the land whence silks and spices came. Perhaps civilized mankind had never asked of itself a more startling question. It involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the minds of sailors and merchants had been running ever since the days when Solomon's ships were laden with treasure brought from Ophir. The age that could propound such a problem was ripe for new venture in other directions, too—for a renaissance in science, in art, and in religion. The man who could solve it will always be remembered as one of the mightiest innovators of all time.

A whole generation passed while the question was gradually getting propounded, and the answer, as with all such great questions, came by slow stages. Portuguese navigators first gave shape to the problem; and here, as throughout the story, we never get far away from the conflict be-

tween the Crescent and the Cross. For many generations the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula had been striving to expel the Moorish invader. Portugal was the first to free herself and carry the war into Africa. In suppressing Moorish piracy the Portuguese captains made their first acquaintance with longer and longer stretches of the coast of Africa and heard of Guinea and its mines of gold. A great man rose to the occasion, a man in whom missionary, merchant, statesman, pathbreaker, and scientific inquirer were combined after a fashion characteristic of that romantic age. Prince Henry of Portugal, called "The Navigator," own cousin to our Henry V. of England, was founder of the great school of explorers in which Columbus was the most illustrious disciple. The first object of these mariners was to ascertain whether Africa could be circumnavigated and a route thus found into the Indian ocean. Upon this question two different opinions were held by learned men, who were wont to settle all disputed points by referring to the wisdom of the ancients. The foremost authority on geography was still Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote in Alexandria in the second century after Christ. Ptolemy held that the southern hemisphere was in great part filled by a huge continent which at one place was joined to Africa and at another place was joined to Asia somewhere near Farther India, of which he had some vague hearsay knowledge. Thus, according to Ptolemy, the Indian ocean was a land-locked sea with no outlet, and of course if the Portuguese captains had believed this doctrine they would not have tried to sail around Africa. But a different opinion was entertained by Pomponius Mela, a native of the Spanish peninsula, who wrote in the first century of our era a little book that was highly esteemed throughout the Middle Ages, especially by

Spaniards. Mela believed in a great continent lying southward of both Africa and Asia, but he believed it to be separated from both these continents by a broad, open ocean. Still more, he chopped off the whole of Africa south of Sahara, and maintained that you could sail from the Strait of Gibraltar around into the India ocean without crossing the equator. Such was the theory upon which Portuguese navigators were allowed to feed their hopes until 1471, a few years after the death of Prince Henry. In that year, 1471, a voyage was made, the importance of which I was the first to point out. Portuguese ships had already reached the coast of Upper Guinea, where it runs for several hundred miles from west to east. Here is seemed as if Mela's opinion was correct, and as if one might go on sailing eastward to the mouth of the Red Sea. But in 1471 two captains, Santorem and Escobar, went on and followed that coast until they found it turning to the south; and on they went till—first of all Europeans—they crossed the equator and went five degrees beyond it, and still that African coast stretched before them steadily southward. It was thus made clear that Mela was mistaken, and it was possible that Ptolemy might be right. For aught they knew that coast might keep running southward all the way to the pole, and even if that were not the case one thing was clear; a route to Asia by sailing around Africa was going to be a much longer route than they had supposed. We can well believe that the prospect was discouraging. It was one of those interesting situations that make men stop and think. Now, if ever, was the natural moment for somebody to ask the question, whether there might not be some better and shorter ocean route to Asia than any that could be found by pursuing the African coast.

Now it was just about this time that Christopher Columbus seems to have found his way to Portugal. He was now between thirty and thirty-five, or, as many writers think, not more than twenty-five years old. A dozen or more towns and villages have been claimed as his birthplace, but I see no reason for doubting his own explicit statement, made in a solemn legal document, that he was born in the city of Genoa. Son of a wool-comber in very humble circumstances, he had taken to the sea at a very early age, as was natural for a Genoese boy. Somewhere and somehow he had learned Latin and geometry and as much of astronomy as that age knew how to apply to purposes of navigation. He had sailed to and fro upon the Mediterranean in merchant voyages, and had probably taken a hand in scrimmages with Turkish corsairs, which is the foundation for the ridiculous charge of "piracy" sometimes alleged against him by modern dabblers in history. His younger brother Bartholomew had led a similar life, and both had won a reputation for skill in map-making. In those days when Italian commerce, cut from its eastern roots by Turkish shears, was languishing, Italian skill and talent was apt to drift westward to Lisbon, and so it was with the brothers Columbus. Both were deeply interested in the problem of circumnavigating Africa, both sailed on more than one of the Portuguese voyages on that coast, and Bartholomew was in the first voyage that doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

Long before this his brother Christopher's scheme had been fully matured. I said a moment ago that the disappointing voyage of Santarem and Escobar furnished the occasion for asking the question if some better method of getting to Asia could be found. Now observe the eloquence of dates. Those captains returned to Lisbon in April, 1472;

and before June, 1474, that question had already been asked by the king of Portugal. The person of whom he asked that question was the greatest astronomer of the century, Paolo Toscanelli, of Florence; and Toscanelli's reply was, "Can there be a shorter route? Of course there can. If you steer westward straight across the Atlantic you will find Asia much sooner than by sailing down by Guinea;" and he drew a map, giving his idea of the situation, and sent it to the king of Portugal. Now about the same time Columbus asked the same question of Toscanelli and got the same reply. Some critics have lately tried to make out an interval of six or eight years between the two letters. I have elsewhere argued that it cannot have been more than six or eight weeks. It was probably not later than September, 1474, that Toscanelli sent to Columbus his letter, the tone of which implies that Columbus had done something more than ask a question. He had not only asked about the shorter route, but expressed a desire or intention to undertake it. The astronomer's reply was full of enthusiasm; he strongly urged the undertaking upon Columbus, and sent him a duplicate of the map which he had sent to the king of Portugal. Columbus kept this map and carried it with him upon his first voyage.

Now the question here at issue, and on which an appeal was made to Toscanelli, was not whether the earth is a sphere. That was assumed by all the parties. The question was simply as to the length of the voyage required to reach the coasts of China or Japan by sailing due west. Here the astronomer's reply was encouraging. He greatly overestimated the length of Asia. I suppose he must have misunderstood some of Marco Polo's Chinese measurer of distance. At any rate he carried his Chinese seaports so

far east as to bring them near California. As for Japan, he brought it into the Gulf of Mexico. This gigantic error was of the greatest possible aid to Columbus, as it turned out; but Columbus improved upon it. His theoretical measure of the earth's circumference was smaller than Toscanelli's, and when he put that astronomer's guess-work measure of Asia upon it, he carried Japan eastward even into the Atlantic, and held that you could reach it by sailing about two thousand five hundred miles due west from the Canary islands. This was not much longer than the voyage from Lisbon to the Guinea coast, and thus there could be no doubt as to the commercial advantage of braving the unknown terrors of the voyage across the open ocean.

Such was the scheme which Columbus had to urge upon his fellow-men for eighteen years before he could get the means for carrying it into practical operation. Like many scientific theories, as first formed it was a fairly even mixture of truth and error; but he was peculiarly fortunate in this, that the truth and the error alike helped him. Some of the Lisbon geographers urged against him that his estimate of the length of Asia was excessive. In this they were of course right; but if their wisdom had prevailed, no westward voyage would have been made, and the unknown continent between Portugal and Japan would have remained unknown until some other occasion had been evolved.

There were many elements in the complex character of Columbus beside that of the scientific navigator. The crusading spirit was strong in him. Alike as a Genoese and as a Christian he hated the Turk, and it was quite to his credit that he did so. He was an idealist, a poetic dreamer, a religious fanatic, a man hard for some people to understand. Viewed as a whole, his scheme was somewhat as follows:

God's kingdom on earth was to come. The bounds of Christendom were to be enlarged, and the unspeakable Turk was to be crushed. Old Crusaders had assailed the Infidel in front; but he would outflank him. He would gain access to the wealth of the Indies by a new and short cut across the Atlantic waves never before ploughed by European keels, and with his share of the profits of this great commercial enterprise he would equip such a vast army as would drive the Turk from Constantinople and set free the Holy Sepulchre.

Such was the noble, disinterested idea of Columbus. His young friend Las Casas, the purest and loftiest spirit of the sixteenth century, so understood it and honored its author; while modern writers, incapable of entering into the mood of a time so remote from our own, peck and carp at details wherein Columbus seems to offend their precious ideas of propriety, and wave him away with a Podsnap flourish, which of course always ends the matter. He was weak, we are told; he was selfish and avaricious, and after all he did not accomplish what he undertook to do. After all his fine promises he never set foot on the soil of Asia.

Well, it is a part of the irony with which this world is governed, that the bravest and most strenuous spirits are apt to concentrate their lives to some grand purpose, in the pursuit of which they strive and faint and die; and, after all is over, after death has sealed their eyelids and the voice of praise or blame is for them as nothing, it turns out that they have done a great and wonderful thing; but that great and wonderful thing is so far from being the object to which their arduous lives were concentrated, that if they could listen to the praise which posterity lavishes upon them, they would be daft with amazement. Well, they would say, we

never dreamt of this. These monuments that are reared to us with all this pomp and ceremony, we do not comprehend their meaning.

So might Columbus feel if he could be brought back to earth and witness what is going on to-day in all parts of this western world. What has been accomplished, as a result of his voyage of 1492, is something of which he never dreamed. He never meant to discover a New World, and he died without the slightest suspicion that he had made such a discovery. He died in obscurity and disgrace because he had not done the thing which he had set out to do; he had entailed fresh expenses upon his royal patrons instead of guiding them to boundless riches. When he died at Valladolid, on Ascension Day, 1506, the annals of that town, which mention everything of local interest great and small, from year to year, take no heed of the passing away of that great spirit. It was left for the events of later ages to clothe with adequate significance the events of 1492.

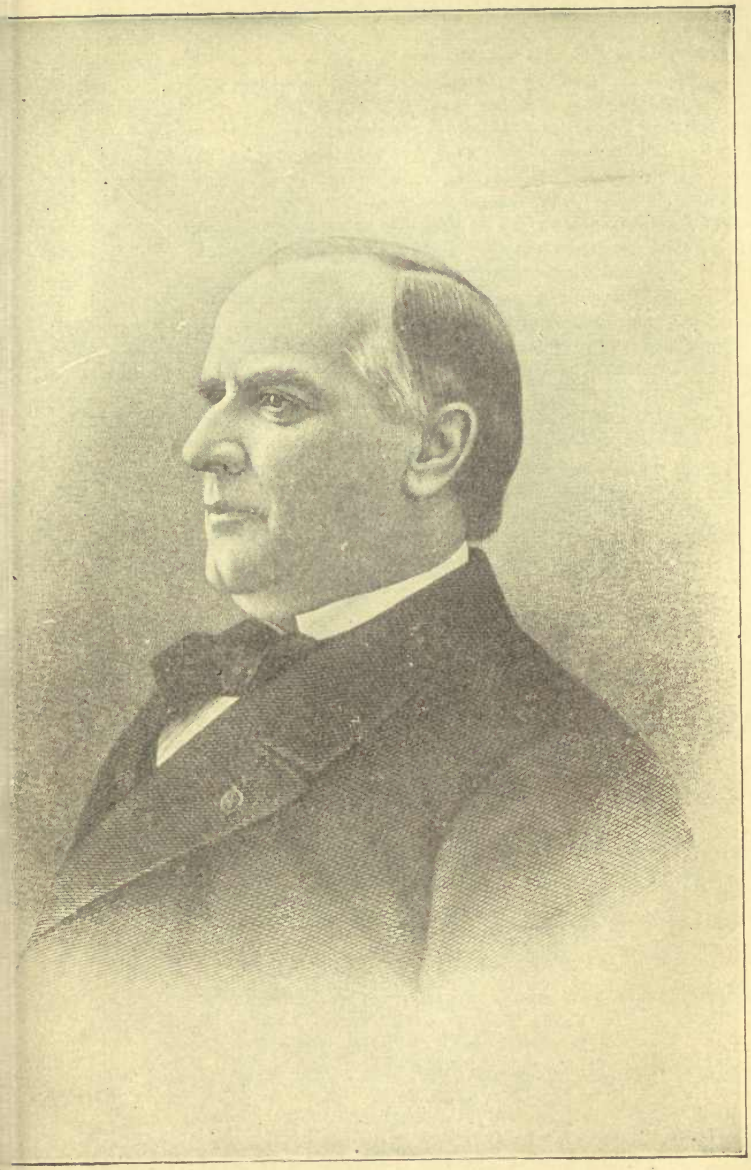
It was not until this western continent became the seat of a high civilization that the significance began to be realized, and to reflect upon the memory of Columbus the glory of which he was defrauded in his lifetime. And it was long before the course of events had taught men this new lesson. A hundred years ago little heed was paid to the anniversary of the discovery of America; but in France, amid the spasms of the Revolution, a few prize essays were written, and what, do you think, was their general purport? It was generally agreed that the discovery of America had been an almost unmitigated curse to mankind, because it had led to greater wars—such, for example, as the Seven Years' War—than had ever been seen before. Only one benefit, said these humanitarians, had come from the discovery, and that was

the use of quinine in averting fevers. But stay, said some of the prize essayists, to this general verdict of disparagement we can seem to see dimly one exception. Two or three million of English colonists are scattered along the coast of that unpromising wilderness; they have just won their independence; and in them rests the hope of mankind for the future of the western world. Theirs is the legacy of Columbus if they fulfill the promise with which they have started. Such was the purport of some of these ingenious prize essays a century ago. What will prize essayists or centennial orators a century hence be saying here in Boston?

Fellow-citizens, it rests with us to determine the answer to such a question. When one reads of Saul, who went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, one thinks of Columbus. But let the parable warn us. To Columbus we owe the fresh soil in which a nationality of the highest type has begun to be developed. Let us never forget that without the steadfast culture of the highest manhood in political life, the richest opportunities are no better than dust and chaff. The extension of God's kingdom on earth was the object nearest the heart of Columbus. It is our high duty and privilege to accept the legacy and defend it.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

WILLIAM McKINLEY, American Republican statesman, and 25th President of the United States, was born at Niles, O., Jan. 29, 1843, and died at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901, from wounds inflicted Sept. 6, by the hand of an assassin. He was educated at the public schools and took a brief academic course at Alleghany College, defraying the expense of his education by teaching school. In 1861, when but eighteen years old, he enlisted as a private in the 23d Ohio Volunteers, and served during the entire war, retiring with the rank of brevet-major "for gallant and meritorious service." On leaving the army, he studied law, and in 1867 was admitted to the Ohio Bar, settling in Canton, O., which he afterward made his home and where he secured a large law practice. In 1871, he married, and five years later was elected to Congress, and for over fourteen years was a continuous member thereof, serving meanwhile as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and introducing in 1890 the protectfve tariff measure known as the McKinley Bill. In 1891, he was elected Governor of Ohio, and in 1893 was again elected to that post by a largely increased majority. In 1896, he was nominated for the United States Presidency on a first ballot by more than a two-thirds vote, and was elected by a popular plurality of 300,000, receiving in the Electoral College 271 votes as against 176 cast for his Democratic opponent, Wm. J. Bryan, the uncompromising advocate of the free coinage of silver. Mr. McKinley's first administration was marked by troubles in Cuba, which led to the dispatch of the United States battleship "Maine" to Havana to guard American interests. This vessel was, on Feb. 15, 1898, blown up by a submarine mine; in spite of this Mr. McKinley still sought to obtain a peaceful solution of matters between Spain and her oppressed Cuban colonists, who had assumed the status of belligerents. In April following, the President sent a message to Congress advising that the United States should now interfere to stop hostilities in Cuba, though accompanying the advice with the caution that we should not as yet recognize the Cubans as belligerents. On April 20, 1898, war was declared, Congress directing that the military and naval forces of the United States be called out to secure Cuban independence. Following this came the naval victory (May 1st) in Manila Bay, the demonstration against Porto Rico, and the joint military and naval expedition against Spain's defences and forces in Cuba. With the fall of Santiago (July 14), came Spain's overtures for peace and the cession to the United States by treaty of Porto Rico, the evacuation of Cuba, and the occupation by the United States of the Philippines until circumstances decided what should afterwards be done with the latter archipelago. Meanwhile the Filipinos, under their leader Aguinaldo, continued in revolt and added to the problems which Mr. McKinley and his administration had to deal with. Mr. McKinley was however elected, in November, 1900, for a second term as President, having with him the good will and support of the nation, as well as the hearty alliance of Congress. The United States maintained the war against the



WILLIAM McKINLEY

Filipinos, though by July, 1901, military rule in the islands was superseded by the organization of civil government; while in March (23, 1901), Aguinaldo was captured by Brig.-Gen. Fred. Funston and later declared his allegiance to the United States. The United States had also meanwhile taken part with the European allies in China against the Boxers, who had besieged the Foreign Legations at Pekin. In this affair, Mr. McKinley's counsels and acts of administration further proved his discreet caution, as well as his high qualities as a statesman, and won for him the loyalty and admiration of the people. This was specially shown in the course of a visit he paid to the south and southwest in the spring of 1901, and by the welcome he received in September of that year at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., where, alas, he was to meet his death at the hand of the anarchist-assassin Czolgosz. His martyrdom brought out in a remarkable degree the homage and fealty of the nation, while special honor, accompanied by appropriate memorial exercises, was paid to his memory in all the chief capitals of Europe. The declaration of President Roosevelt, on his succession to the Chief Magistracy, that he proposed "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of the country" was in itself convincing testimony to the capacity and character of the late holder of the office, and this was later on emphasized by the reappointment of all the members of the McKinley cabinet, which meant the continuation of the financial, domestic, and foreign policy of his lamented predecessor. Mr. McKinley's devotion to the duties of his high office, his patriotism, which was above all personal ambition, and his wise guidance of the nation through a period of peril as well as of prosperity, were qualities which have won for him an honored and lasting place in the affection of the people.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM[1]

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CUYAHOGA COUNTY SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, JULY 4, 1894

Soldiers and Sailors of Cuyahoga County, My Comrades, and Fellow Citizens:

I WISH the whole world might have witnessed the sight we have just seen and have heard the song we have just listened to from the school children of the city of Cleveland. With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in our hands, there is no danger of anarchy and there is no danger to the American Union.

The place, the day, and the occasion upon which we

[1] By permission from the "History of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers and Sailors Monument." Copyright by William J. Gleason.

assemble, fill us with patriotic emotion. They are happily and appropriately united. The old Monumental Square is filled with hallowed memories. This day registers the birthday of the Declaration of Independence; and this monument that we dedicate to-day attests that every promise of that declaration has been kept and performed. Standing in this presence, I am reminded that this public square has witnessed many interesting and memorable events. The first that I recall was on the tenth day of September, 1860, when the monument to Commodore Perry was unveiled on this square. It was a deeply interesting occasion. An immense crowd thronged this city as it throngs it to-day. Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, with his staff and State officers, and the members of the Legislature of that State, and the Providence Light Infantry, participated in the interesting ceremony. Governor Dennison, the first war governor Ohio ever had, delivered the address of welcome. General J. W. Fitch, remembered by the older citizens of Cleveland, was the Grand Marshal of the day, and General Barnett, whose distinguished services in the war are yet fresh in the memory of the people, and who now participates in these ceremonies, was in command of the Cleveland Light Artillery Regiment. The great historian, George Bancroft, delivered the principal address of the day. It was probably, my fellow citizens, the greatest celebration that Cuyahoga County had seen up to that time. It was on this ground, too, that the Soldiers and Sailors Aid Society of Northern Ohio, ay of the whole country, was organized, and some of the noble mothers who were at the birth of that organization are seated upon this platform to-day. These noble women gave unselfish devotion to the country, and money from all this section of the State poured

into the coffers of that association for the relief of the men at the front who were sustaining the flag. It was in this square, too, that the remains of the martyred Lincoln, the great emancipator, rested as they journeyed to his Western home. It was on this very spot, almost where we stand to-day, that the whole population of Ohio viewed for the last time him who had been captain of all our armies under the Constitution, and whose death was a sacrifice to the great cause of freedom and the Union.

Here, too, my fellow citizens, on this very spot, the remains of the immortal Garfield lay in state, attended by the Congress of the United States, by the supreme judiciary of the Nation, by the officers of the Army and the Navy of the United States, by the governors and legislators of all the surrounding States. The steady tread of a mourning State and Nation was uninterrupted through the entire night. It was here that the people looked upon his face for the last time forever.

Interesting, my fellow citizens, and patriotic, as the scenes witnessed in the past have been, I venture to say that none of them has stirred so many memories, or quickened such patriotic feeling as the services we perform to-day in the dedication of this beautiful structure to the memory of the loyal soldiers and sailors who contributed their lives to save the government from dissolution. Cuyahoga County can well be proud of this great memorial. It is a fitting tribute to the soldiers living and the soldiers dead. Cuyahoga's sons were represented in nearly every branch of the military service. Almost every Ohio regiment received some contribution from Cuyahoga County, whether in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, on land or on sea. Whether among white troops or colored troops Cuyahoga County's

sons were found, they were always found at the post of greatest danger.

Nothing has so impressed me in the programme to-day as the organization of the old soldiers, carrying with them their tattered flags, which they bore a third of a century ago upon the fields of war. More than sixty of the old regimental flags will be carried by the survivors of their respective regiments, and the flag room at the capitol at Columbus could not supply the men of Cuyahoga County all the flags which they are entitled to bear. Is it any wonder that these old soldiers love to carry the flags under which they fought, and for which their brave comrades gave up their lives?

Is it any wonder that the old soldier loves the flag under whose folds he fought and for which his comrades shed so much blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sanctified by the blood of our best and our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world. Our flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other national emblem. It expresses the will of a free people, and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign but

themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up to smite the assailant. Glorious old banner!

When the Stars and Stripes were hauled down on Sumter, flags without number were raised above every fireside in the land; and all the glorious achievements which that flag represented, with all its hallowed memories, glowed with burning fervor in the heart of every lover of liberty and the Union. The mad assault which was made upon the flag at that time aroused its defenders and kindled a patriotism which could not be quenched until it had extinguished the unholy cause which assaulted our holy banner.

What more beautiful conception than that which prompted Abra Kohn, of Chicago, in February, 1861, to send to Mr. Lincoln, on the eve of his starting to Washington to take the office of President to which he had been elected, a flag of our country, bearing upon its silken folds these words from the fifth and ninth verses of the first chapter of Joshua: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord our God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. There shall no man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Could anything have given Mr. Lincoln more cheer or been better calculated to sustain his courage or strengthen his faith in the mighty work before him? Thus commanded, thus assured, Mr. Lincoln journeyed to the capital, where he took the oath of office and registered in heaven an oath to save the Union; and "the Lord our God" was with him and did not fail nor forsake him until every obligation of oath and duty was sacredly kept and honored. Not any man was able to stand before him.

Liberty was enthroned, the Union was saved, and the flag which he carried floated in triumph and glory upon every flagstaff of the Republic.

What does this monument mean? It means the immortal principle of patriotism. It means love of country. It means sacrifices for the country we love. It means, not only love of country, but love of liberty! This alone could have inspired over two million eight hundred thousand Union soldiers to leave home and family and to offer to die if need be for our imperilled institutions. Love of country alone could have inspired three hundred thousand men to die for the Union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained one hundred and seventy-five thousand brave men, who suffered and starved and died in Rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the five hundred thousand maimed and diseased who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the remainder of their patriot lives. It is a noble patriotism and it impels you, my fellow countrymen, to erect this magnificent monument to their honor and memory. And similar love of country will inspire your remotest decendants to do homage to their valor and bravery forever.

This is what the monument means. The lesson it conveys to the present and all future generations. It means that the cause in which they died was a righteous one, and it means that the cause which triumphed through their valor shall be perpetuated for all time.

Charles Sumner said that President Lincoln was put to death by the enemies of the Declaration of Independence; but, said Sumner, though dead, he would always continue to guard that title-deed of the human race. So that it does

seem to me that every time we erect a new monument to the memory of the Union soldiers and sailors we are cementing the very foundations of the government itself. We are doing that which will strengthen our devotion to free institutions and insure their permanency for the remotest posterity. We are not only rendering immortal the fame of the men who participated in the war by these magnificent structures, but we are doing better than that. We are making immortal the principles for which they contended and the Union for which they died.

Their erection may be a matter of comparatively little importance or concern to the Union soldiers who are still living, but no one can accurately foretell the value and importance of their influence upon the young men and the young women from whom the Republic must draw her future defenders. Every time we erect a monument, every time we do honor to the soldiers of the Republic, we reaffirm our devotion to the country, to the glorious flag, to the immortal principles of liberty, equality, and justice, which have made the United States unrivalled among the nations of the world. The union of these States must be perpetual. That is what our brave boys died for. That is what this monument must mean; and such monuments as this are evidences that the people intend to take care that the great decrees of war shall be unquestioned and supreme.

The unity of the Republic is secure so long as we continue to honor the memory of the men who died by the tens of thousands to preserve it. The dissolution of the Union is impossible so long as we continue to inculcate lessons of fraternity, unity, and patriotism, and erect monuments to perpetuate these sentiments.

Such monuments as these have another meaning, which is one dear to the hearts of many who stand by me. It is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation's later birth of freedom and the people's gain of their own sovereignty shall not perish from the earth. That is what this monument means. That is the lesson of true patriotism, that what was won in war shall be worn in peace.

But we must not forget, my fellow countrymen, that the Union which these brave men preserved, and the liberties which they secured, places upon us, the living, the gravest responsibility. We are the freest government on the face of the earth. Our strength rests in our patriotism. Anarchy flees before patriotism. Peace and order and security and liberty are safe so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people. It should not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our own laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our own laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law and for the law and by the law.

LAST SPEECH

DELIVERED AT BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 5th, THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS ASSASSINATED

President Milburn, Director-General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I AM glad again to be in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose goodwill I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the Republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational and, as such, instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the in-

spiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves, or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less in the future.

Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted.

Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army

on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instanter of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbi

tration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, nor of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvellous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening

the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of goodwill and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between

the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear;

this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Gentlemen: Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, P. C., M. P., an eminent English author and politician, was born at Chelsea, near London, Sept. 4, 1843, and was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge University. After being called to the Bar in 1866 at the Middle Temple, London, he devoted the next two years to extended travel in the United States and the English colonies, the results of which appeared in 1868 in his book, "Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries." The work achieved a great success. In 1868, he entered Parliament as member for Chelsea, and in his early parliamentary career addressed the House mainly on foreign, Indian, and colonial topics. In 1869, he succeeded his father in a baronetcy created in 1862. His public expression of a preference for a republic instead of a constitutional monarchy was the cause of much opposition to his reëlection in 1874; his opponent was nevertheless defeated. Prior to 1880, Dilke was instrumental in securing the municipal suffrage for women, the abolition of the barbarous penalty of drawing and quartering, and the extension of polling hours at metropolitan elections, by what was known as Dilke's Act. In 1880, he was appointed in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and while in office was chairman of the Royal Commission which arranged a commercial treaty with France in 1882. In the same year he became president of the Local Government Board, and in 1884 chairman of the Commission on Housing the Working Classes. He failed of reëlection to Parliament in 1886, but in 1892 reëntered the House of Commons as member for the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire. He is the owner of the well-known London literary weekly, "The Athenæum," and is also proprietor of "Notes and Queries." Besides the work on "Greater Britain," and many contributions to reviews and other periodicals, he has published "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," a clever political satire (1874); "The Eastern Question" (1878); "Parliamentary Reform" (1879); "The Present Position of European Politics" (1887); "The British Army" (1888); "Problems of Greater Britain" (1890); "Imperial Defence" (1891); "Army Reform"; and "The British Empire" (1899).

COST OF THE CROWN

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, NOVEMBER 6, 1871

I AM announced, I see, to speak to-night on "Representation and Royalty," and if I say more of Royalty than I do of Representation it will be for two good reasons. The one is that I believe that many of you have seen a report

of a speech I delivered the other day at Manchester upon Representation, and that you know something of my views upon that subject. The other is that I hear that you are exercised in your minds about Royalty and want to compare notes with me upon that serious subject.

As to representation I intend next session to ask the House of Commons to declare that an attempt ought to be made, and made soon, to give equal weight to the votes of electors in whatever part of the country they reside, and that the scandal of 13,000 electors in Newcastle (and 40,000 in Hackney) having only two members, while 136 in Portarlington have a member to themselves, should cease.

I showed that divisions often took place when the minority represented more voters than the majority. I showed that in the division upon the election expenses, we who voted with the government and were beaten by 96 represented nevertheless more voters than the majority, who voted for excluding poor men from Parliament.

I showed, too, that certain tiny minorities, when examined from this point of view, often revealed the fact that, although very few in number, the members who voted in them represented all the populous and intelligent towns. The vote against the annuity to Prince Arthur is one of those which show a far greater real support when examined in this way than when counted roughly by the number of members; and this is indeed so markedly the case that I may be perhaps excused if I wander somewhat into a defence of those who took that course. The 53 who voted with Mr. Dixon for reduction represented 766,000 voters, and the 11 who voted root and branch against having these grants at all were mostly members for large towns.

It has been attempted to show that the question was one

not worth raising, and as it has even been put by some, one which it was shabby to raise. The first statement rests upon the belief that the whole cost of the Royal Family is £385,000 a year, and the second upon an idea that there was an arrangement at the beginning of the reign by which such annuities and dowries as have been lately applied for should fall upon the Consolidated Fund.

Now, as I believe both these statements to be erroneous, but as both ideas are at the same time widely spread, it would not be altogether out of place if I were to show that those who in the large constituencies objected to this grant seem to have had strong arguments on their side.

In the first place, let us consider what in this country Royalty may be supposed to cost; and, when we have done that, then let us turn to the arrangement which it is believed was made and by which we are said to be morally bound. We have first to deal with the sum of £372,000 a year expended upon the Privy Purse and upon the Household, to which I add the Royal Bounty and Royal Alms, which amount to £13,000, making up the sum to £385,000. We next have £131,000 of annuities of a similar kind to that which we lately had to consider; the income of the Duchy of Lancaster, £32,000; that of Cornwall, £63,000; the interest on lump sums which have been paid to the various members of the Family still living, of about £10,000,—making up £621,000.

Steam packets, insignia, presents (such as those given by Prince Alfred in India and Australia), pensions to royal servants, rangerships of parks not borne upon the Civil List, make £7,000 more; and military and naval pay to various members of the Family about another £20,000. The palaces, omitting Hampton Court, which is a public show-place, are £47,000 more.

I speak now only of the yearly charge on us, but sometimes sums which should by rights have come to the nation have been swallowed up in the palaces,—for instance, in 1849, £53,000 obtained by the sale of the Pavilion at Brighton was sunk in Buckingham Palace, as vast sums had previously been sunk by George IV. On Windsor Park there is a deficit in the Woods and Forests' account, and that deficit, of £12,000, about represents the cost of the keepers, game, and other royal as contrasted with public expenses in reference to the park. This makes £707,000, which is the end of the figures that are of a certain and very tangible character.

Beyond this we have two large sums, as to one of which we can be fairly accurate; as to the other of which we can give nothing but a guess. The first of them is the cost of the Guards. It would be totally unfair to set down anything like the whole cost of these regiments to the account of Royalty; because the infantry are good troops and are available as part of the regular army.

I regret that it is not in my power to say as much for the cavalry of the Guards—the Life Guards and Horse Guards, as they are called. I do not speak of the stampede of their horses when the geese sounded the alarm at Chobham, but their cumbersomeness and unsuitability to modern war were amply demonstrated in my presence on several occasions during the Hampshire campaign, and especially in the first battle, at Seale.

I calculate that the cost of the Guards, over and above the cost of an equal number of the Line, including an increased expenditure caused by the expensive nature of their barracks in the immediate neighborhood of royal palaces, would be about £100,000. I believe that it is not easy to overrate

the evil effect upon any army of the existence of privileged corps.

The first act of the French Republic, after the demoralized Empire was upset—no, not the first—the first was the abolition of the Senate, the French House of Lords—but the second, was the abolition of the privileges of the Imperial Guard and its fusion with the regular army.

At Sédan they had painful experience of the value of *corps d'élite*, and things had come to such a pass that the troops used to hiss when the *Cent Garde* went by. Even the royal warrant on promotion in the army, issued last week, contains traces of the evil of which I speak.

The Guards are excepted from the warrant, and the pages of honor to the Queen are carefully allowed, by special favor, to enter the army without that examination to which less-favored mortals have to submit.

You have been told that the army has been "bought back from the officers" at a cost of eight or ten millions: that purchase has been abolished: that it is of vital importance that entrance to the army should be by open competition, and then you have at once an exception made in favor of these young gentlemen which destroys the whole moral value of your rule.

The other of the sums is, as I believe, the largest of all the separate items of expenditure connected with the Royal Family, and that is the cost of the royal yachts. We all of us have heard the stories of the harm done to the naval service at the time of the Crimean war—both actual and incidental harm of a moral nature—by the diverting of the service of men who ought to have been employed upon our warships to the finishing for the Queen of one of the royal yachts,—the "Victoria and Albert," I believe.

But few of us are aware of the vast expenditure which

still and at all times goes on upon royal yachts—expenditure for building, for repairs, for coals, for seamen's wages, for pensions to the late officers and seamen of the yachts—an expenditure which at the least cannot be less than another £100,000 a year, and which, having taken great pains to ascertain the facts, I believe very largely to exceed that sum.

Several able-bodied men I found employed all the year round at painting the ornamented fire-buckets for these yachts. This makes the total figure £906,000, and I think that, speaking roughly, you may say that the positive and direct cost of Royalty is about £1,000,000 a year.

The indirect cost,—in the harm, for instance, done to the army by the privileges of the Guards—I of course cannot assess. In addition to the increase that I have mentioned, it is worth remembering that the Royal Family are the only persons in the kingdom who pay no taxes; and even those annuities which we have lately granted are expressly freed from all taxes, assessments, and charges.

It is strange, with regard to the Queen's income, that this should be the case, seeing that Sir Robert Peel stated to the House of Commons, when about to introduce the Income Tax Bill in 1842, that her Majesty, "prompted by those feelings of deep and affectionate interest in the welfare of her people which she had ever manifested, stated to him that if . . . Parliament should . . . subject all incomes to a certain charge, it was her determination that her own income should be subjected to a similar burden."

I need hardly say that all these enormous sums of money are not well spent, and it is almost worth a few minutes' time to see in what kind of manner they do contrive to disappear. The salaries in the Royal Household, which amount to £131,

000 a year, include a vast number of totally useless officials,—Chamberlains, Comptrollers, Masters of Ceremonies, Marshals of the Household, Grooms of the Robes, Lords-in-Waiting, Grooms-in-Waiting, Gentlemen Ushers, and a few persons who appear to perform services, but who ought to be paid for those services as they perform them, and not be made permanent officials with great titles of honor, such, for instance, as the Historical Painter to the Queen, Portrait-Painter to the Queen, and the Lithographer in Ordinary.

Under the Lord Steward's department, and the department of the Master of the Horse, we have such officers as the Coroner of the Household, and the Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal, whose duties are not of a very burdensome description. Nothing is more singular than the constitution of the medical department. You would hardly credit the number of medical gentlemen who are required for the service of the household, but I am aware that some of them are unpaid. There are three Physicians in Ordinary, three Physicians Extraordinary, one Sergeant-Surgeon Extraordinary, two Serjeant-Surgeons, three Surgeons Extraordinary, one Physician of the Household, one Surgeon-Apothecary, two Chemists of the Establishment in Ordinary, one Surgeon-Oculist, one Surgeon-Dentist, one Dentist in Ordinary, and one other Physician—or twenty-one in all; while the Prince of Wales has for his special benefit three Honorary Physicians, two Physicians in Ordinary, two Surgeons in Ordinary, one Surgeon Extraordinary, one Chemist in Ordinary—or eleven more, making thirty-two doctors in the Family.

I should be almost afraid of tiring anybody who listened to me when I went over the list of strange officers of which the household is made up,—Lord High Almoner, whose duties consist, I believe, in giving away, on certain mysterious days,

silver twopenny pieces, made on purpose for him at the Mint; Sub-Almoner, Hereditary Grand Almoner, Master of the Buckhounds, Clerk of the Check, Clerk of the Closet, Exons in Waiting, and last, but not least, the Hereditary Grand Falconer,—the Duke of St. Albans,—who might perhaps with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1,200 a year, be created Hereditary Grand Pigeon-Shooter in Ordinary.

If we turn to the Lord Steward's department we come at once upon a mysterious Board of Green Cloth, as it is called, at the head of which are the Lord Steward, the Treasurer, the Comptroller of the Household, and the Master of the Household, with a perfect army of secretaries and clerks, and with special secretaries, with special offices, and with special salaries, in each of these sections of the department.

In the Kitchen department, we have a Chief Cook and four Master Cooks, receiving salaries of between £2,000 and £3,000 a year between the five; and a host of confederates, some of whom have duties that I cannot even guess at—such, for instances, as the two "Green Office" men. There are whole departments the duties of which cannot be very considerable, one would think, or, at all events, not considerable enough to warrant their being made into departments of the Household—for instance, the Confectionery Department and the Ewer Department, while the duty of table-decking employs no less than five persons, who have salaries of between £500 and £600 a year in all.

Now, I have said already that a great deal of this expenditure brings no benefit in any shape to members of the Royal Family, and that it is largely an expenditure upon mere sinecures, but at the same time the expenditure could be curtailed. No one can doubt but that the Queen might

abolish these offices if she chose, and that if, as I believe, she has no right to abolish them and take over the consequent savings to her own use, Parliamentary powers for the abolition of offices—taking the saving to the public—would gladly be given to the Treasury and the Crown.

Indeed there can be no doubt, as it seems to me, but that it is the duty of those who are the responsible Ministers of the Crown to advise the Queen to abolish them; because many of the chief offices in the Household are notoriously made use of for political purposes, and those members of the Household who have seats in the House of Commons are expected to vote against independent members just as steadily as though they were political members of the Government.

The bad tone, moreover, that is set by the retention of these ridiculous sinecures extends far beyond the limits of the Household, and does much toward continuing the political demoralization in high places which all of us deplore.

To come back, however, to where we were. We have shown an expenditure of nearly £1,000,000 a year upon the Royal Family, and the question with which we started still remains—whether, in the face of so large an expenditure by the nation, it is necessary or even just to ask for more? In considering this question we cannot, I think, put out of sight the fact that, besides the great sums which the Crown draws from Parliament, the present occupant of the throne and her eldest son are both known to be possessed of considerable property.

The Prince of Wales, when he came of age, received, it is said, £750,000, the accumulations of his income during his minority; and the Queen received on one occasion a legacy of two thirds that amount—sums which together ought of

themselves alone to produce an additional income of £50,000 a year.

Besides the Crown lands, which they do not enjoy, the Royal Family are owners of private lands, which are in fact that which the Crown lands are said to be, but in fact are not,—namely, the private property of the Queen, in the sense in which Belvoir Castle is the property of the Duke of Rutland. Of course, if there were a positive understanding that annuities should be granted to the sons as they came of age, and annuities and dowries to the daughters, that understanding might be held to bind those who had consented to it, although it is questionable how far, after a lapse of five-and-thirty years, it would bind those who had become the voters of the country since that time.

But we deny that any such understanding can be found; and I believe that now it is pretty much given up, and that we have heard the last of it, although Mr. Arthur Peel last week at Warwick spoke of it as a "solemn compact." But the argument that is now relied upon is that the Crown lands should be set off against these grants.

This is a large subject to go into, but I will state briefly my reasons for thinking it a pernicious heresy. These lands are not the lands of the King as an individual, but of the King as king—that is, they are public lands. They do not include the lands which various members of the Family or the present Queen have bought with money saved out of the votes of Parliament, or out of the revenues of the Duchies—such as Sandringham and Osborne, lands which in my opinion it is, for political reasons, most undesirable that the Royal Family should possess.

The Crown lands, if ever they were private property at all, have been confiscated ten times over. If they were not

confiscated at the great Rebellion and only conditionally restored at the Restoration, they were thoroughly confiscated at the time of the flight of James the Second.

Hallam, in writing of the first Parliament of Charles the Second, says that, "they provided various resources," of which one branch was the Crown lands, which he classes with the ordinary revenues, such as customs and excise. The fact is that no one who has examined the tenure of these lands can possibly come to any conclusion except that they are lands wholly within the authority and control of Parliament.

If they are private lands of the Crown, and there is a contract lasting only for the reign; if at the end of this reign they are to be given over to the Prince of Wales, then I want to know why these annuities we are granting now are to be made perpetual. If all is true that is said by the Court about these singular arrangements, then I say that these annuities should be granted only up to a demise of the Crown and no further.

If, indeed, all be true that has been said of late about the private character of the interest of the Crown in these lands, then I say that we should be justified in refusing to plant with oak timber any of those lands that are now in our possession; because those trees cannot in the nature of things grow into value before the next settlement of this question comes to be made.

Those of the Crown Lands which are not used either for the public recreation or for purposes of revenue should in some shape be charged to the Crown—for instance, many of those in London and at Windsor; but I shrink before the difficulties of assessing their money value, and merely name the matter in order that it may be seen that I have by no means exhausted the question of expenditure.

So much as I have said up to the present time has been founded upon public documents which are or may be in everybody's hands. But I have now to go somewhat further, and to inquire into the credibility of statements which have lately been made, which are only partly founded upon proof, and which rest in part upon assertion.

In a pamphlet which has been lately published it is clearly shown that the Civil List was carefully allotted by Parliament to various distinct branches of expenditure, and not fixed as a compensation for any revenues that the Crown has given up, but upon a calculation, derived from the expenditure of the last reign, of the probable future amount of the salaries of the Household and of tradesmen's bills.

The Committee of the House of Commons which sat to settle the amount of the Civil List at the beginning of the reign never took into account the revenues of the Crown lands, and, indeed, never seem to have heard of the doctrine with respect to those lands which has lately been laid down by Liberal Ministers. As is shown by the pamphlet to which I refer, and shown, I know, with accuracy, the Committee considered only the actual past expenditure of former kings, and the probable future expenditure of the present Queen. So much is a matter of fact and capable of proof. The House of Commons went further than to fix the amount as a whole. It divided it under the various heads, and fixed the amount in each division; and so careful was the House of Commons as to put these divisions into the schedule of the Act.

A clause in the Act lays it down that the saving in any one class cannot be carried to any other, and the powers given to the Lords of the Treasury to apply savings at the end of the year clearly contemplate only trifling variations

in the expenditure from year to year, its general character for the reign having been immutably fixed by the House of Commons at the beginning of the reign itself. This, again, is a matter of fact and capable of proof.

Now, in answer to a question by Mr. Dixon, Mr. Gladstone stated, not long ago, that some of the sinecure offices in the Household had been abolished. To whom has the saving gone? Is it to the Privy Purse of the Queen? If not, where else? The amounts are not voted. They go straight, under the Act, out of the Consolidated Fund. The saving, therefore, cannot reach the public. All this again is a matter of fact. But what is only a matter of strong suspicion is of a far more serious character, because the amounts in question are much larger: that is, the saving upon menial offices and upon tradesmen's bills.

The £172,000-and-odd a year, for instance, that used to be spent on tradesmen's bills when the Court kept up great splendor,—how much of that is spent now, when there is no Court at all? Where does the £100,000 a year, or whatever may be the amount, saved under this head—where does that go? Does it go to the Queen for her private use?—that is to say, for her private saving, because the money is not and cannot be spent.

And, if so, looking to the fact that the money was allotted by the House of Commons with the distinct object of maintaining that former state, has there not been a diversion of public moneys for which the advisers of the Crown are responsible, almost amounting to a malversion?

Now, that is the question which rests, not upon absolute proof, but only upon very strong suspicion; and, as it has now been stated with great ability in a pamphlet that has been widely circulated, it is about time that some investigation into

the facts should take place. All that I can say is that I have read the pamphlet with care, having already had considerable acquaintance with the subject of which it treats, and that I am able to declare that the writer has made out a prima facie case which requires the most careful and complete answer, if it is not to be held good; and, speaking for myself, I think that he has proved his position, that it was intended that the money allotted by the House of Commons to the Crown should be spent, and that it should not accumulate to form a private fortune for Queen Victoria as an individual.

I think that he has shown that there is the strongest probability, almost amounting to a certainty, that large accumulations have taken place, and that, if so, these accumulations, made by the connivance of the Treasury, are directly in the teeth of the Act of Parliament.

It now becomes my duty to offer to you certain remarks of a more general character, and, indeed, of more moment, as it seems to me, than those to which you have been willing to lend your attention.

It is impossible to discuss this subject without referring to Mr. Disraeli's speech to the inhabitants of the village near his house, made not long ago in proposing the Queen's health. Speaking of the duties of the holder of the Crown, he said that an erroneous impression was prevalent with respect to them. He said that they were "multifarious," that they were "weighty," and that they were "unceasing." Now we know that they were "unceasing," but very few people had any idea that they were "weighty." Weighty means more than laborious.

Mr. Disraeli went on the next moment to call them "laborious," and he never uses two words which mean the same

thing. He explained what he meant by "weighty," and these were his most serious words:

"There is not a despatch received from abroad, nor one sent from this country, which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual; and of our present Sovereign it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purport and of which she did not approve."

Now, I call these most serious words, and I think if you consider them you will say that they are such. They divide themselves into two parts—Foreign and Home—and the statement is much stronger with regard to Home affairs than with regard to Foreign. No despatch received or sent that is not submitted to the Queen! Well, it may be, of course, that this word "submitted" means only here that the Queen is made aware of that which is spoken to the Foreign Minister by Foreign Powers, or by him to them. It may mean this, or is may mean more; but the statement with regard to Home will repeat the words:

"The whole internal administration of the country greatly depends upon the sign-manual, and of our present Sovereign it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not approve."

Now, what does this mean, if it is true, but personal government? I cannot believe that it is true. I do not believe it is a fact. But here is Mr. Disraeli—a man no doubt of fine imagination, and who may perhaps unconsciously color things in stating them—here is Mr. Disraeli saying that nothing in this country can be done without the Queen's sign-manual, and that the Queen signs nothing she does not approve.

What does the Emperor of Russia do more than that? What occurs if the Queen does not approve? You would answer that, the country being under a constitutional monarchy, the Minister resigns, and that the Queen is forced by the constitution to find a Minister who agrees with her before she can carry out her views; that if the late Minister was backed up by the country she would be unable to do this, and that therefore no harm can be done. No doubt this is very true of all great matters, but how about small? When have we ever heard in modern times of a Minister resigning because of the expression by the "Sovereign," to use Mr. Disraeli's favorite word, of a will adverse to his opinion? Never!

Yet he tells us that the Queen never signs anything that she does not approve, and that nothing can be done without her signature. Does, then, the Minister give way when she does not approve? and are things left undone that would otherwise have been done, and things altered that are done, because of the personal will of the monarch? Or, are we to accept the opposite alternative, that, whatever Minister is in office—Conservative, Whig, or Radical—the Queen's political conscience is of such a nature as to admit of her fully approving of everything that he does?

For the life of me I cannot conceive what Mr. Disraeli means. If we adopt the latter alternative it is one little flattering to the intelligence of the Sovereign whose character Mr. Disraeli has described; and if we adopt the former it affords us a view of constitutional monarchy in which it is impossible to distinguish it from the autocracy that all of us condemn.

Let us consider, again, how greatly Mr. Disraeli's theory of our administrative system, if we are to accept it as a cor-

rect one, increases that waste of time and labor which arises from the circumstance that her Majesty, neglecting the palaces which are maintained for her at the public cost, prefers to dwell at her private residences—Osborne and Balmoral.

At one or the other of these distant places a member of the Government has to be constantly in attendance, and thither every despatch, however pressing, must be sent.

To return for a moment to the considerations of cost with which I began this speech: I have shown that it is enormous, and that the expenditure is chiefly not waste, but mischief. What are the two departments, for instance, over which we have not as yet succeeded in establishing a sound parliamentary control? The Army for one, and the Woods and Forests for another. In both of these cases the influence at work which has hitherto proved too strong for the House of Commons is that of the Court.

In the latter instance, we stand still with folded hands before the profligate waste at Windsor; and speechless in the face of the Minister's declaration of adherence to opinions which were obsolete in the times of the Stuarts. In the former—that of the Army—we have a Royal Duke, not necessarily the fittest man, at the head of it by right of birth, and the Prince of Wales, who would never be allowed a command in time of war, put to lead the cavalry division in the autumn manœuvres, thus robbing working officers of the position and of the training which they had a title to expect.

Now, institutions are not good or bad in themselves, so much as good or bad when judged by their working, and we are told that a limited monarchy works well. I set aside, in this speech, the question of whether in this country a republic would work better: but I confess freely that I doubt

whether, if the charges to which I have to-night alluded are well founded, the monarchy should not set its house in order.

There is a widespread belief that a republic here is only a matter of education and of time. It is said that some day a commonwealth will be our government. Now, history and experience show that you cannot have a republic without you possess at the same time the republican virtues; but you answer, Have we not public spirit? have we not the practice of self-government? are we not gaining general education? Well, if you can show me a fair chance that a republic here will be free from the political corruption that hangs about the monarchy, I say, for my part—and I believe that the middle classes in general will say—let it come.

EDWARD A. KIMBALL

EDWARD A. KIMBALL, C.S.D., of Chicago, Ill., was born at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1845, and has lived in Chicago since 1865. He was for twenty years a manufacturer, and retired from business in 1888. In that year Mr. Kimball was healed by Christian Science of what was considered an incurable ailment, and in consequence of that healing began to investigate the subject. He studied Christian Science in several of the classes taught by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, and has been for about fourteen years actively engaged in the study and demonstration of its truths. Mr. Kimball is now normal class teacher in The Massachusetts Metaphysical College of Boston, and is a member of the "Christian Science Board of Lectureship."

ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1899

I ASK you for the moment to let your thought traverse a long stretch of centuries and rest on one of the most dramatic scenes of all history.

In the midst of this scene is a man in bonds and at bay. Having actually communed with God, having felt the very touch of a divine afflatus, this man, taught and impelled by infinite wisdom, stood forth an avowed disciple of the Christ which heals and redeems. His sturdy manhood had been chastened and ennobled by divine revelation, by discipline and experience, and by the descent of the holy Spirit. In

the midst of a besotted generation his moral, ethical, and spiritual culture had exalted him so far above the countless millions of the earth that he stood there an instance of sublime isolation, almost alone on the earth, with hardly one solitary companion of all the race who had touched the supreme height of his own ascended thought.

Because of his responsive obedience to divine leading this lone minister of God was arraigned before the bar of public opinion, which was inflamed with rage at him who had dared to reform the sinner, to heal the sick, and to preach the immortality of life and hope of salvation in disregard of the theories of the schools and of a sensuous system of pretence and hypocrisy which it were mockery to call religion.

Permitted to speak for himself, conscious of the Divine presence and nature, and animated by the same mind which was also in Christ, he turned to a lost race and with unspeakable but hopeless compassion uttered this demand: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Paul was confronted by a race of materialists who had no consciousness of being that was above the level of the material senses. To see, hear, smell, taste, and feel was the sum of existence to them. In their opinion matter was intelligence, substance, and life, and all that they include. Even their sense of God was material, opaque, spiritless; an utter misconception of Deity, without God and without Mind. This false stratum of consciousness, devoid of any supersensible capacity to discern the reality of God, is less than man, because it is less than the intelligence which Paul says must be spiritually discerned. The Apostle, having gained some measure of divine Intelligence, stood there as the representative of the Mind and Wisdom that is God.

His accusers, steeped in the barren traditions of a sensuous philosophy and religion, were governed by the "carnal mind," which is enmity against God, against Life, and therefore against the life of man. Before him was a generation whose material sense of being had involved it in a carnival of sin, violence, and disease. Wherever the gaze turns, it finds that poet and philosopher, politician and religionist, prince and plebeian, were all on a dead level with matter and utterly without knowledge of the scientific fact that the normal and natural mentality of man is supersensible or spiritual. An ignorant sense of being sat in the place of God or Truth, and had established in the consciousness of mortals the reign of sin, sickness, and death, and this same erroneous sense has since maintained its tenure by claiming these to be ordained of God, to be the natural and inevitable concomitants of being.

To this ignorant and tumultuous state of humanity Jesus preached the gospel of healing through the power of divine Intelligence. In that day the carnal mind, true to its nature, declared that Jesus was of the devil. Paul's appeal brought forth from Festus the accusation, "Much learning hath made thee mad," and to-day the same revealed Truth, urging itself through Christian Science, elicits from the same carnal mind ridicule, assault, and defamation, the abuse which a bigoted and limited mentality usually bestows on that which it cannot understand.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" For what reason is it that this appeal strikes such dull ears or stirs the antagonism of the materialist? It is because, first, he has an utter misconception of what God really is; second, he has a misconception of what causes sickness and death; and, third, he is ignorant

of the proper and scientific means of cure. The materialist dwells wholly within the finite. He cannot possibly depict in consciousness anything that is higher in the scale of being than matter. Hence his sense of God or infinity is wholly finite. He declares that God or Spirit is Omniscience—All-Knowledge—and then assumes that intelligence is in matter. His sense is that Deity is man-God; that is to say, that God is some object to be cognized hereafter by the senses, and that on a large scale He acts very much as a man would act, —capricious, tentative, changeable, full of experiments and expedients; involved in all sorts of evil, and under the necessity of making use of evil in order to bring out the possibilities of good. His sense is that God has created everything, and therefore has created all the evil; hence that the evils called sickness and death are divinely instituted and in accordance with the law of God. This theory involves not only the assumption that God has created man with his ultimate destruction in view, but also involves the monstrous doctrine that He has created a considerable portion of the race in accordance with a system of foreordained or prenatal damnation. The materialist believes that God has created the ferocity of beasts and provided for the hereditary transmission of countless ills, and he denominates nearly every disaster as a "visitation of God."

Accordng to popular belief, God strikes dead the infant at its mother's breast, and in turn removes the mother from her helpless brood, despite the agonizing prayers that appeal for deliverance.

The man-made creeds depict a repellant God whose plan of existence includes the sureness of agony, disaster, and death; the certainty of a tortured and wrecked manhood as the natural and requisite preparation for either heaven or hell.

No wonder that such a people are afraid of God. It is no wonder that while trying to believe that death will usher them into the presence of God they resist unto the uttermost the death process which is said to be the open door to heaven. The materialist will declare that through sin came death into the world, and immediately forgetting that God is not sin, will compile a creed or religious system that recognizes sickness and death as of divine procurement. So when Paul's question reaches his ear his answer is ready. To him it is indeed incredible that his God, who has instituted sickness and death, will contravene His own law and nature by raising the dead and healing the sick. His sense of the divine nature is so defective that it includes no probability that God will turn aside the dread destroyer which He has ordained to do His will.

Oh, thou stricken, deceived humanity! To what pitiable depths hath the carnal mind led thee, bound and fettered thee, and canceled thy God-given dominion over evil! Thy house is indeed left unto thee desolate, for a perverted sense of Deity has substituted an image of havoc and vengeance for "Him that healeth all thy diseases." It has involved mankind in a perpetual quarrel about God and engendered the atrocity of sectarian strife and bitterness which to-day stands impeached in history as having been the monster assassin of the race. To such a condition of thought the supposition that God will raise the dead or heal the sick is indeed foolishness, and the fact that there is such a thing as spiritual power or the action of divine intelligence able to cope with and master the so-called laws of disease is inconceivable. The opacity of materialism includes no such possibility in its estimate of cause and effect.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead," and heal the sick? What have the sick and the dead meant to humanity? What is the educated sense of this generation on this subject? In what direction does it look for causation and natural law? What is its theory as to the inception of disease and of mortality's processes? The answer is this: That notwithstanding the awful penalty which the materialist pays for his idolatry, he locates intelligence and causation in matter; assigns for every material phenomenon a material cause, and holds that matter has inherent power and action, governed by material law and mindless principles. This fatal conception insures its own defeat, and man thus deceived and governed is indeed a mortal man. With matter for his life, matter for his foe, matter for his brain or mind, and a mental image for his personal God, what else is there for the man who is governed by a materialistic philosophy of being, save to endure all the ills it ordains for him, and to plunge headlong toward an unknown doom?

Midway he is involved in the innumerable woes which he calls the mystery of evil that has so greatly baffled and perplexed mankind. In its endeavor to solve this mystery humanity has made the dire mistake of deciding that part of the evil is caused by God, or the God-ordained laws of nature, and part of it has been caused by the devil. Also that both God and devil are immortal entities and co-existent factors in an eternity of both good and evil. Notwithstanding the fact that this is utterly inconsistent with the declaration that God is infinite Good, Life, Truth, and Love, nearly all the philosophy and religious beliefs of the world are permeated and fatally contaminated by this evil assumption. This supposition that God is a natural source of evil, and particu-

larly of sickness and death, logically excludes all hope of divine deliverance, and would oblige the sufferer to contend against God himself in order to escape.

If God procures sickness and death, what sacrilegious folly it is for a man to seek to frustrate the divine intention by the employment of physicians and drugs! Indeed, under such circumstances the only consistently Christian course would be one of absolute reconciliation to disease and resignation to such will of God.

The world will never emerge from the area of disease until it shall have solved scientifically this problem, the answer to which is of the most vital concern to this race: Is God for or against disease and death? That is to say, is that which is Origin, Source, Causation, Basis, Law, Government, Power, and Action for or against the inception and continuance of sickness?

Physiology, which takes no cognizance of the mental, moral, and spiritual, answers this question by declaring that sickness and death are caused by matter and its evil laws. Human philosophy and religious theories declare that God made matter and equipped it with destructive laws, and is therefore the originator, or procurator, of the phenomena of these laws, such as pain, sickness, and death. Not only this, but theoretical religious beliefs assert that God, although not creating sin, permits it, and has even foreordained that some of His children shall be damned because of that which He permits. This premise, if true, would lead to the irresistible conclusion that He thus allows sin, sickness, and death to exist and continue as a part of the naturalness of this universe.

The attempt to avoid inconsistent and pernicious conclusions by declaring that God does not originate evil, but per-

mits it, is of no avail whatever. On the contrary, it involves the searcher after God in hopeless confusion. If God permits evil, He, being infinite, must have infinite knowledge of that which He permits; therefore He would in such a case have infinite knowledge of evil. Because God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, He would thus be the eternal knowledge of evil, and that knowledge would be a part of Himself forever. Moreover, if God is infinite Good and is perfection, and as such permits evil, then it is good and perfect for Him to permit it; and if it is a good thing for God to know and permit it, then it is a good thing for man to permit it, because man is the image and likeness of God, and has been commanded to be perfect as his Father is perfect.

The admission that God's eternal law causes the sickness and death of man necessarily involves the conclusion that such law will eternally cause man to be sick, because infinite laws cannot change. Indeed, the logical conclusion of every premise which includes God as the origin of or participant in evil leads to perpetual discord and chaos, suppresses hope and institutes the reign of dismay and despair. If the fundamental laws of being, called the laws of God, operate in any way so as to cause sickness, then divine deliverance is impossible, because God cannot undo Himself or cancel His own law.

Christian Science practitioners are learning that the belief that the woes of life, and especially the misery of disease, are in some way caused by God, or permitted by Him, does much to disinherit the invalid of his natural dominion over evil, prostrate his favorable expectation, and plant in his consciousness a hopeless resignation to what is called the inevitable. Such a mistaken theory shuts out the sick man

from reliance on God as an ever-present help, and turns him to mindless matter in the hope that it will deliver him.

If you knew a community of people whose business and financial affairs were perpetually awry, and if you knew that this trouble was in consequence of an utter misconception of numbers, their value and laws, you would conclude that a knowledge of the science of numbers was necessary in order to establish a normal condition of affairs. Likewise, if all their musical efforts were discordant and offensive, you would know that it was because of ignorance of the science of music, an understanding of which would restore harmony. If you found them in a state of conflicting opinions concerning government, you might know that the science of government alone would compose their difficulties. Suppose you found them subscribing to, and professing to operate in accord with, countless beliefs concerning God and man, and you saw that these contradictory beliefs manifested their destructive antagonism by impelling their adherents to kill each other and to mangle each other by thought, word, and deed. If so, you would know, if you understood the science of mind, that these people had no correct knowledge of God, or of true religion, and that an understanding of the science thereof was essential before they could have a universal religion, worship God aright, and establish the true Christian brotherhood.

Finally, let us assume that you found them sick and involved in a labyrinth of conflicting theories and practice concerning the laws of life and health and the cause and cure of disease. In such a case you should also know that the science of life and health, and the science of healing, were not understood, and that an understanding of such science was needed in order to establish and maintain a har-

monious existence. You should know that it would establish health and dominate disease, and that the operation of such scientific understanding would manifest itself in benefits that are parallel with the deepest human need, and which would be in satisfying response to such demands.

This race is slowly learning that its ills are because of ignorance, and that its only remedy lies in gaining a knowledge of the truth or science of being, and when people generally learn this important fact and turn in the right direction for relief, they will find that such relief is at hand and available. The question is often asked, How is a knowledge of the truth or science to reach humanity and effect the much-needed benefit? The answer is that all the truth that has ever reached the world has come through individuals by way of revelation, inspiration, or discovery, and thus it will ever be. Through man or woman God has made known and will impart the scientific or true sense of life which will transform mankind, usher in the millenium, and establish the kingdom of heaven within.

To-day Christian Science, uttering itself through its discoverer, Mary Baker Eddy, declares itself to be the demonstrable Science of Life. It substantiates every salient and true statement concerning the infinity of God as Omniscience, Omnipresence, and Omnipotence; as Spirit, Life, Truth, and Love, and has made known the science thereof in such exact form as to meet the most urgent demands of logic and reason. It excludes all seeming necessity for conflicting man-made creeds, and religio-philosophical theories, and is in and of itself true science, true religion, and true philosophy.

It overturns nearly all previous conjectures as to the nature of evil and the cause of human woe. It discloses the

knowledge of God and of life which is so precisely true and scientific that an intelligent and consistent structure of action may rest thereupon. It relieves the learner of the necessity for trying to reconcile himself to the contradictory and amazing propositions and statements which have been urged upon him as theology and philosophy, and which he has tried in vain to believe.

Christian Science shows that all the laws of God are contrary to disease. It shows that sickness is not in accord with natural law or with any fundamental law of divine ordination. It shows that the so-called laws of disease inhere in the universal mortal or human mind, and that they act, not as law, but as human belief and fear only.

The revelation of Christian Science on this subject alone is releasing the world from a terrible strain that has blighted its hopes and annulled the efficacy of its prayers. Those who are familiar with metaphysical healing know of the paralyzing effect on the body of the fear engendered in patients by the thought that they are suffering and dying according to God. Christian Scientists know that the distressing fears that have their origin in false religious beliefs, and are encouraged by them, cause havoc and suffering to an extent that is beyond estimate. The testimony of many people that are healed includes the statement of their relief and great joy when they first became convinced that their suffering had not been entailed by God.

The so-called mystery of evil is solved by Christian Science, and the enigma of the ages is no longer an enigma. The false supposition that evil is based on principle and operates according to law is being dispelled by the intelligence which reveals its actual nature, and strips it of its pretentions and power. Evil, instead of being entity, is merely a nega-

tion. Instead of being immortal, it is finite and self-destructive. Evil is nothing more than error and an erroneous sense of life, and as such it has no more inherent or real power than any other error ever has. As error it has no power of continuity or duration as against the might of intelligence.

The human race is unlike God to-day, not because of law, but because of error. All its sin and sorrow, pain, sickness, and death; all its poverty, depravity, and dreadful strife; all, indeed, that is unlike infinite Good, is in consequence of ignorance of the science of being. Mortal woe is because of mortal error; sickness is of mental, or mentally erroneous, causation, and has no legal sanction or impulsion whatsoever. The only force back of sickness has no more substance than error, which is always primarily mental, and whose effect on the body is incidental.

No matter how you may denominate the Redeemer of the world, the fact remains that the redeeming influence needs not to contend against matter, but against error. As Paul says, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood," and we do not need to in order to dominate the ills of the flesh. An evil, defective sense of life is the "murderer from the beginning." It is the ignorance which fraudulently intoxicates mortals with sin, and entails upon them the delirium of suffering. It is ignorance which locks humanity in fratricidal conflict and cruelty, ruptures the brotherhood of man and impinges upon earth's creatures the pangs of suffering, disease and death.

For centuries the world has stumbled on, deprived of its natural rights and happiness, and in ignorance of the cause of its troubles. At every inch of the way it has wrapped its rags of error around it, and complacently assumed that it

understood the facts of being. The deep sleep of materialism has rendered it insensible to truth, which, throughout all ages, has uttered its peals to ears that were dull, and to men who could not be raised to understand and give heed. There is no more pitiable phase in all history than that which depicts the obstinate and even venomous opposition of mortals to the revelations of science, which were really angels of mercy and deliverance. How long will this people resist the Scriptural declaration that through sin, or error, and not through the laws of matter, came death and sickness into the world? How long will it be thought a thing incredible that God-ordained intelligence should heal the sick and raise the dead?

A casual examination of metaphysical science reveals the cause of human woe. There is no longer any excuse for ignorance on this subject, nor is there justification therefor. We are face to face with the phenomena of evil, and acquainted with the nature of that which is accomplishing the ruin of humanity; and the question that urges itself upon this age is this: Are the ways and means that mortals now use coping with error, and releasing them from its grasp? To what extent are its philosophy and sectarianism reforming the sinner and destroying temptation? To what extent is medical theory and practice establishing health as a permanent, scientific fact? The answer is that never was there a greater degree and scope of sin, nor a greater variety and range of diseases, than now. Never was there greater apparent need of a scientific understanding of being which will tranquilize and regenerate the race whose material vagaries and love of sin continue to repeat the gloomy history of centuries.

To this age, which has been a prey to many temptations

and is submerged in sickness, depravity, and death, comes as of old another prophet with the most alluring message that ever touched the ear or inspired the hope of humanity. To this generation, which is gaining a partial sense of its plight, and comprehends somewhat its supreme need of the knowledge of true science and true religion whereby to clear up the mystery and dispel the fierce contention of its existence, hath appeared another messenger, declaring a gospel which includes the promise of deliverance from every woe that besets the race.

This message and gospel is Christian Science, the Christ Science, or knowledge of God, and of the Life that is God. Like almost every revelation known to man, it has antagonized the chief priests and exponents of nearly every school of thought, or system of philosophy and religion that is unlike itself. This resistance is habitual, and indicates the obdurate nature of the erroneous misconceptions that are formulated by the human mind, or, as it calls itself, the human brain. When Galileo announced the rotundity of the earth, the most eminent theologian of the day denounced him as a "poor fool who is trying to overturn the sacred art of astronomy."

Christian Scientists are not surprised at this opposition, nor do they murmur because any one can not, or will not, comprehend the verity of Christian Science; but, as a matter of historical propriety, they remonstrate against the falsity of statement and profligacy of libel and of personal abuse which is bestowed upon its discoverer, in the vain hope of making it and her appear odious.

When the history of these days of scientific and moral reform is written, with the full import and effect thereof in view, what will be said of the reception of the loving, holy

woman who has thus described her entrance upon the scene of human need? "I saw before me the sick, wearing out years of servitude to an unreal master, in the belief that the body governed them, rather than Mind. The lame, the deaf, the blind, the sick, the sensual, the sinner, I wished to save from the slavery of their own beliefs, and from the educational systems of the pharaohs who to-day hold the children of Israel in bondage. I saw before me the awful conflict, the Red Sea, and the wilderness; but I pressed on, through faith in God, trusting Truth, the strong deliverer, to guide me into the land of Christian Science, where fetters fall, and the rights of man to freedom are fully known and acknowledged." (Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, p. 122.)

As of yore, she came utterly alone, with the same isolated grandeur of message, motive, and impulsion. As of yore, she alone of all the earth had reached her own high plane of spirituality and scientific mental culture. Her consciousness alone had been sufficiently purged of materialism to admit the light of spiritual revelation, which should make visible the things of God as declared in Christian Science.

I would fain spare in pity the men and women of this generation; but, alas! they have, to their shame, bestowed upon this messenger of hope and salvation every offensive thought and word that the ingenuity of evil could suggest. Think you that any creature of this earth, unsustained of God, could have endured for thirty-three years the flood of evil that has poured itself out against this woman? Looking back on the history of the reformers and prophets of God, do you recall any who have not been literally obliged to abide in Him while the storm raged and exhausted its fury? Do you remember any who have advanced with the torchlight of

Truth into the confines of materialism who have not been stung and stung again by ignorance, bigotry, and sin? Think you that any person ever lived who would voluntarily endure it for money, fame or the love of dominion over man? Think you that anything other than divine impulsion and sustenance, and the most exalted love for God and humanity could have ever induced such endeavor as has been put forth by Mrs. Eddy for a third of a century?

The discoverer of the science of Christianity has had to wait long and patiently for the world to hear, and even partially comprehend, her divinely intrusted message, but she has not held her lonely watch in vain. With Godly perseverance against what sometimes seemed awful obstacles, she has endured, rejoiced, loved, and triumphed, until she has impressed upon the consciousness of this age the salient facts of the science of being, which are revolutionizing thought, changing the philosophy, theology, and ethical tenets of individuals and of the schools; revealing the possibilities of Mind, the science of healing, and a rational mastery over sin.

Utterly alone with God, she has, with ceaseless and holy zeal, projected upon the thought of this people the eternal verity of Christian Science, until in this hour hundreds of thousands of adherents stand immovably fixed in the understanding of this self-evident and demonstrable Science, supported and avouched by millions of instances of demonstrations, and attested by countless achieved results in the midst of which the world now stands, for they are already a part of its very history and existence. Now, as in Jesus' time, the laity or common people, who received him gladly, recognize instinctively the great boon which is being conferred upon them and which engages their affections and satisfies their reason in spite of the threats and misrepresentations

that would dissuade them.

The same truth that impelled the Prophets, Jesus, and the Apostles, and indeed every man and woman to whom it hath been revealed, voices through the great leader of reform in this generation the same irrepressible demand which a spiritual sense of being forever urges upon the material sense "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" and this people so long sunken in the deep sleep of a destructive career, is at last awakening to hear the blest evangel, and to heed the deliverance which has been the hope of the ages.

Many of the searchers after God have had glimpses of the divine nature, and felt its power. Many have had much faith to think that all things are possible with Him. Others have admitted the Omnipotence of God, but doubted His willingness to exert it in behalf of the sick, or delegate any interposing power to any one else since the time of Christ and the Apostles. But now comes a declaration of Christian Science, through its Discoverer, which carries thought far beyond the frontiers of former hope and expectation, and opens wide the possibilities of life and peace. What a balm to suffering man! How grandly it meets his needs and gives cheer and comfort to his endeavor! The statement is this: "God will heal the sick through man whenever man is governed by God."

It matters not that some people hasten to denounce this and the incidental practice of Christian Science Mind-healing as being sacrilegious. The vital question is not as to what any one may think about it, but whether it is a scientific fact or not. The statement is in exact accord with the principle of Christian Science, and is attested by every instance of genuine Christian Science healing. The demonstrator of

this Science understands the principle thereof, and the rule for demonstration, and he knows that the proofs verify both the principle and the rule.

If many professors of the science of numbers had been working long for the solution of a troublesome problem, and one had finally announced the discovery of the principle and rule, and that he had thereby solved the problem, would the others refuse to give heed, and say they did not believe it, simply because his way was different from the ways they had been unsuccessfully trying? Would they not at least carefully examine and study the stated principle, and apply the rule, before denouncing both? The operators in a theoretical life practice that has failed are hardly qualified to judge of a demonstrable science which they have never attempted to demonstrate, nor does the bald denial of those who do not understand it weigh an atom in the scales against the one who not only understands, but can prove it.

The crusade of reform which is now progressing in the name of Christian Science is not controversial, but educational. It is useless to quarrel with the opponent of Christian Science because, as a matter of fact, he condemns that which is his own misconception. I never knew of a person who really understood it that did not recognize its verity and accept it with rejoicing. The man who does not understand it and know its great value cannot be persuaded by acrimonious and undignified debate, but needs to find his way through the pathway of loving-kindness and by means of the processes of education.

Did you ever know a woman who, from childhood's early hour, had with purity of motive and with steadfast, holy purpose clung with uncompromising fidelity to God—eager to know His will and satisfied with obedience? Did you ever

know of such a woman whose many years of journeying along life's pathway were marked by monuments of integrity, chastity, benevolence, and self-sacrificing love? Do you know that her life has been one of ceaseless and unselfish devotion to the welfare of her fellow man and that she has endured all the evil shafts that have been directed to her because of her endeavor to reclaim a lost race, rather than to falter and give way? Do you realize, when with her, the presence and balm of a deep, holy piety, the justness and merciful nature of her judgment, and the rectitude of thought that is in communion with God?

If you do know such a woman then you know that the very substance and grandeur of her life constitute their own best evidence that she is neither robber nor liar.

If those who hope to extirpate Christian Science by telling people that they love to be deluded, shall heed this admonition they will do well. They should know that they appeal in vain to the man, once dying and now restored to life, and urge him to re-enter the sepulchre because he has been deluded by the fraudulent claim that God healeth all our diseases. In vain will they urge the blind who now see to close again their eyelids and endure the gloom prepared for them by those who declare that Christian Science is heresy, because it threatens to deprive the All-Presence that is God of the presence and eternal companionship of a personal devil.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that man governed by God should heal the sick? Jesus and the Apostles, as well as the early Christians, healed the sick without the use of any material remedies whatever, and in utter disregard of the laws which the matter-physicians say must govern the case; and yet Jesus did not come to dis-

regard law, but to fulfill law. If in fulfilling natural or divine law, he discredited so-called medical laws, it must have been because he knew that they were not laws. The Science of Christianity explains this by disclosing the fact that Jesus understood that disease does not act in response to natural law, but in accord with the aggregation of universal human belief, which is wholly erroneous and which, exerting its pressure mesmerically, is accepted as law and submitted to as such.

Christian Science explains that because these influences are of a mental instead of material nature, and operate as such in case of disease, then there is no scientific relationship between this influence as causation and the use of drugs as remedy. This is one of the important points at issue between physics and metaphysics, between materia medica and Christian Science Mind-healing, and while I do not assume that this brief exposition of statement is necessarily conclusive, it will serve to indicate the nature of our contention, namely, that because sickness is the phenomenon of the error of the carnal mind or mortal mind, it can be met and mastered by the natural might and action of truth, which being ever-present is available to man in every hour and circumstance of his need. Jesus said to the sick woman, "Satan hath bound thee," and instead of drugging her into a state of insensibility he unbound her and did for her all that she needed, through the power of Mind.

What is God that He should heal the sick through man? Our text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by the Rev. Mary G. Baker Eddy, warrants this statement—God is infinite Good. God is not only All-Knowing, but is also All Knowledge. It is inconceivable that All-Knowing God should be mindless, hence the further statement that God is divine Mind.

This infinite Mind must include all Truth—all true ideas—and the truth about everything that really is. It does not include the supposition that "two and two are five," or any other statement of error or evil, because all such are unreal images of the human mind and are no part of the All Knowledge that is God, for God as the Bible asserts, "is too pure to behold iniquity." God is Omnipotence and Omniaction; hence the divine power and action are necessarily the power and action of the truth, or of true ideas about everything.

Man cannot do more or better than to know the truth. According to the Scriptures the whole duty of man is to know God, or Truth. If he knows the truth it must be the same Truth that is God, and when the individual consciousness is animated by Truth, or God, and manifests the true idea or sense of all things, he also manifests the power and action of Truth. This bestowal or presence of divine intelligence is "God with us," or Life and Good with us, and its presence and action has the same influence on the erroneous sense which causes and continues sickness that light has on darkness. It is easy to understand that darkness cannot possibly resist the light, which invariably dominates it. When light asserts its presence and action darkness simply ceases to be.

Christian Science explains that the only scientific cure for disease is the power and action of Truth over error, Life over death, and Science over ignorance, and declares that this is the only genuine mind-healing. It is not the influence of the human will or of one person's mind over another's, but it is the manifestation of the divine Mind or intelligence which is Omniscience and all powerful and which equips man with dominion over all the earth.

This clearly distinguishes true metaphysical healing from the theory and practice of medicine, which holds disease to be material in origin and operation, and seeks to dominate it by the use of matter, thereby instituting a conflict between material forces, a house divided against itself. It also distinguishes it from all other forms of metaphysical endeavor, which also regard disease as a purely physical phenomenon, and seek to overcome matter by the mesmeric action of what is called the human mind, or brain.

An understanding of the real nature of Science would lead every man and woman to expect and demand that the "Science of Healing" should heal. It would lead them to repudiate any supposed science of healing or system of healing that included a confession of inability in the form of a long list of incurable diseases. The Bible speaks of God, or divine Intelligence, and the action thereof, as the healer of "all thy diseases," and it says Jesus manifested the will of his Father by healing the sick of "all manner of diseases." Not one instance baffled him, and he has presented to the world an unfailing exhibition of Christian Science mind-healing as an essential part of the way of salvation which Christians declare to be the only way.

The Bible is filled with intimations that the sick man should turn to God for deliverance. There are hundreds of texts indicating that, if this is done aright, he will be delivered. Does this mean that he shall turn to Mind, or matter? Jesus reiterated very many of these promises, all of which were scientifically founded. Did his practice interpret his words as encouraging reliance on drugs, or on Intelligence and its power, in case of sickness? In seeking to "save that which was lost," and to lead mankind through

the only pathway of deliverance from sin, sickness, and death, all of which he overcame as our exemplar, did Jesus heal the sick through the power of the Spirit or not? Did he who voiced infinite truth to all humanity, and all of its centuries, know enough to choose the best way to heal the sick, or did he, in doing the will of Wisdom, choose an inferior way? Was the only infallible exposition of healing that the world has witnessed, scientific or lawless? If it was a good way then it is good now. Which is in palpable compliance with, and imitation of, the words and practice of Jesus; a system of drugging, or a system whereby Truth overcomes error; a system that encourages man to find all in God, or to find it in the perishing forms of matter?

Whenever men learn that God is the Healer of the sick, they will also learn that it is because of the action of the Truth which promises to set them free; and, if any change is effected by the action of the truth, or by scientific understanding, it must be error that is changed, because Truth cannot change its immortal self. When it is in operation in human consciousness, it heals all manner of disease, because it destroys all kinds of error. The imperative requirement that the science of healing, whatever it is, must heal, is met by Christian Science. It includes no admission or supposition that any disease is incurable, but explains that all healing is possible in the science of Mind.

The practitioners of this science have not yet gained the fulness of understanding and spiritual growth that makes possible the highest and unfailing manifestations of healing, but, nevertheless, nearly two millions of instances of healing done by them thus far include nearly if not all the diseases known to man, many of which have never been healed by drugs since the world began.

Nearly thirty years ago Mrs. Eddy wrote the book, "Science and Health," which has made such things possible to the world. In that book she said: "A higher and more practical Christianity, capable of meeting human wants in sickness and health, stands at the door of this age, knocking for admission. Will you open or close the door upon this angel visitant, who cometh, as he came of old, to the patriarch, at eventide?" Nearly thirty years ago this divine message uttered itself in the human consciousness, and waited for history to record the answer. The history and its answer are before us to-day, written in the experience of suffering thousands of humanity who have been extricated from nameless conditions of sin, depravity, agony, and disease, because the very hand of God, through Christian Science, hath reached far down into the abysmal depths of woe, and redeemed them through the transformation of mind. I wish it were possible to pass in review before the world the vast multitudes who have been the beneficiaries of this sublime, manifest Good. If such a thing were feasible, there would, indeed, be an endless procession, and as each one of these of earth's creatures came before you, he might stop and relate an experience that should stir this race to its very depths. They could tell you of the deaf who now hear, and the blind who see. They could tell of drunkards reformed and of tears and sorrow that had ceased. They could tell you that the anguish of disease had been dispelled, and the anguish of sin had at last found atonement and forgiveness, and long before this grateful throng, with its new-found hopes, had come and gone you would have learned that every righteous need, and every righteous prayer, of the human heart had had its answer through the bestowal of divine Love, whose way is revealed in Christian Science.

There are people who invite the world to believe that all this is of the devil, but I submit to you the proposition that there is no society in existence of a philanthropic, ethical, or religious nature that would not rejoice if such results could be traced to its influence. I would be glad if every instance where the influence of Christian Science had touched the experience of man might be emblazoned in the sky, and subjected to the scrutinizing gaze of all the earth. There is not one which would be contemplated by a person of moral sensibility or religious instinct that was unbiased by bigotry and partisanship, without compelling the admission that it was of benefit to mankind; that it meant the disappearance of evil and the overcoming of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Mrs. Eddy writes in "Science and Health": "Christian Science brings to the body the sunlight of Truth. . . . It changes the secretions, expels humors, dissolves tumors, relaxes rigid muscles, restores carious bones to soundness. The effects of this Science are to stir the human mind to a change of base, whereon it may yield to the divine Mind."

The world which, because of an erring sense, enters into headlong contention against the Truth, and instinctively rejects it, is now in the travail of contention over the claim for the supremacy of Mind and of spiritual law. The senses of mortals are in bonds now to an evil conception of existence which hath wound its toils about them and placed them in the tomb of mortality where men sin, sicken, and die. But the voice of the impersonal Truth, which is Christ's new coming, is with heavenly assurance and authority calling them to come out of death's tomb into the freedom of those who know the will of God, and do it; and as they awaken and come forth, with bonds loosed, and with manhood disenthralled, it no longer seems a thing incredible with them that God should raise the dead.

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